

THE FRA

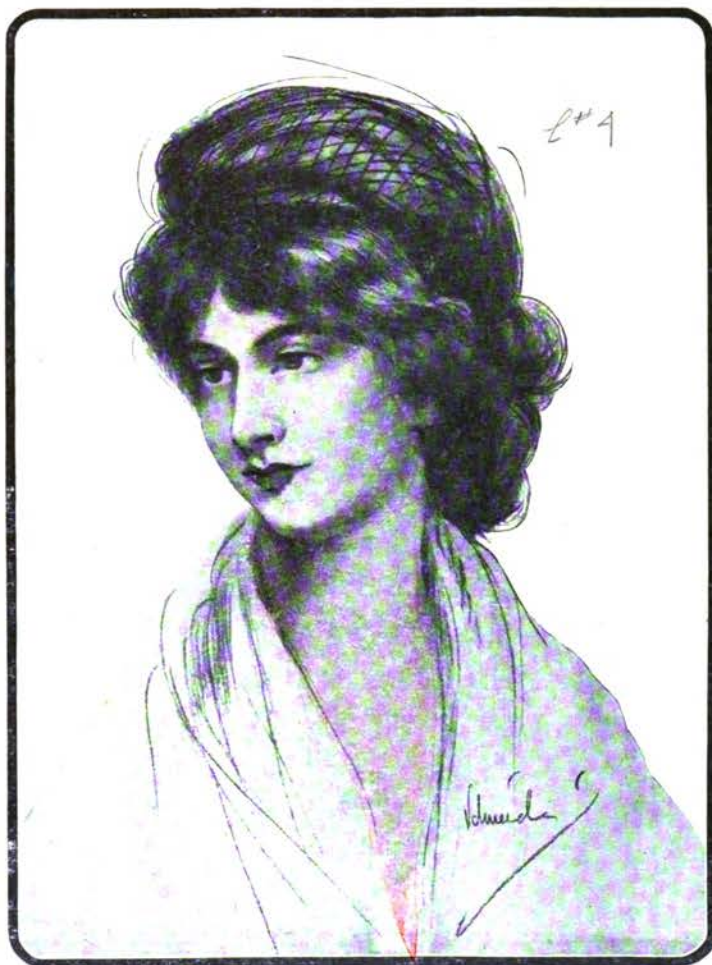
NOT FOR MUMMIES

■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■

Vol. IV

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 1



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

A 72131

The Roycroft Fraternity

East Aurora, Erie County, New York State



RIENDS:—You ^{must} ~~may~~ send me Elbert Hubbard's Complete Works, express paid, ^{two hundred} ~~on inspection~~, at ~~Ten~~ Dollars per volume, as fast as issued.

It is understood that I have the privilege of canceling this order ^{I go broke} at any time, at my option.

Thomas W. Lawson

Butler

Date *Friday July 30* 1909

SO HERE THEN is a photographic reproduction of Thos. W. Lawson's order for a set of the Complete Writings of Elbert Hubbard. ¶ Being interpreted, the order reads as follows:

The Roycroft Fraternity,
East Aurora, Erie County,
New York State.

Friends:—

You must send me Elbert Hubbard's Complete Works, express paid, at Two Hundred Dollars per volume, as fast as issued. ¶ It is understood that I have the privilege of canceling this order at any time I go broke, at my option.

Thomas W. Lawson,
Boston

Date, Friday, July 30th, 1909.

¶ Seven of the books have been issued and sent to Mr. Lawson. For these he has paid us Fourteen Hundred Dollars and expressed his great satisfaction with the purchase. There are yet thirty-three volumes to be issued, and these will come along, say, at the rate of four or five a year.

¶ Mr. Lawson's set of books will cost him Eight Thousand Dollars, but when the last tome is in Tom's hands the value of the books will be double what he paid for them.

¶ Mr. Lawson is a very wise man, as well as a lover of pinks, pictures and poetry.

Two Exceptional Features

The "Reason Why" of

GILLETTE SUCCESS

THE RAZOR:

It's the *feel of the Gillette* that inspires. You don't have to learn to use it—you just lather your face, and shave.

¶ The Gillette Razor was built for Shaving. It fits the Hand, and better, it fits the Face. It has the Curve-of-Perfect-Pleasure. No matter how you stroke with the *Gillette*, it cleaves the growth in perfect form.

It clears the corners and cleans the crevices, it caresses the cheek and chin. Tho' your skin be rugged or rough, lined or tender, the *Gillette* will shave you and leave a whole surface.

With the *Gillette* you can't cut yourself. It's a safe "Safety."



Actual
Size

Made
in
14-
Carat
Gold-
Plate
and
Triple
Silver
Plate

THE BLADE:

The Gillette "New-Process" Blade is made of a specially refined steel of unequalled worth. Paper-thin, with a cutting edge that never turns dull on the face, it clears away the toughest, wiriest beard without annoyance or extra effort.

You may match a "New-Process" against any other Blade and try it shave for shave—it will outwear them all, while giving Perfect Service. Or you may conveniently throw away a "New-Process" Blade after a few shaves, and use a fresh one. Men who are particularly particular about their shaving, find the "New-Process" Blade a comfort and a delight. It's Sanitary.



Twelve New-Process
Blades—any time, any
where in Waterproof
Safe, One Dollar.

The Gillette Case, Complete, Vest-Pocket Size, is made in gold, silver or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. The Razor-Handle and Blade-Box each triple silver-plated or 14-Carat gold-plated—and the blades are fine. Price \$5.00 and \$7.50. ON SALE EVERYWHERE. ¶ You should know Gillette Shaving-Brush—a new brush of Gillette Quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber—and Gillette Shaving-Stick, a shaving-soap worthy of the Gillette Safety-Razor.

Gillette Sales Company
549 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London, 11 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

Voltaire

Famous St. Hubert Guild Edition

The Only Complete Edition ever published in English. New translations by William F. Fleming. This edition contains the celebrated *Tobias Smollett* notes taken from the famous Eighteenth Century translation, specially edited and revised for this work. It also contains a masterly critique and biography of Voltaire by Rt. Hon. John Morley, M. P.

YOU ALL KNOW VOLTAIRE

Justice Seabury, sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his work in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs."

VOLTAIRE was exiled from his country, yet rose again and again on the crest of popular and fashionable favoritism, and had the leaders of the Courts of France, England and Germany for devoted worshippers. VOLTAIRE was the foremost of Philosophers, the most eminent of Historians, the most brilliant of Wits, the most subtle of Satirists, a terror to tyrants, a champion of suffering, a lovely and loving and amorous poet, a most perceptive traveler, a very Shakespeare in drama and, as a teller of stories, the drollest and richest that the world has ever known.

So numerous are his subjects, so many his styles, so sound his reasoning, so beautiful his fancy and so gay his humor, that his writings are most instructive, intensely interesting and a pleasure for every mood of the human mind.

VOLTAIRE'S works, one and all, are masterpieces. Vast, incomprehensive as is human life, every phase of the known and every speculation as to the unknown is to be found in his wonderful writings.

As a man of letters and master of style he is supreme.

VOLTAIRE is commended by all authorities, many placing him above Shakespeare. He is so great, his writings so profound, yet of such deep interest, as to be above discussion.

READ HOW THIS BEAUTIFUL EDITION WAS MADE

This edition is printed from new, large type, very readable, on a special antique finished paper, illustrated from exquisite old French designs, which form in themselves a rare gallery of famous historical characters. The work contains over 160 photogravure illustrations, 45 being colored by hand, forming a collection of gems by the world's most famous artists. These 43 *De Luxe* Volumes with Index are handsomely and durably bound in Red English Buckram, the volumes are stamped upon the back in gold, with gold tops and silk head-bands, and each volume contains an *Illuminated Title Page*.

The
Werner
Company
Akron, Ohio

You may send me, all charges prepaid, the complete works of VOLTAIRE, 43 *De Luxe* Volumes, size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, beautifully illustrated by over 160 photogravures, 45 being colored by hand—bound in Red English Buckram, with gold backs—head-bands and gold tops. If satisfactory I will remit you \$3.00 at once and \$3.00 a month for nineteen months.

Name

Street Address

City and State

The WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

WHEN the preacher shuts his eyes tight, scrooges his shoulders, hollows his chest, turns on the tremolo and proceeds to suggest to the Almighty exactly what He ought to do for mankind in general and for the bunch before him in particular, that tone he employs—how ever came it into use? Surely it is not "the accent of Christian, pagan nor man." What, then, has God ever done that He should be talked to in that way? If the preacher will listen I will give him good counsel. Every sort of voice has its meaning—

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

each intonation tells its part of the story—and it is a long-established fact that a tremulous tone shows lack of control—the quaver expresses weakness. Fit enough may these be to utter worm-of-the-dust sentiments, but hark you—if God loves weakness there is no evidence abroad that He favors it, for the trend of its being continues steadily—to the wall. ¶ So, brother, if it relieves your stomach to state your wants and desires thus aloud in public, good luck to you on your wordy way—but for the love of grace, take the kinks out of your voice and talk like a man! God will think none the less of you for it. ¶ As to the efficacy of vocal

prayer, tremulous or lusty, all our creeds are, strangely enough, somewhat agreed on that question. Like the second-hand merchant they "guarantee nodding."—Marie White.

TO have the activities of the population directed on the socialistic basis is the intelligent thing to do; but the Co-operative Commonwealth can not be established by lazy, weak and selfish persons, or petty grafters, which many of the spouters in the socialistic party certainly are.—Wm. Johnson, Socialist.

VOLUMES might be written upon the impiety of the pious. Through the printed and spoken thoughts of religious teachers may almost everywhere be traced a professed familiarity with the ultimate mystery of things, which, to say the least of it, seems anything but congruous with the accompanying expressions of humility. And, surprisingly enough, the tenets which most clearly display this familiarity, are those insisted upon as forming the vital elements of religious belief. The attitude thus assumed can be fitly represented only by further developing a simile long current in theological controversies—the simile of the

watch. If for a moment we made the grotesque supposition that the tickings and other movements of a watch constituted a kind of consciousness; and that a watch possessed of such a consciousness insisted on regarding the watchmaker's actions as determined like its own by springs and escapements, we would simply complete a parallel of which religious teachers think much. And were we to suppose that a watch not only formulated the cause of its existence in these mechanical terms, but

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

HOW FOODS CURE



I can tell you HOW FOODS CURE—that is, how to select, combine and proportion your foods, so as to remove the causes of all kinds of stomach and intestinal trouble and all forms of malnutrition. Then Nature will do the curing. ¶ Health is your natural condition. Disease is an unnatural condition. Health being natural, it follows that you can secure it only by obeying natural laws. The most important of these laws is that governing nutrition. Food is the building material—the iron, stone and timber of the human temple. If your food (your building material) is wrong, you will be sick. If it is selected and combined rightly, you will be well, full of life and vim. Food is fundamental. It is the chief factor in making both health and disease, according to how it is used. ¶ My methods are as far advanced in the science of health, as wireless telegraphy is in the transmission of thought. Why not investigate them? ¶ The following letter speaks for itself:

Los Angeles, Cal., August 25th, 1909

Mr. Eugene Christian,
Dear Sir and Friend:

Today is my 67th birthday and I am celebrating it by writing a few words to my "Savior," for such you are, Eugene Christian.

Now, you need not blush or make light of it, for I not only owe my last two birthdays to you but I have enjoyed every day of my life for the last year and a half, and that stands to your credit also, and I thank you, as I thank God for the privilege of learning the truly scientific way to feed the physical body.

Yours sincerely, DANIEL WARREN

If you are ill—not up to the mark in every respect, no matter what the trouble is—send for my little book, "How Foods Cure." It is mailed free, together with a blank on which you can mail me all your symptoms, and we will tell you just what your condition is.

Eugene Christian

FOOD
SCIENTIST

Fifth Avenue and 41st Street, New York

My New Book, "Sun-cooked Foods," from the Press Oct. 10th. Price \$1.00

held that watches were bound out of reverence so to formulate the cause, and even vituperated, as atheistic watches, any that did not venture to formulate it, we should merely illustrate the presumption of theologians by carrying their own argument a step further.—Herbert Spencer.

I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content,
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.

—Walt Whitman.

HAVE you ever on an October morning, washing your hands and face in the cold running brook, sniffed the smell of frying ham, and marked the "listen" of its sizzle? Ham, rightly cured and rightly served—and of course the right kind of Ham—is a dish fit for the gods—and men. ¶ Chemists say that Ham contains more nutriment, pound for pound, than any other meat product. It stands for economy and service.

Swift's Premium Hams

are the perfection of all food products

Swift's Premium Hams are from young porkers, medium-sized, inspected with great care on the hoof and on the block ♣ These Hams are pickled, smoked, cured and packed by men of experience who have a reputation at stake.

When the rich miner came down from the mountains, looked over the bill of fare, and then said, "Oh, just give me a hundred dollars' worth of Premium Ham and Eggs," his instincts were correct. You can't do better than to order Ham, but make sure it is Swift's Premium Ham—snifty, nifty, pleasing, palatable, scrumptious, appealing—the Ham that grows in favor.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

The Stein-Bloch World-Wide Styles



THE Stein-Bloch clothes are ready. This is an announcement which every Fall and every Spring has unusual interest for many men. It is the date on the clothes calendar which has a red mark around it.

Since last Fall's announcement Stein-Bloch clothes have had a triumph in England. One of the most fashionable of London merchants began offering them exclusively to his patrons in England last Spring, and they have been accepted as correct for English wear.

The present success of Stein-Bloch clothes abroad is a justification of your judgment. We have always told you that these styles and fabrics represent the best that both America and England produced.

Yet these clothes are not expensive. They will make no demands you can not afford upon your purse.

They are ready for you at the leading clothier's in your own community—and "Smartness," presenting these styles, will be mailed to you on receipt of a postal request. Try on these clothes.

*Look for this Label. It means 55 years
of Knowing How.*



THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

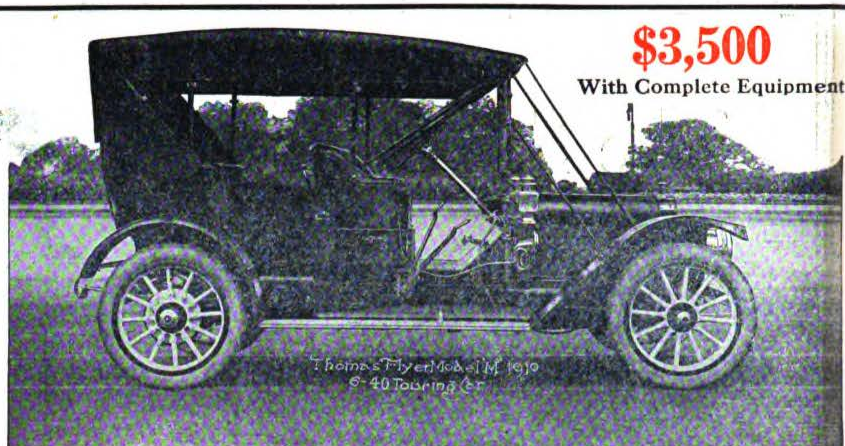
Offices and Shops	New York	London
Rochester, N. Y.	Fifth Avenue Bldg.	Selfridge & Co., Ltd. Oxford St., West

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

O love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits, to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words, to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then be resigned—this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and the heart.—The Foundations of Faith.

Men advise their wives to wear commonsense shoes, but that isn't the kind they see on the street ❀ ❀

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



Every Stroke of This Engine Saves You Money

For in the new Thomas Flyer Model "M" we have incorporated the new "long stroke" motor design that has revolutionized motor construction abroad.

This car does things which other cars cannot do, because, while its six cylinders (4¼-inch bore with 5½-inch stroke) are rated at 40 horse power (43.8 A. L. A. M. rating), it actually develops over 60 horse power on test.

See the New Candidate for Public Favor

We began the design in 1907 and the construction in 1908 to group in this one car all the well-tried improvements of greatest merit that had been evolved in the various popular cars up to date—for the purpose of eclipsing all the high-priced competitors in the 40-50 horse power class in power, silence, flexibility, smooth running, and efficiency.

We have accomplished our purpose by including in the new motor design, "the new long stroke" (which gives in the Model "M" 14 per cent. more horse power for the same piston area), gas valve openings half the diameter of the piston, water jacketed valve stems, extra large bearings, short, rigid transmission, equipped with nickel steel gears and imported ball bearings throughout, and many other mechanical features, insuring strength, durability, and silent running.

Price, \$3,500—Completely Equipped

No other car at the price is so superbly equipped as the new Model "M." Included in the price of \$3,500 are the following high-grade accessories:—

A specially made top of silk mohair—folding glass front—high-grade speedometer—a complete set of shock absorbers—two acetylene gas headlights—two oil side lamps—tail lamps—robe rail—horn—Presolite gas tank, etc. \$500 worth of equipment free, making this car cost but about \$3,000 as cars are usually sold.

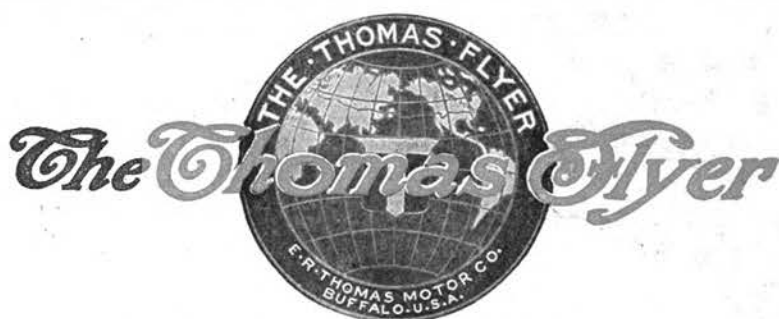
Other Thomas Flyers

If you wish larger, more powerful cars, we have the great Model "F" 4-60, a duplicate of the New York-to-Paris car which sells for \$4,500.00, and the greatest of all stock touring cars, the Thomas Flyer 6-70 Model "K" at \$6,000.00. This car this year is equipped with 38-inch wheels and tires and many other improvements. It has the greatest reserve of power and strength of any stock touring car in the world, and every owner will back up the statement that the Thomas Flyer 6-70 is the last word in smooth running, hill-climbing ability, and all that is good in automobiles.

Members of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

THE curse of drink is the cause of more failures in life than anything else, and while it may be possible to surmount every other faulty habit, the man who is a confirmed drinker has not one chance in a million of success in life. Liquor will conquer you, a million chances to one, if you once give it sway.—Andrew Carnegie.

And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.—Walt Whitman.



No Other Car at the Price Offers so Many Unusual Improvements as the New Model "M"

For more than two years our experts have experimented with the "long stroke" motor—studying its problems—testing its possibilities—comparing the ideas of Europe's greatest automobile designers with theirs.

Now we have succeeded. We have built a "long stroke" engine for our new Model "M" that embodies not only the results of years of costly experiments, but all that the most famous engineers have learned.

What the Long Stroke Is

The "long stroke" is an engineer's term, which almost explains itself. Ordinarily, the cylinder bore and the length of the piston stroke are practically equal. In the "long stroke" motor, the piston stroke is longer.

Thus, in Model "M" engine, the cylinder bore is $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, while the piston stroke is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The advantages are almost self-evident.

Gets the Utmost Power

Engineers have long known that the short stroke—or "square" engine loses much of its power through the exhaust valve.

But the extra length of the piston stroke in our Model "M" engine gets the fullest advantage of the explosion—gets the utmost power from the gasoline.

Same Power with Fewer Strokes

Another advantage: The long stroke engine doesn't have to revolve so fast to deliver its power. Thus, to travel at thirty miles an hour, the Model "M" engine must turn only 840 times a minute.

To make the same speed, a motor with a four-inch piston stroke must revolve 1,155 times a minute—a difference of 315 revolutions a minute, or more than 37 per cent. faster.

Less Wear—Less Repairs

But more than that, each revolution of the engine means four sudden stops, or reversals in directions.

That means four tremendous jolts on the piston pin—four jars on the crank shaft—four jars on the entire engine—on all the sensitive machinery.

You can see for yourself what 315 extra strokes per minute for the "square" engine means. You can see for yourself what a tremendous saving the fewer strokes of our new Model "M" engine involves—saving in repairs—in the life of the engine—the freedom from vibration. Hence, a longer life for the car.

You can see for yourself which is the more powerful engine—which entails the less repair cost, less jolts and jars. You can see which has the longer life—which will cost you less, both in the beginning and in the end.

Only 98 Pounds per H. P.

At the A. L. A. M. rating of 43.8 H. P. our Model "M" weighs only 98 pounds per horse power, when carrying five passengers, with full equipment, gasoline and oil.

And at its maximum of 64 H. P. the weight is only 67.9 pounds per horse power.

Think what this means when it comes to hill climbing—the saving it means in tires and gasoline.

Tremendous Reserve Power

But besides that, it means more power—reserve power—speed. And while you may not like to drive fast, you like to know it's there if you need it. Every Model "M" must make 55 miles an hour before it can leave the factory, but if occasion demands it can readily make over 60 miles an hour, or 3 miles an hour without shifting gears.

Other Unusual Improvements

But the long stroke motor is only one instance of the pains we have taken to make our new Model "M" supreme in its class. There are countless other improvements.

Thus, we have made the valves exactly half the diameter of the cylinder. Ordinarily, they are much smaller.

Then, we completely water jacketed the valves, seats, stems and all to prevent the slightest deformation.

In addition to this, in the case of the cylinders, we so re-arranged the water jackets that the most water circulates where the cylinders are hottest. This adds to the engine's efficiency.

Silent and Smoothly Running

Realizing the pleasures of driving a smoothly running, silent car, we sought every means to reduce the vibration.

Fiber inserts in the valve plungers, and the reduction of the valve stem clearance by over 20 per cent. add greatly to the silence. And in our Model "M" engine, we have made the compression spaces in each cylinder equal. That means uniform explosions—an engine free from vibrations.

The Transmission

The transmission is unquestionably the most carefully designed on the market. Short, rigid shafts—8-7-10 inches between centers—insure strength. And the whole transmission weighs but 82 pounds.

A Car to be Proud Of

Our new Model "M" is the embodiment of all that is good in automobiles—a car to be proud of.

On the road, in the city, at the club, at the theater, wherever you may be, in the Model "M" you have a car that compares most favorably with the highest-priced cars made—a car that in its own power-class is without a peer.

Send This Coupon To-day

Before you decide on any car, please investigate the new Model "M." Mail us the coupon below. Let us send you our book, fully describing the car and its equipment. And let us tell you where and when you may have the car demonstrated to you. Please use the coupon to-day.

E. R. Thomas Motor Company, Buffalo, N.Y.

Branches in New York City, Chicago, Boston

Please send me your booklet fully describing the new Model "M," and tell me where I may have the car demonstrated.

Name

Address

THE FRA October

Members of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

and manners, prophesying, interpreting, talking unknown tongues, working miraculous cures, coming down with messages from God to the House of Commons. We have seen an old woman with no talents beyond the cunning of a fortune-teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors; and all this in the Nineteenth Century; and all this in London. History repeats itself, and we heed its voice no more than the Trojans heeded Cassandra's.

—Macaulay.

A VERY common knowledge of history, a very little observation of life, will suffice to prove that no learning, no sagacity, affords a security against the greatest errors on subjects relating to the invisible world. We have ceased to wonder at any vagaries of superstition. We have seen men, not of mean intelligence or neglected education, but qualified by their talents and acquirements to attain eminence either in active or speculative pursuits, well-read scholars, expert logicians, observers of life

EXCEPT a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—Charles Kingsley.

A public that demands a high degree of honesty and unselfish service will get it.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

"Made from Little Pigs"

As One of the Elect

have you eaten of the "Choice Stuff" that we make right here on the Farm? ¶ We make little-pig Sausages mostly, but we also cure in the slow, old-fashioned way Hams and Bacon which our customers insist on coming back for. ¶ The sausages are made from the most *apropos* parts of milk-fed little pigs—the loins and shoulders—raised by ourselves or our neighbors under our direction. We ought to mention, perhaps, that only home-ground spices and pure salt are added to make the best sausages we know of. ¶ The Hams and Bacon are trimmed by our own Boys and seasoned in Jones' own smoke-house. ¶ They taste like sunset turned to food. ¶ Many Immortals (and Immortelles) have been brought into the Life-Membership Class of sausage-eaters by our * * * * *

TRIAL OFFER

Four Pounds, One Dollar, Express Prepaid—One Dollar and Forty Cents West of Kansas and South of Tennessee

Remit any way you please. ¶ And before we forget—don't fail to send for the Jones Dairy Farm Booklet. It's all ready to mail to you, and tells just how we do things here in our old-fashioned way, what our products are and gives a lot of old-fashioned recipes for cooking the things we make.

Just your name and address bring it * *

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm

P. O. BOX 622

Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

**Elbert Hubbard will give his New Lecture
UNTAPPED RESERVOIRS as follows:**

CINCINNATI, O.—Odeon Theater, Sunday evening,
Oct. 31st, eight o'clock.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Propylaeum, Wednesday
evening, Nov. 3rd, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Bobbs-
Merrill's.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Memorial Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 5th,
eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Studebaker Theater, Sunday afternoon,
Nov. 14th, four o'clock. Seats on sale at Box Office.

NEW YORK CITY.—Cooper Union, Thursday evening,
Nov. 18th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at John Wana-
maker's Book Store.

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Elks Hall, Monday evening, Nov.
22d, eight o'clock.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Lecture Hall, Carnegie Library
Building, East End, Tuesday evening, Nov. 23rd, eight
o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Witherspoon Hall, Thursday
evening, Nov. 25th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at John
Wanamaker's.

BOSTON, MASS.—Chickering Hall, Thursday evening,
Dec. 9th, eight o'clock. Seats on sale at Box Office.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



AND they were thoughts like these that swept over my day-dreams four years ago last October. I had been pulled into a vexatious lawsuit by a man who thought he could make money easier by suing me on an alleged claim for imaginary damages, than by going to work.

It is good to know that the gentleman eventually lost out to his attorneys, but in the meantime, he took the fine edge off my genius and reduced me to the ranks of the deadly commonplace.

Having no divine fire of his own, my friend, of course, could not realize what he was doing to me. Had he been able to cash in what I lost, it would have netted him a tidy sum at the Bank.

As before stated, I had drawn heavily on my reserve. When I wrote I had to push my pen. It seemed to weigh a pound. My thoughts were punk. I made a few lecture dates for rest and change, but when I spoke I agitated the ether—and sawed the air. The audience seemed to be aware of my condition, and the sympathetic ones applauded in the wrong place.

I was speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York, and as I spoke, my mind took a dual form. One half followed along the line of my lecture, and the other roamed the universe. For several weeks I had had sensations in my teeth. They are not store-teeth, otherwise I might have been more comfortable.

I have always been touchy on teeth. I try to keep my teeth in good order, but the dentist has been to me a sign of horror. Russet apples set my teeth on edge, and a strawberry-seed between my incisors is sure to turn the genial current of my life awry. I have never cultivated an indifference to the tooth-brush, for I have a certain regard for those who have to do business with me, and so up to within a few weeks of this time, I thought my teeth were fairish good.

But now, as I spoke, visions came to me of that great orator who shot his teeth over that identical platform, and I picked out the man down in front who had handed them up to the owner without thought of reward.

And as I pushed on up the rhetorical grade, I felt sharp sensations in my teeth. I opened up my oratorical cut-off to overcome the friction, and then, on the sixth row back, next to the center aisle, I saw my old college chum, Dr. Edward Everett Cady.

Then I speculated on Dr. Cady. Edward Everett was a great orator, and I would like to be one. I had met Cady on a cattle basis some months ago. He has a beautiful farm up in Orange County, right near where there is a monument to Rysdyk's Hamiltonian Ten, the greatest progenitor of trotting blood that ever existed.

I like trotting horses, I like cattle, and Cady is a Holstein-Friesian man. Therefore I like Cady. Cady farms for fun, so as to keep close to the ground; and over in Brooklyn, at three hundred forty-six Fulton Street, he has a Dental Garage. Cady is the man who sent me two guineas in a box, collect, for a Life Membership in the American Academy of Immortals.

So there sat Cady, collect, sweetly smiling, and seemingly all unconscious that I was passing out platitudes, and making excursions into his pedigree, tracing him back to that great ancestor to whom that record-breaking woman, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, traced a pedigree. Hamiltonian Ten! There are streaks of great men, as well as streaks of great horses. Blood tells. And then and there, as I rounded out my peroration, I decided that the next day I would visit Cady—not to have my teeth looked after, but merely to discuss his pure-bred Holsteins, and talk of the Arcady Farms and the Land of Goshen—the location that has so long done duty as a Baptist cuss-word.

ANTISEPTIC TOOLS, ANTISEPTIC HABITS AND ANTISEPTIC THOUGHTS ARE REQUISITES IN DENTISTRY OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.



EXT morning, I took the street-car from the Majestic on Seventy-second Street to Borough Hall, Brooklyn. I changed cars twice. It took us an hour to make the trip. Last week I took the same excursion, in the Subway, and we went from Seventy-second street, New York, to Dr. Cady's in Brooklyn in about a minute.

But on that first trip my teeth were still mildly going it. They went it until I reached the elevator that led to Dr. Cady's office—then I had peace.

This shows the power of Cady. Cady was there, and gracious. If he knew my errand he never gave it away. We passed out the cow palaver for a space, and then I said, "Oh, by the way, if you don't mind, I think I'll let you look at my teeth, while I am here!"

He showed no surprise or resentment, and I took my place in what they speak of at Auburn as "The Chair." I shut my eyes, held my breath and gripped the arms of the chair. If there is anything I hate it is to have some one monkey with my teeth.

Cady gossiped about Holsteins as he explored my "gooms."

Perhaps my natural dread of a dentist comes from the time when I was a country doctor and used to pull teeth. To pull a tooth you first cut around it; then you place your forceps on it, pressing them well down into the jaw. Next, you were supposed to pull, but you don't—you twist and yank.

I was an expert at pulling teeth—when I got hold, I never let go. Once I put the turnkey on an old snag owned by an Irishman who worked on the section. I had no sooner gotten hold than Paddy changed his mind and decided not to have the tooth removed. I declined to cancel the order.

He came up out of the chair like an enraged rhino.

I pushed him back as though he were a tsetse fly. He went over on his Irish head. The chair was demolished into smithereens. With my knee on his chest, I twisted and yanked and pounded his head on the floor. My professional honor was at stake.

The tooth came at last, and with it a mighty Milesian howl.

It was now his turn. He laid over me with the fragments of the chair, and before I could flee to the consulting-room and barricade the door he had smashed all the furniture in the room, firing the spittoon at me as I climbed for cover.

Dentistry in those days had its perils.

At Cady's I saw a long row of little rooms, screened off, each with a curtain at the door. Most of the curtains were not drawn. In each room was an operator and a patient in the chair. No groans were to be heard, no sobs, or sighs, or roars—Gaelic or otherwise. I did n't even hear an "Ouch!"

A tidy colored girl and several other women attendants moved around in slippered feet; books were on the tables; a few choice pictures on the walls—order, cleanliness, quiet and beauty reigned.

After Dr. Cady had looked me over, he called in one of his attendants. They agreed that some of my teeth needed filling, and beyond that there was a slight touch of pyorrhia alveolaris. Then Dr. Cady told me what pyorrhia is; how it is aggravated by accumulations of tartar beneath the gums, where no amount of brushing

would reach it; that finally inflammation sets in, but that a simple operation of scraping and cleaning in the start might stop a serious disorder and save the tooth or teeth involved.

The men who did my work were rapid, gentle, sure and very considerate. Although my teeth are very sensitive, I felt not even what you would call discomfort. I could have composed music the while.

The methods of the place interested me. I saw that here were a dozen dentists, each chosen for his skill along certain lines, and through a system of constant co-operation and consultation they were able to give the public an ideal service.

Not everybody can pull teeth. Some can successfully treat sick teeth. Others still have mechanical skill, but here Dr. Cady has a combination which makes dentistry a science and an art. His men are both artisans and artists.

All physicians nowadays who are abreast of the times take the patient into their confidence. Dr. Cady advises with his patient, and explains with clearness and great courtesy just what is to be done. The patient is his friend and neighbor—better still, one of his family. This gives a confidence and intelligent faith that is of the highest good. The patient himself follows each process of the operation. He is relieved of fear, and what is better, he is also relieved of pain.

"Some of our griefs we have cured and the sharpest we still have survived, but what torments of pain we endured, from the evils that never arrived."

Dr. Cady denies that he makes use of hypnotism in dental surgery, but I swear by my halidom, he has something just as good.

I deliver two lectures a year at Carnegie Hall, and each time I spend a half day at Cady's. I loll in a dentists' chair, loaf and invite my soul. In four years' time I have not felt a sensation of pain in my teeth; I have enjoyed perfect health, and never did so much work or so good work.

Thank you, Terese, that is what I said.

What Dr. Evans was to the crowned heads of Europe, Dr. Cady is to the uncrowned kings of New York City and vicinity. I realize that all this "listens" like oxaline, but it is n't, it is only a deserved tribute to my friend, and the friend of humanity, Dr. Edward Everett Cady.

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY HAVE A BIG PLACE IN DENTAL PRACTISE—AND SHOULD HAVE EVERYWHERE.



HAVING gone thus far, perhaps I should, in the interests of simple truth, add the following dental dicta: Dr. Edward Everett Cady is a dentist. He is a dentist by prenatal tendency. His father was a dentist. He had five uncles who were dentists. His only brother and several cousins are dentists.

Dr. Cady has practised dentistry for thirty-one years. But while this long practise and wide experience has given him valuable insight into the science, he does not consider himself competent to perform each and every operation in dentistry with the highest skill. That is to say, he is not able to bring the same skill to bear in treating you which he demands when his own teeth are being cared for.

And as no dentist thus far is able to fill cavities in his own teeth, so no dentist can do all classes of dentistry equally well.

In Dr. Cady's office are ten dentists. Each man is a

specialist in one particular branch. But Dr. Cady sees every patient first, and carefully considers the patient's needs. The work is then assigned to the man who in Dr. Cady's judgment can do it best. With this man he advises and consults.

Thus, when you go to Dr. Cady, you not only have his advice, skill and careful consideration, but you have that of his skilful specialists.

A hundred years ago the honored offices of Leech, Dentist and Barber were combined in one man.

All and each of them were spillers of blood.

Dentistry then consisted solely in extracting teeth. You stood it as long as you could, then the Barber brought muscle to bear and removed the offending member with a mighty twist and yank, while the unshorn and the unshaven ones looked on, and congratulated themselves that their turn had not yet come.

Dentistry now has reached the point of being a fine art. Dentistry stands for use, beauty and comfort. Modern dentistry naturally divides itself into six branches:

- 1—Fillings and Inlays. 2—Crown and Bridge Work. 3—Therapeutics or Medication. 4—Artificial Teeth. 5—Orthodontia or the Regulation of Teeth. 6—Extracting.

Those six divisions differ as much from each other as the work of the writer, designer and printer of this booklet.

Each operation in dentistry requires a distinct and peculiar skill. If a solitaire dentist has a strong talent in one direction he usually does not in another; but at the same time he undertakes each and all of the other operations.

But naturally he will do the thing most which he is able to do best—sometimes to the disadvantage of the patient, and always at the patient's expense.

The economics in the case demand that he shall not call in outside help.

No ordinary dental practise is large enough to afford specialists, so one man does it all. Just as in the old days the country practitioner, with a ready case of instruments and another of medicines, amputated limbs, looked after the children with measles, extracted teeth and prescribed for all the ailments flesh was heir to or imagination could invent.

Modern life has evolved the specialist, and many years' practise in dentistry has convinced Dr. Cady and his patients that his plan of specialization is the only way to reach the highest possible point of dental efficiency. His operators work surely and they work rapidly. Also, they work painlessly.

Dr. Cady's plan of personally superintending each case is well, since it curtails possible danger of overzeal for his specialty on part of any one of his colleagues.

The bettering of methods and new discoveries make specialization a necessity.

When Dr. Cady began work in his father's office thirty years ago, a bright young man could pick up all there was about the business in a few months. Now it takes three years at college to acquire merely the theory, and fully as much more to gain the manual dexterity.

The able dentist must be agreeable and gracious without being familiar. He must respect the personality of his patients, and he must have sympathy. It is a mooted question as to whether a surgeon should have sympathy, but I know that a good dentist must. In surgery the patient is under an anesthetic, but in dentistry he is fully aware of what is being done. Dr. Cady always makes it a point to inform a patient, and take him into his confidence, consulting his wishes and preferences, so at all times he is working with the patient's full consent.

There was a time when it was assumed that the doctor knew it all, and that the patient knew nothing. The

truth lies somewhere between. We have recently discovered that doctors do not know quite so much as we once thought, and that the laity are not so stupid as was assumed.

Prof. Dubois of Berlin devotes an entire chapter, in his recent valuable book on Medical Practice, to the great advantage and benefit of the doctor taking the patient into his confidence in order that they may co-operate together for the desired end.

Dr. Cady's patients are his friends, and the desire of his life is to be theirs. The people for whom he works come back to him year after year, and they send their friends, and so the scope of his work gradually extends and widens.

His business is so large that there is no temptation to make work. He lets well enough alone, and often he is able by a very simple operation, practically without cost, to save his friends a serious operation. Often he gives advice, especially in the case of children, which if followed avoids operations and bestows lifelong benefits.

For consultation he makes no charge. He carefully considers your case, consults with you, and then tells you what he thinks should be done. After such consultation, if you wish his colleagues to do work for you, it is well, and if not, it is well, anyway.

Dr. Cady is a Commonsense, One-Hundred-Point Man. He knows that things in life average all right, where we honestly try to help ourselves by helping humanity. He does not figure on how much he can make out of any one patient, but if in the course of a year his income is so much he is fully satisfied. And it is so much. As all of the dentists in his office work on stated salaries, there is no temptation for them to "make work." In fact, the natural inclination would be in the other direction.

Sympathy—In the last analysis sympathy is the ability to put yourself in the place of the other individual. One of the mottoes in the Cady office reads: "Do your work as well as you can and be kind." That is the keynote to this whole dental symphony. Every man and woman in the establishment is chosen partly because of kindness, and the air is charged with it. Now, kindness in a dental office must be in the fingers as well as in the heart, and it must avoid pain.

For years Dr. Cady worked to merely alleviate pain, and with considerable success. But he now has succeeded in destroying practically all pain in filling

teeth and treating nerves. This is done by local treatment, and never by paralyzing the nerve-centers as is the case in anesthesia.

He prepares teeth for filling and crowning, and he also removes live pulps—the living nerve—when necessary without any concern to the patient.

Moreover, there is no unpleasant reaction to his methods, for he uses no narcotics or sleep-producing drugs.

This matter of painless dentistry is a great modern evolution, and Dr. Cady's share in the achievement is something of which he is justly proud. Of course, there are people who yet doubt the statement that teeth with exposed nerves can be properly cared for without pain. They doubt, because in the past they have suffered and suffered terribly. These good people are often intelligent, too. The Honorable Simon Cameron was a United States Senator for many years, but when Alexander Bell offered to sell him the secret of the telephone for ten thousand dollars, the Senator declined the offer with the remark that "While I want to help my old friend, Professor Bell, the idea of talking over a wire for five or ten miles is too ridiculous to interest any sane man."

Yet the telephone is a success; and so is the plan of Painless Dentistry a success.

However, the Cady plan of painless dentistry would be an absolute failure in the hands of a hasty, petulant, unkind, indifferent, careless or unsympathetic man. So you see it turns at last on the personal element. Dr. Cady selects his staff with the same care that the President selects his Cabinet. His fellow workers are all men who have kindness largely developed and who have sympathy for sensitive and nervous patients. They allay the patient's fears, secure his intelligent confidence, and then do what has to be done with precision and gentleness. His men fully understand that painless work and effective work go together, for, in order to get an operation well done, the patient has to be relaxed and at his ease.

On the walls of each operating-room I saw this motto: "Aim to Increase Skill—Avoid Pain—And be Kind." Dentistry requires the eye of the lapidary, the skill of a mechanic, the taste of an artist, the nerve of a surgeon, and the sympathies of a friend.

Dr. Cady and his staff have these requisites, and this is my experience.



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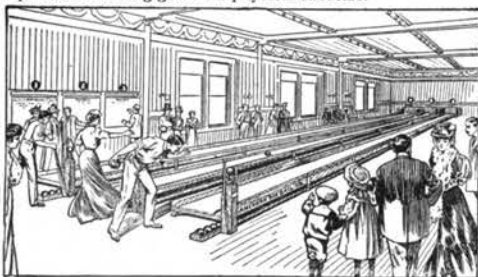
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LET us reason, then, strive to soar above experience. This is easy for young people; but it is salutary that ripe age and old age should learn to raise themselves to the luminous ignorance of youth. We should guard beforehand, as the years pass, against the dangers which our confidence in the race must run because of the great number of malignant men whom we have encountered in it. Let us continue, in spite of all, to act, to love and to hope as though we had to do with an ideal humanity. This ideal is only a vaster reality than that which we behold. The failings of individuals no more impair the general purity and innocence than the waves on the

surface, according to the aeronauts, when seen from a certain height, trouble the profound limpidity of the sea.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

TO be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself; here

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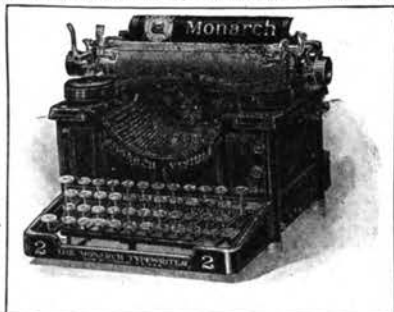
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is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

ALL through China, Buddhist and Confucian temples are being turned into schools, and in not a few recorded cases in the far interior idols have been carted out and dumped into rivers to make way for benches and desks.—Review of Reviews.

Let's reform—every man for himself!

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A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 4

OCTOBER

No. 1

A Friend Is Nature's Masterpiece

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

WHEN the financial blizzard was on, in November, Nineteen Hundred Seven, no one in East Aurora was aware of it, but myself, the Missus and the Cublet. We knew it. With us it was no theory.

All the rest got their pay on time. We skirmished, kited, sweat blood, and smiled.

Other folks in the cities near, who had a deal more dolodocci dough than we, were paying their people in scrip.

We had a big stock of books, but nothing was transpiring.

Pay-day was coming with damning regularity, and sundry paper-mills were yelling like baseball fans, for money.

Then it was I laid the case before a financial man I knew in New York. He took my figures and said he would give me an answer in three days.

The answer came. If we would bond the entire Roycroft plant for one hundred thousand dollars he would take the issue at par, provided he held a life-insurance policy on my life for a like amount.

I answered, "Why the life-insurance?"

And I have the reply by me now. Here it is: "Your brains are the chief asset in this business. Your mind is a think-factory. Your output is ideas. Your initiative evolved the business, and you know the work in every part. The buildings were built and the machinery installed with your mental raw stock in mind. With you there, the value of the plant is reasonably assured. With you

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gone, it is a conjecture. My people would not consider a loan for an instant without the insurance on your life."

Whether my sky-piece is like a sky-scraper as a financial asset, and possesses the value my friend placed upon it, is largely a matter of assumption.

But granting for argument's sake that the man was right, we get an idea of the estimated value on the Rialto of two things—Brains and Life-Insurance.

Luckily, the storm blew over, the sun came out, and I was able to pass up the proposed loan. But just to add to my peace of mind and as an aid to sweet sleep o' nights, I placed a little policy on my life payable to the Roycroft Guinea-Garage.

ANOTHER somewhat similar case came to the surface when Harry Selfridge opened up his great American store in London. The Selfridge store is a success beyond a doubt, as all Picadilly wearing Stein-Bloch Smart Suits admits, but when Selfridge asked the London bankers for a little accommodation they requested the privilege of examining his life-insurance policies. And the wires have flashed the news that Harry Selfridge carries life-insurance to the extent of a million dollars. And surely it would be a poor bargain to send this daring, tireless man of enterprise down among the dead men at the bottom of the sea in exchange for even several million dollars. His brain is a valuable asset, simply because it is a big producer of wealth. When this brain ceases to throb, the insurance companies pay over the million dollars, and the great American Store in London gets along as best it can without the Chief.

They will miss him, but the million dollars steadies the craft over the shoals and shallows until another big man can take his place at the wheel. ¶ The idea of the corporation was a device of the Romans. It ever excited the admiration of Lord Coke, who called it "a body without death, a mind without decline."

But the corporation does not absolutely become a body without death, unless you insure the lives of the men whose genius has built it up. ¶ Life-insurance is a good thing, or it is not. The consensus of opinion, the Zeitgeist, says it is not only a good thing but a necessity of modern times.

Business is built on confidence.

The greater our faith in each other, the more safe, secure and enjoyable becomes the voyage of life. And life-insurance, to a great degree, eliminates the disturbing and distressing factor of death. It makes of society and business a body without decline. To use the language of Prof. Ernst Haeckel, "It gives us financial and social monism." It makes for unity and oneness. Also, it makes for morality, for the boozier and the boulder can't insure. It cements the social fabric and gives security and peace in place of fear and doubt.

It is time to get rid of the idea that life-insurance is a quasi-charitable or benevolent institution. It is no more a matter of charity than is fire-insurance. No sane financial man would accept a mortgage on property not insured; and when the man asked insurance on my life he was simply following out the same general commercial policy of sound financiering. It is true that life-insurance had its rise in benevolence, and its first manifestation was a passing of the hat for the afflicted family. But now it is a matter of business. A life-insurance policy is a commodity. Its value lies in the ability of the company to keep its contract.

THE Armstrong Insurance Law puts a limit on the cost of securing new business. This seems wise and well, since insurance managers, being but human, might by excessive commissions be tempted to do business on margins so close that the ability of the company to validate its contract would be weakened. ¶ The New York Life has been securing business, well within the limit of cost, but by a splendid organization has approached the danger-line of getting too much business. Or, in other words, the people have shown an excess of faith in this company, so the Armstrong Law steps in and waves them back crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" when there is no wolf.

To keep from violating clause number ninety-six of the Armstrong Law and writing too much business, this company has been obliged to discontinue a large number of agencies. It had educated and trained the men to do the business, and now behold the success of the men constitutes their crime, and suddenly they find themselves adrift and out of employment, their occupation gone.

"When a policy of business is once perfected," said that great merchant, Marshall Field, "no

man can foresee the extent to which it will grow." ❧

Marshall Field had in mind the evolution of the Department-Store Idea. A law was passed by the State of Missouri making the Department Store an illegal and criminal proposition. The agrarian legislators who carried this measure through were pigmy men with pigmy ideals. "These stores are getting too big; they are driving out the country store; beside that they are unsafe, since when they bust, as they surely will, they will do an awful amount of damage." But experience has proved that when a

Department Store is founded on the right policy, the size of the store is an advantage rather than a disadvantage, since the overhead charges on a big business are less pro rata than in a little business. The more business it does, the smaller margin of profit it can work on, and the better for its customers.

Aside from its harshness to certain concerns, this limitation clause in the Armstrong Law involves a vital principle. If life-insurance is a bad thing, stop it ❧ But if we charter a company to do business, and thus stamp its object and mission with our approval, to set a limit on its growth is vicious in theory and unjust in practise.

It harks back to the old Trade-Guilds that fixed all the details of business and set limits on output ❧

Moreover, they set limits on enterprise, invention, initiative, and thus repressed and suppressed the race. No workman was allowed to travel from place to place. Your product must not be carried beyond certain districts, for fear of injuring other manufacturers. Any workman or salesman who was found out of his bailiwick was a "vagrom" and could be imprisoned. The natural liberties of men were interfered with, and stagnation followed ❧

To block a natural right by a man-made law is tyranny. The whole thought of limitation is un-American, because it looks backward not forward, and tends to stifle ambition and animation ❧

The extent to which life-insurance can be safely issued turns on the purchasing power of the people ❧

WHEN THE CLIFF-DWELLERS LIVED
ON A DIET MOSTLY OF PARCHED CORN
THEY HAD NO USE FOR A DENTIST

If the people can pay for the risks, the companies can afford to take them.

And experience has shown that the more widely distributed the risks, and the greater the business, the more absolutely is the element of chance eliminated ❧ That natural law called the Law of Diminishing Returns does not enter into life-insurance. For an insurance company—any company—to double its business involves the ability to get the business, and to carry the policies. Beyond that it is a mere matter of bookkeeping. ❧ The limits within which policies can be secured and issued, and the

investment of the surplus, have all been fixed by years of experience. But the limits to which the business can be carried, no man knows.

Nature sets no limit on the amount of business an insurance company can safely do, any more than you can place a limit on the number of miles of railroad that shall be built in America. As population and wealth increase we will need more railroads. And the man who would set a limit on the mileage should be looked after by his friends. ❧ It has remained for the New York State Legislature to set a limit to the yearly amount of new business that an insurance company can write—not only what it can write in its own state, but anywhere in the world.

Adam Smith says, "All of man's laws succeed only as they conform to the laws of God." That is to say, our laws must conform to the natural requirements of the case; and laws enacted by men that are not in accordance with natural laws are tyrannical and oppressive. ❧ I remember once hearing the superintendent of a street railway give a little lecture to a batch of new motormen. He laid down several rules for them, and the first rule was this: "Never apply your brake against your power."

Laws that are opposed to the natural flow or trend of trade are the application of man's brake against God's power.

This Armstrong law, which forbids any insurance company issuing more than one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, has no basis in nature, logic or truth. It does not fit a human need, and therefore it is a mischievous and harmful enactment. Those legislators make one think of old Dr. Johnson, who on being in the presence of a silly and talkative man

interrupted him with the request, "Sir, may I examine your phrenological development?"

¶ Dr. Johnson was not interested in what the man said, but he had a curiosity as to how it happened that the man was sixteen kinds of a blatherskite.

The legal limit on business was the work of buckwheat lawmakers, who failed to realize the size of the country, the wealth of the country or the needs of the people. This law interferes with the first natural law of a free people, which is that one man's rights end where another's begin. With equal commonsense

this Armstrong Law could have set the limit at fifty million, or it could have made it five hundred million. If your business is founded on reciprocity, and meets a human want, you can turn over a million dollars with greater safety than a greengrocer turns over his five thousand dollars a year.

The most diligent search of the records fails to show why these agrarian lawmakers fixed upon one hundred and fifty million dollars a year as a limit ¶

Emerson tells of the inmates of an almshouse who sat all day in the sun and gravely discussed the president's policy.

So evidently these lawmakers, quickly elected and quickly returned to private life, have imposed upon an evolving and growing country a hardship by setting their brake against the power ¶

This law of limit not only forbids the company the right to sell, but it makes it impossible for the people to buy. I want life-insurance—I must have it in order to secure a loan so I can carry on my business. And although I may live in Oregon, a New York State law puts an Oregon agent out of business, and I am deprived of my right to buy of the company in which I have most confidence.

If the New York legislature can limit the amount of insurance that a Life-Insurance Company can write, it can also limit the number of subscribers which I shall have for this magazine. It might forbid a farmer raising more than thirty bushels of corn to the acre; or put the kibosh on a hen that laid more than a hundred eggs a year.

In the past, all laws setting a limit on human

activities have proven mischievous and bad. It is that little pismire policy of the Labor Union which prohibits Michael Dolan from laying more than so many bricks in eight hours on penalty of having the ladder jerked from under him.

John Ruskin was a great and good man, who looked upon the railroads as a menace to civilization. He thought the proper way to travel was to go afoot, or at most in a stage-coach. ¶ If you read

history you will see that the railroads of England "were laid in the teeth of a mob," to quote the Honorable Bourke

Cockran. ¶ Largely through Ruskin's agitation there was a law passed by the House of Commons limiting the speed of all railroad-trains in England to ten miles an hour. This was the speed of the fastest stage-coaches and therefore it was no hardship—this was the argument ¶

The agitation of stage-coach owners had a deal to do with the passing of the law.

But the fact that the people wanted to ride far and fast killed the law, and sent Ruskin into a peevish exile in the North of England, "where no savage screech of the iron demon could be heard."

Ruskin was a good man, but he wore Lombardy Poplar whiskers, and worshiped at the shrine of the god Terminus.

This country is suffering from over-legislation. Our reformers seem to have small faith in natural law ¶ They have an eczema for regulating things. When they realize on their little thousand-dollar policies, and they reach another world, they will want to seize the pitchfork and run the place to suit themselves. ¶ What this country really will have to do is to reform its reformers.

We live in a marvelous country, and in a marvelous time. Let the age unfold—let the times blossom—let humanity grow and expand.

¶ The Dark Ages were a time when by over-government human evolution was absolutely blocked. Let us cease being brakemen, and give the conductors and engineers a chance. The country is all right—or will be as soon as we repeal a few silly laws and give God's law of gravitation a chance.

Cease setting your brake against the power!

YOUR FRIEND IS THE MAN WHO LIES
ABOUT WHERE HE SAW YOU THE
NIGHT BEFORE ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

✱ ONCE saw a check drawn by a life-insurance company for an even million dollars. It was payable to the estate of the late Frank Peavey, of Minneapolis. The check went through and was paid just as my check for one hundred plunks is paid. It was simply a matter of bookkeeping.

As the law now stands, one hundred and fifty men like Peavey would take the entire yearly output of the great New York Life Insurance Company, and the one hundred and fifty-first man would have the door slammed in his face.

¶ Of course a million dollars on the life of a man is a good deal of money, but just please remember that Frank Peavey was a million-dollar man. In this respect he was like Harry Selfridge. And there are several thousand of these million-dollar men in America today, and we are evolving more all the time. In fact, we need them, and badly, too. ✱ The million-dollar man of old, like Napoleon or Caesar, manifested his power mostly in destruction. The modern million-dollar man is a creator, a conservator and a builder.

In passing it is worth noting that Peavey paid just one premium on that policy, and before the second payment became due the policy matured. Peavey was a superb risk, morally and physically, but pneumonia is a joker and picks the strong just to show us the frailty of human existence.

Life-insurance can not make a man immortal, but it can prevent an earthquake shock to his estate when Charon beckons and he has to go.

¶ However, in the interests of exact truth, as a physician, I am positive that a paid-up policy is strictly sanitary, hygienic and antiseptic. It tends to equalize the circulation, giving an inward peace that makes for length of days.

✱ LIFE-INSURANCE is one of the great modern factors for the elimination of poverty. ✱ It works to abolish the element of chance from the body social. Instead of leaving his family to the uncertain charity of relatives and neighbors, the man makes a business provision for them.

The big bonding companies are a variation of the same idea. ✱ In the old days when a man required a bond he called on his friends.

The actual fact is that no one man ever could afford to go security for another. The element of chance can only be eliminated in large numbers, for then we get the Law of Average.

¶ I suppose that no one thing, next to death itself, caused more heartaches and tears, more hate and fear, than this thing of "signing." When the man who "signed" was called upon to pay he cursed God and man, and called on the furies for revenge. He never expected he would have to pay—it was just a matter of form between friends!

But now the modern bonding company faces the issue on a business basis, and when a loss occurs it is met without a wince, exactly as our big life-insurance companies pay a claim.

¶ Yet a bonding company and a life-insurance company are purely commercial concerns, and should be so considered.

Commerce is no longer exploitation. ✱ It is human service, and no business concern can hope to prosper which does not meet a human need and add to human happiness.

The indiscriminate giving to the poor was a mistaken policy. It tended to make poverty perpetual. Now we aim to give just one thing, and that is opportunity.

Business aims to render life safe and secure. To supervise wisely the great corporations is well; but to look backward to the days when business was polite pillage and regard our great business concerns as piratical institutions carrying letters of marque and reprisal, is a grave error, born in the minds of little men. When these little men legislate they set the brakes going up hill.

Charity and piracy are things of the past. ✱ They were always closely akin, for pirates were very charitable, and ever in their train were troops of sturdy beggars.

Business will yet do away with graft and begging. ✱ Reciprocity, co-operation and mutuality are the important words now.

¶ Laws for the regulation of trade should be most carefully scanned. ✱ That which hampers, limits, cripples and retards must be done away with. That which gives freedom, security, and peace must be encouraged. We are moving toward the sun-rising; and no man can guess the splendor, and the riches and the beauty that will yet be ours. Let America lead the way!

✱ A child does not need a religion until he is old enough to evolve one, and then he must not be robbed of the right of independent thinking by having a fully prepared plan of salvation handed out to him.



ELLA FLAGG YOUNG is Superintendent of Public Schools in the City of Chicago. She was recently selected to take the place, which up to her time has always been filled by a man—a male man.

Her salary is ten thousand dollars a year, which was the amount her predecessor was paid.

She has charge of a property valued at fifty million dollars. She looks after six thousand teachers, and two hundred and seventy-five thousand children. She hires and fires six hundred janitors.

Mrs. Young is the widow of a schoolmaster; but this did not weigh in the scale in her selection to the office.

She is sixty-four years old.

The fetching powers of a widow, I am told, are in abeyance after fifty, and she then goes in on her merits, accepting no favors nor giving any.

Mrs. Young was born in Erie County, York State, within a few miles of the village of East Aurora.

This probably accounts for it.

She has served the state as a teacher and inspector of schools for forty years. Her ability is not a matter of conjecture: it has been proven.

She is the only woman I know of in the world who gets ten thousand a year—and earns it. There are plenty of women who spend ten thousand a year. Last month a lady alimoniac in New York City was granted an allowance of thirty-six thousand a year, but this award was not based on her earning power.

It was given simply because her former husband had the money. And he did n't earn the money, either. He lay under a cocoanut-tree and the cocoanuts fell on him.

But for society or a community to hire the alimoniac, just mentioned, at three dollars a week would be overpaying her. She can not do anything which society wants done.

Mrs. Young, however, is in another class. She does a man's work, and very rightly gets a man's pay. Whether she would get a man's pay for doing a man's work if she lived in New York State is a question I respectfully refer to my old college chum, the Honorable Charles E. Hughes.

Mrs. Young has great executive ability. She is also judicial and diplomatic. She has a wide sympathy and an active imagination, without being lacrimose or maudlin in her emotions. She makes her points and holds them. She has ability to decide, and is usually right. She is a seer and a prophet, for she realizes the needs of the future. Yet she is a true Fabian and always is willing to accept what she can get, even if it is not all she would like.

She has the letting of lighting and heating contracts, also contracts for repairs, and in some instances building contracts. Millions of dollars pass through her hands. The thought of graft is too far removed from her to be imagined. This could not have been said of any of the male candidates for the place. Her intellect is high; her purpose noble; her character beyond reproach.

She has every quality which the position demands, and one more than any genus male could muster—that is, the outlook of motherhood.

So why should n't she have the position? It's a foolish question to ask, since nobody has hinted otherwise.

Nobody has carped at her having the position and doing the work, but Veritas, Old Subscriber and Probono Publico have all carped and sneezed at her having a man's pay.

It is quite probable that Veritas, Old Subscriber and Probono Publico all wear whiskers, and no man with whiskers in this rapid age of the automobile should be seriously considered. Mrs. Young fills the arduous position, and the pay she receives is none too great. It would be twice as much if I had my way. In this thing of teaching, as a people, we are very small and niggardly. When we get civilized we will set apart the greatest and best men and women in the land and we will pay them enough, so that the offer of a pension will not be an insult to their ability to exercise the Savings-Bank Habit.

The world needs more of this strong, able, hopeful, loving type of folk like Ella Flagg Young—people who have initiative, and who are able to carry responsibility.

Woman was the first home-maker—naturally she is a builder, while man, naturally, and through centuries of habit, is a destroyer. Most of the school-teachers under Mrs. Young are women. It seems but commonsense to

suppose that a woman would know more about their needs and requirements than a man ♣ It also seems to be a commonplace to assume that a woman would know the needs of the children better than a man ♣ That a woman should be penalized on account of her sex, and be compelled to do a like service as a man for half the pay seems a barbaric policy. ¶ Illinois is proving herself the Succor State. It is surely a short-sighted economic policy that would deprive a woman of the right to take a big and responsible position simply because she is a woman, as we occasionally do in New York.

A woman is a human being ♣ The Divine Intelligence plays through her, exactly as through a man. Among the lower animals the female is often vastly superior to the male in many ways.

Among humans, she will show herself the equal of man in every line of social, economic and industrial endeavor—when given equal opportunity.

Very many male men live on a low mental plane for the lack of the help of women with brains. But woman, as a whole, will never be the equal of man in mental reach until she is given the right and privilege of using her powers.

The race did not develop as long as we were thanes, serfs, villeins and chattels, looked after, controlled, repressed and suppressed by soldiers and priests.

The first requisite in growth is freedom. And with freedom must go responsibility ♣ Let woman do anything along the line of the world's work which she can do, and let her be paid the same for a like service that we pay to the genus male.

In all that goes to make up mental worth, to decide wisely and execute justly, the Chicago Superintendent of Schools has just as much ability as the Governor of the State of New York ♣ ♣

And yet when it comes to having her political preferences recorded she is debarred, and in the eyes of the law is a perpetual minor.

The only reason she can not vote is because she is a woman. ¶ And John Temple Graves says that the reason women should not be allowed to vote is because they can not bear arms.

¶ John comes to his conclusions first and then skirmishes for proof, later. And any old proof is good enough for a prejudiced man.

Women bear children, and bear responsibilities; and women are amenable before the law exactly the same as men. Yet we do not give her the right to express her choice as to whether she shall be electrocuted or be hanged. Neither do we let her say who shall be chosen to decide finally how she shall die and when. ¶ Men have a few things to learn, one of which is that we gain freedom for ourselves only by giving it to others.

Strong drink never makes a useful man of a useless one; but it often does transform a useful person into a worthless one.



MAKING men live in three worlds at once—past, present and future—has been the chief harm organized religion has done. To drag your past behind you, and look forward to sweet rest in heaven, is to spread the present very thin.

The man who lives in the present, forgetful of the past and indifferent to the future, is the man of wisdom.

The best preparation for tomorrow's work is to do your work as well as you can today.

The best preparation for a life to come is to live now and here.

Live right up to your highest and best! If you have made mistakes in the past, reparation lies not in regrets, but in thankfulness that you now know better.

It is true that we are punished by our own sins and not for them; it is true also that we are blessed and benefited by our sins ♣ Having tasted the bitterness of error, we can avoid it. If we have withheld the kind word and the look of sympathy in the past, we can today give doubly, and thus, in degree, redeem the past. And we best redeem the past by forgetting it and losing ourselves in useful work.

It is a great privilege to live. Thank God! there is one indisputable fact: We are here!

The world is divided into three classes: those who read THE FRA, those who won't read THE FRA, and those who can't read THE FRA.

Folks who pride themselves on not being "commercial" are often warmly intent on picking the pockets of men who are.

The Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for Month of October

By Alice Hubbard

Health Suggestion: Live your life. Live your life out in the open.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Lesson LXX—Sunday, October 3, 1909

I do not wish women to have power over men, but over themselves.

The lily cheek, the "purple light of love,"
The liquid luster of the melting eye,
Mary! of these the Poet sung, for these
Did woman triumph. Turn not thou away
Contemptuous from the theme. No Maid of Arc
Had, in those ages, for her country's cause
Wielded the sword of freedom; no Roland
Had borne the palm of female fortitude;
No Conde with self-sacrificing zeal
Had glorified again the Avenger's name,
As erst when Caesar perished; haply too
Some strains may hence be drawn, befitting me
To offer, nor unworthy thy regard.

—Shelley



ALL people are born with an idealizing power. Within each mind is a standard of measurement for people and things. With some the ideal is very clear and distinct. With others it is very dim and hazy.

A musician has tone in his mind, by which all tones are measured. He is pleased or displeased, pained or rejoiced, according as the tone he hears departs from or approaches his ideal.

This power to idealize is the silver chord that unites us to Deity. It is our bow in the sky.

The humanity that is akin to the clod knows little of this power. It is not harassed by its surroundings, no matter how far from the perfect they may be. Things may just happen with such lives; they are not protested against. What makes that which we term trouble is usually the effort to adjust things and people to our ideals.

Those people have very dim ideals who are calmly content, with burdocks blocking their doorways and fireweed their windows, with gravitation pulling at the chimney-top, and the weather beating at the siding.

Those whose lives are conflict are tormented by ideals. The ideal is the gadfly of Isis.

There is rest neither day nor night. Forever and forever are the idealists urged on and on to make a harmony between the outer world and this God-given image within.

When the ideal is sharp and clearly distinct, we have a reformer. We have called these people idealists, prophets, seers, saviors. They give civilization an impulse forward.

It is through the idealizing power that nations grow. For, as soon as we approach the realization of our ideal, a better one is born. When we cease to have new ideals death is at the door.

¶ Jesus of Nazareth was an idealist, consequently a reformer. His visions of the perfect did not refer to the political life of the Jews, but to the morals and ethics of their individual lives. His purpose was to do away with the habits and customs of the old, and start anew. He saw distinctly and clearly. His messages were simple and easily understood.

Socrates, too, had sharp and clear ideals. People cling to the old and are afraid of the new, hence Socrates lost his life.

Savonarola saw clearly and his ideals would not down, otherwise he might have lived long.

¶ Artists, poets, musicians, all are tortured by ideals, or there would be no art, no poetry, no music. There is no rest for them until they can give expression to what their minds see so clearly.

In our youth we are usually most active in working out this inner vision. It is boys and girls that are forever planning new heavens upon earth. They are on intimate terms with this God within and look upon the whole earth as they think it should be, not seeing it as it is.

¶ Gradually the fine vision is marred by the rude, crude things as they are, and straightway there is a determination to reform everything.

¶ The world looks small, the habits and customs of the ages seem trifles light as air. The youth has unlimited strength, and he will set things right. So he does the unprecedented thing (which has been done before by those like him).

Without this folly the world would be today in primitive barbarism. We owe such civilization and refinement as we have to unreasonable Idealists.



Lesson LXXI—Sunday, October 10, 1909

Asserting the rights which women, in common with men, ought to contend for, I have not attempted to extenuate their faults, but to prove them to be the natural consequence of their education and station in society. If so, it is reasonable to suppose that they will change their character and correct their vices and follies when they are allowed to be free in a physical, moral and civil sense.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT was born April Twenty-seventh, Seventeen Hundred Fifty-nine, in or near London.

Her father was Edward John Wollstonecraft, who honestly believed that God had made him in His image; that he was by divine decree superior to any woman that ever was or could be; that he was supreme dictator in his own home. Also, by divine mandate, his wife owed him love, honor and obedience, and his children were indebted to him for existence itself—for all that life could bring. ¶ Thus had Scripture been interpreted to him and so did he believe.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Wollstonecraft, or any other Missis, would have been persuaded into such a belief had there been the same power and skill brought to bear on the feminine mind as has been molding the masculine mind for so many ages.

It is comparatively easy to acquire a faith that gives power, position and prominence, with few drawbacks, especially if it is said to be a direct command from God.

We seem foreordained to accept proffered compliments. ¶

Mr. Wollstonecraft might have had his doubts on other points of interpreted Scripture and civil law, but he never wavered about man's masterly position in domestic life.

He had fifty thousand dollars when he married Elizabeth Dixon, of Ballyshannon, Ireland, and this money assisted him in being orthodox in his family relations.

He had the wanderlust. No sooner was he well established in one place than he heard the call within, "Arise and get thee hence." And he obeyed the call.

The money in the ginger-jar grew less and less.

¶ The master of the house had freely received this money and freely he gave—for his own fancy and comfort. He drank, he dissipated, he ruled as a hot-headed despot rules his tu'penny kingdom.

Such tyrants have no rivals, so there is an end to the tyranny.

Competition is necessary for health in a bad cause as well as a good one. Mr. Wollstonecraft was so sovereign a sovereign that he was lonesome. There was no opposing power, and he finally disappeared into that oblivion which worthless tyrants make for themselves. ¶ The mother died.

The older boys left home as early as they could. One sister went to live with a brother; one married. ¶ There is an end to the term of servitude and subjection of children.

Mary was quick to see that the reason men were able to tyrannize over women was that

women were financially helpless, dependents. ¶ The whole cause of the inequality hung upon finance.

Women had little opportunity to earn money. Married women could own no property; it was transferred to the husband on the wedding-day. ¶ Women were paupers, slaves.

Servitude is a matter of poverty.

For many ages women turned their assets into property, but until they met actual financial competition with man in commercial life, they made no progress.

Women have been told that their feminine beauty, personal charm, delicacy, sentimentality, power to love, forgive, pity, et cetera, ad infinitum, were of far more value to them than any financial independence could be. ¶ Many took the honeyed loaf, and, like Cerberus, were put to sleep by it, until their kingdom of Individual Independence was captured. ¶

During the Middle Ages they slept, and even now they eat the poppy-laden cake and sleep again. When you try to arouse them they cry "Hush, hush! Do not disturb us! We are too frail! We have no strength for work! Let us sleep on while they who were made for toil, labor. We must not awake to anything so vulgar as a world of work!"

So we tiptoe by, build hospitals, asylums, medical colleges, and invent palliatives and new sops. We are afraid of Truth.

Truth makes the blood circulate, brings life, therefore action.

People in a comatose condition, whether brought there by disaster or poison administered, always beg to be left alone. Only those who are quite alive and in a healthful condition ask, "Who shall deliver us from death?" Such people are delivering themselves from death. ¶

Women have been restive under the bonds of dependence, even in the time when such bondage was unquestioned. The bogus money they have been forced to pass as coin of God's realm has never satisfied them. They had a subconscious sense that it was counterfeit, and the men knew it was.

Go back to Nature and you find that the female is just exactly as economically independent as the male.

The progress of the race depends today upon woman's being financially free. ¶ It is the foundation of all freedom for all people for all time.

Woman must earn her own living, she must earn all she spends, and more. Woman must have an Invincible Tenth Legion to recapture her kingdom of Individual Independence. All other questions of progress pale before the importance of this one.

It is a natural law. It means moral health for the race.

Lesson LXXII—Sunday, October 17, 1909

Contending for the rights of woman, my main argument is built on this simple principle, that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practise. ¶ And how can woman be expected to co-operate unless she know why she ought to be virtuous? unless freedom strengthen her reason till she comprehend her duty, and see in what manner it is connected with her real good? If children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism, their mother must be a patriot; and the love of mankind, from which an orderly train of virtues spring, can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of mankind; but the education and situation of woman, at present, shuts her out from such investigations.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT saw this truth one hundred and fifty years ago. She knew that her mother, her sisters and brothers would have been treated with respect and deference had they been independent of their father. ¶ He was a despot, because he had them in his power. He was the base of supplies, and they were as a captured citadel with supplies cut off—they must capitulate on any terms that the conqueror cared to make. ¶ Mary went to work with the purpose to earn money.

Her married sister was a prisoner in greater distress than her mother had been. She became insane, and the husband sent for Mary. All that the love and tenderness of a sister could do to help was given, but Mary knew there was no cure in the prison for the prisoner, sick because she was a prisoner.

One day Mary took her sister and went away with her. ¶ She had little money and few prospects, but she knew that anything was better than the old conditions.

Finally the sisters started a little school. ¶ Sanity returned, and a degree of happiness came to them. For the first time they had a home where there was love and kindness.

¶ Responsibility gravitated to Mary, of course, so she carried the burden.

Her heart went out to all who suffered, and her little home became an asylum.

There was no Napoleon to say, "The finances! I will arrange them." ¶ They were never satisfactorily arranged for this great-hearted woman. ¶

However, she had, first of all, the genius of

industry. She knew the value of time, she had the capacity for work, mental work especially. Any one who has such genius attains something great in a lifetime.

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-seven Mary Wollstonecraft wrote a pamphlet that was well received by Hewlet, and by Mr. Johnson, the publisher. It had merit sufficient to cause him to engage her as reader of manuscript and translator. This was splendid training for her later work. At the publishing-house she met many literary men and a few of the women who wrote and thought.

She had a home where her two sisters lived with her. The rooms were simple and the furniture was confined to necessities.

However, Talleyrand found her, and so did Tom Paine, Dr. George Fordyce, Dr. Geddes, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Hayes, and Mrs. Inchbald. The home of Mary was not a fashionable resort. People who came there came for ideas and intellectual discussion.

✱ It was in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-one that all Europe was throbbing with thoughts about the Rights of Man. ¶ The thunders of the French Revolution were rumbling and reverberating over two continents. Every plowman had an opinion; intellectual men and women were talking and writing theirs.

Edmund Burke published his "Reflections on the French Revolution," which Mary read. She wrote her "answer" in a pamphlet which she named, "Vindication of the Rights of Man."

This was not a refutation of Burke's argument, for the two have approached the subject with entirely different points of view. Burke criticized from the standpoint that the early laws are just and right, and that the French people in revolt have departed from these. ¶ Mary argued from a standpoint of equity and justice, regardless of any formulated code of laws. This was her characteristic mental process.

She was a primitive thinker. ¶ With her, precedent and custom had no weight in the scale against right and justice.

Her test was, "Is it just and right?" If she decided that it was not, she threw it aside absolutely. She had no sense of diplomacy or caution. The consequences must take care of themselves when she believed in her cause.

¶ This is a marvelous faith in the Rightness of Laws that control the destiny of man. ¶ There are few people who have had such faith, and these are saviors.

Such people ask nothing of the world. To them truth is the only thing worth living for. Dying does not interest them. ¶ If God has made human beings in His image, it is those who seek Truth and ask nothing of the world.

Mary Wollstonecraft wrote of what life had revealed to her. She did not theorize on facts found in books. She had lived intensely, and her desire was to make the world better because she had lived.

Lesson LXXIII—Sunday, October 24, 1909

I wish to show that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex, and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT lived in a writing age. People were finding expression for their emotions in music, art and literature. There is a cause for written histories being a record of wars, for war is the primitive manifestation of thought energy.

Both Rousseau and Voltaire saw that the welfare of man was of more importance to man and the world than was the glorification of God. Kings and Lords were supreme, but ordinary man, common man, was of importance and had rights.

In the age when the imagination was the ruling and predominating attribute of the human mind, woman had been recognized and her influence was powerful. In this hysterical age, men and women had carried to the extreme every emotional faculty, and excess was the result. Pollution follows excess.

¶ Where two find themselves in one trouble, it is easy for Eve to blame Adam, and for Adam to say when accused, "The woman thou gavest me did tempt me. She is the one at fault."

So said the monks and ascetics: "All women are bad. We will have nothing to do with women. A curse upon them!"

In Europe, from the Dark Ages until the French Revolution, women had no position or place in life except for the service or pleasure of men.

"Wine, women and song" was a phrase that meant abnormal emotion, dissipation, ruin.

The trail of this serpent was over the age in which commerce developed—over the dawning of the Age of Reason.

Mary Wollstonecraft's life of hardships had fitted her to assert that woman had Rights as well as man.

She cleared away the accumulated deposit of the traditions of the ages, a barrier that had held women back from the current of progress. She felt that woman was born free

and should have equal opportunity with man for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. ¶ She was, as she says, the first of a new genus. She used her reasoning power to prove that woman is a reasoning and reasonable being, capable of development along the same lines that man is developing. She reasoned that woman is an integral part of the great whole.

Talleyrand had said, "To see one half of the human race excluded by the other from all participation in government is a political phenomenon that, according to abstract principles, it is impossible to explain."

Mary Wollstonecraft thought that a man who was so clear and just in his reasoning concerning men would see this truth, too, of women.

Talleyrand was a prominent man in public life. He had written a pamphlet on "National Education." A new Constitution based on reason was about to be established in France. Mary thought if she could convince Talleyrand by her logical reasoning that woman is one half of the human race and is excluded from all participation in government, that he would work for the freedom of women as well as men. So she dedicated her book, "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," to Talleyrand, and made her appeal to reason.

Rousseau and Voltaire had both argued eloquently, convincingly, for the freedom of man, using arguments that were applicable to woman. ¶ They were asked to say why woman should not have the same rights that they claimed for man. Their "reasons," if they had them, were kept hermetically sealed in a vacuum of their brains.

All that has ever been said to refute the arguments brought for the franchise of woman is, "She is a woman." This seems to be reason to mankind, but it has never satisfied woman.

¶ Verily, there must be a masculine brain and a feminine brain.

Mary Wollstonecraft in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" stated first the condition of woman under the existing social and political laws. Then she showed the effect of these laws upon men and women. ¶ The trend was downward. ¶ The race was in great danger.

Then she suggested a remedy for the diseased condition.

"Tremble, ye women that are at ease! Be careful, ye careless ones!"

"Awake! Awake, thou that sleepest!" is the spirit of her book.

We know that Talleyrand did not work directly for the emancipation of woman. That he was influenced by Mary's reasoning there is no question.

Thomas Paine gave evidence that he read the book with a purpose, for it was about this time that he wrote his "Rights of Man."

Her book was read throughout England. This gave her prominence. She was criticized severely for the principles concerning life which she advocated. She used concrete illustrations that could not be misunderstood. She asked for the same rights for woman as for man, and the same punishment for man as for woman, the same virtues in man and in woman. In the words of Frances Willard, "White lives for two" is only a just demand for society to make.

It was a new thought in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-two, but possibly no more unpopular then than now. However, the thought in the "Rights of Woman" is not criticized today, although the form of its expression is.

As literature, "The Vindication" has little value. Its merit lies in the integrity of its purpose, in the fearless expression of unpopular truth.

No one can read the book without being impressed by the honesty of the writer. She was respected everywhere as an independent thinker. Conservatives feared Mary Wollstonecraft more than they did Paine.

Cowper expressed what many felt when he said, "No man shall convince me that I am improperly governed, while I feel the contrary." Women, of course, said the same.

Mrs. Barbauld wrote that Mary had gone too far. Women should educate themselves to be agreeable companions to their husbands and brothers. To go beyond this was dangerous. Hannah More said she would not read the book; "Women have more rights now than they have made good use of."

Walpole wrote: "It is better to thank Providence for the tranquility and happiness we enjoy in this country, in spite of the philosophizing serpents we have in our bosom, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Wollstonecrafts. We have had enough of new systems, and the world a great deal too much already."



Lesson LXXIV—Sunday, October 31, 1909

I am fully persuaded that we should hear of none of these infantine airs if girls were allowed to take sufficient exercise and not confined in close rooms till their muscles are relaxed and their powers of digestion destroyed. To carry the remark still further, if fear in girls, instead of being cherished, perhaps created, was treated in the same manner as cowardice in boys, we should quickly see women with more dignified aspects. It is true they could not then with equal propriety be termed the sweet flowers that smile in the walk of man; but they would be more respectable members of society, and discharge the important duties of life by the light of their own reasons. "Educate women like men," says Rousseau, "and the more they resemble

our sex, the less power they will have over us." This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men, but over themselves.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT was one of those beings who appear once, perhaps in a generation to gild humanity with a ray which no difference of opinion nor chance of circumstance can cloud.

"Her genius was undeniable. She had been bred in the hard school of adversity, and having experienced the sorrows entailed on the poor and the oppressed, an earnest desire was kindled in her to diminish these sorrows."

"Her sound understanding, her intrepidity, her sensibility and eager sympathy, stamped all her writings with force and truth, and endowed them with a tender charm which enchants while it enlightens. She was one whom all loved who had ever seen her. Many years are passed since that beating heart has been laid in the grave, but no one who has ever seen her speaks of her without enthusiastic veneration."

"Did she witness an act of injustice, she came boldly forward to point it out and induce its reparation; was there discord between friends or relatives, she stood by the weaker party, and by her earnest appeals and kindness awoke latent affection, and healed all wounds."

"Open as day to melting charity, with a heart brimful of generous affection, yearning for sympathy, she had fallen on evil days, and her life had been one course of hardship, poverty, lonely struggle and bitter disappointment." So wrote Mary Shelley of her mother nearly a hundred years ago.

The stormy life of Mary Wollstonecraft was rich with results for good.

Her stay in France, her life with Imlay there and in London, his desertion of her and their daughter, are tales that are told.

All that a woman can suffer she endured. All the agony of Tantalus was hers.

Her cup was full.

It is not truth to say that she was undaunted through all this, for her courage failed many times and she gladly would have died. To have an abundance of courage is to conquer. But to know all of life one must experience what Mary Wollstonecraft Imlay did when her love, her unlimited confidence, were betrayed.

Reedy tells of the mighty power of weakness that held the mother to her bed when her child was being carried away by strangers. Such a power is Despair that holds a woman in the

dungeon of grief until she has groped into every corner and crevice of its darkness. This was the experience of Mary Wollstonecraft. But she had a strong, active brain. The necessity to work was upon her, for she would not accept money from Imray. Gradually she found her way back into the light of life. Mr. Johnson, her old friend, the publisher, again gave her work, and the routine of the workaday world brought a normal condition and health.

When she met William Godwin, neither had a vision nor a premonition. Each was an idealist and a philosopher. They found in each other the complement of their natures.

Godwin wrote of this after Mary died and left the little Mary, who was destined to a life even more eventful and tragic than her mother's. "The partiality we conceived for each other was in that mode which I have always regarded as the purest and most refined style of love. It grew with equal advances in the mind of each.

"It would have been impossible for the most minute observer to have said who was before, and who was after. One sex did not take the priority which long-established custom has awarded it, nor the other overstep that delicacy which is so severely imposed.

"I am not conscious that either party can assume to have been the agent or the patient, the toil-spreader or the prey, in the affair. When, in the course of things, the disclosure came, there was nothing, in a manner, for either party to disclose to the other. It was friendship melting into love."

What Would He Say?

By David Banks Sickels

WHAT would He say,
If Christ should come on earth
again

After long centuries have passed away,
Since last He judged the hearts of men?

What would He say,
To find, unconquered, still the same
Wild passions have their fatal sway,
As when He bore the cross in shame?

What would He say,
To see the nations armed for war,
With battleships in stern array,
As in the blood-stained years of yore?

What would He say,
To know the maddening greed for gain,
And grasping hands that none can stay,
Still rule the human heart and brain?

What would He say,
To hear that gold can garnish crimes;
Where timid virtue fears to stay,
Like Sodom in her direful times?

What would He say,
To learn of stealthy bribes and fraud,
As in the time of Rome's decay,
Defying right and law and God?

What would He say,
Of him who gains the poor man's mite,
By lying lips,—then dares to pray,
As though his God were far from sight?

What would He say,
Of those whose hidden guilt profanes
The altar where they deign to lay
Their hearts, where vengeance yet
remains?

What would He say,
Of those who think that money's power
Can drive the curse of sin away,—
The coward creatures of an hour?

What would He say,
Of men whose pilfered gold is given,
With vulgar pride from day to day,
In vain to bribe the Court of Heaven?

What would He say,
To find that ancient rites and creeds,
Still lure the mortal mind away
From higher thoughts and nobler deeds?

What would He say,
To see the ruin rum has made
With splendid minds from day to day—
The joyless homes and hearts betrayed?

What would He say,
In judgment that His words sublime,
By impious hands are thrown away,
While echoing down the aisles of time?

When we lose ourselves in our work, we
find our better selves.

Man a Trading Animal

By R. F. Powell



CIVILIZATION begins with trade. Without trade man is and must remain a savage. There can be no escape from the savage condition until men specialize, subdivide their energies, and swap the products of their specialization.

Even the pioneers in our own country, who lived in log huts, a life not very much better in physical comforts than that of the savages who surrounded them, imported from the older civilizations of Europe, where specialized industry made such implements

possible, the axes and saws with which they built their log houses, and the hoes and plows with which in rude fashion they tilled the soil. ¶ A blacksmith or a cigarmaker would soon starve if he continued in his vocation while prohibited from trading his ironwork or cigars for food. Anything that prevents, lessens or prohibits trade, interferes in the same ratio with production. That is to say, anything which cramps the one injures the other. Production and trade are parts of the same thing, and both are indispensable to civilization. If we want to be civilized we must trade.

This fact being established, what process of reasoning is it that produces the absurd conclusion that the only way to make the industries of our country great is to interfere with national or international trade by taxing trade? If trade is a universal economic principle, how can domestic trade be good and international trade bad, or vice versa? If trade is good between one man and his neighbor anywhere, why is it not good between all men and their neighbors everywhere?

What peculiar mental delusion makes protectionists think that blocking a seaport with a battleship in time of war is bad for the people at the port, but that blocking it with a tariff law in time of peace is good for the same people, and not only good but indispensable for their material welfare?

Nature has so ordained things that men are compelled to trade in order to get all she offers in the way of generous bounty. ♣ She places coal here, gold there, iron somewhere else; and in the distribution of her raw materials she plays awkward pranks with the protectionist and his doctrine.

Your high-tariff iron-founder and steel-maker has to go to Sweden for his purest ore for the finest cutting trade. ♣ The electrician, the dentist and the physical experimenter have to go to the Ural Mountains in Russia for platinum. Men in general and in particular are thus ransacking the earth for industrial material. They burrow a mile and a half deep in Michigan for copper; they dig through thirty feet of frost in Alaska for gold; they endure hardships in all parts of the world to get things to trade for other things that they desire. One gold-mining town in West Australia pipes water four hundred miles in order to live while they dig gold out of a mountain; and when they get the gold, they trade it for bread and water, for meat and fruit, for clothing and houses and other luxuries. ♣ ♣

Men have invented steamships and railroads, and ten thousand other agencies for the sole purpose of facilitating trade—to help on greater production. ♣ A railroad is simply a trading machine, so is the telegraph and the telephone. The secret of the wonderful progress of the

race is expressed in the single term, "trade." ¶ Nature has interposed huge obstacles to trade. Until the last century they were all but insurmountable. She has created vast mountain-ranges, broad oceans, wide and swiftly flowing rivers, arid deserts of enormous extent and has flung her rich gifts far and wide.

Yet the mind of puny man has conquered them, many of them. He can swiftly cross an ocean in comfort and safety: the ancient mariner hugged the shore which today is all the seaman fears. He has tunneled mountains once impassable to all but the hardiest. He has bridged rivers so wide that they once defied the ingenuity of man. He has made the desert seem like a panorama unrolling by his car window as he eats his dinner and chats with his friends.

But in spite of all these miracles of physical science in the interest of universal trade, man is so backward in social and political wisdom that he permits statesmen to raise legal obstructions to universal trade. ♣ Tariff walls are reared around nearly every country in the world; walls more difficult for trade to surmount or penetrate than all the rivers, forests, deserts, oceans and mountains that physical science has made as if they were not. And this same so-called Statesman levies all sorts of taxes or fines against local trade. Rob a house and they will fine you once. Build a house and they will fine you every year as long as it stands.

What is the explanation?

Man is evidently a trading animal. Are we to infer then that the trading animal is, at least in this respect, a fool?

Many of the really great men in America have warmed their bare feet frosty mornings on the spot where the cows have lain down.

Pioneer Days

Suggested by reading "A Little Journey to the Home of Philip D. Armour," and done into verse by Julia Ditto Young.

ISOVELY the landscape was,—across the stream

A hundred acres of rich bottom-land
Laughed out each summer in the sunny gleam
Of harvest under Danforth Armour's hand,—
Six boys, three girls, exuberant and gay,

Were brought up on the peaceful hillside farm

To rare perfection, 'neath the gentle sway
Of love and wisdom, amid Nature's charm,—
No luxury was theirs, for work and play
Balanced each other as the hours progressed,
Nor lonely sloth, for duties packed the day,
And night was welcome with its grateful rest,—

Work was not drudgery,—enchancing things,

Ideal discipline and purest joys,
A country life of calm completeness brings
To such a house of healthy girls and boys,—
Woods, hills, and running brooks, the open road,
Sawmill and grist-mill, and the meadow-path,
The sugar-bush, the freshet that o'erflowed
The bridge and carried it away in wrath,
The early flowers that peeped amid the snow
On the south side of rotting logs in spring,
Saturday afternoons when boys could go
To fish, the swimming-hole, the blossoming
Of hills where hawthorn and wild cherry
cling,

Trees bursting into leaf, the growing crops,
Bathing the little ones down in the creek,
Bee-trees, wild honey with its amber drops,
Hunting by moonlight, the raccoon to seek,
Bears in the green corn and the tracks of deer
Down by the salt-lick, and the seasons' flight,
Green leaf and golden leaf, red leaf and sere,
Wild turkeys in the clearing overnight,
The fodder in the shock when winds blow drear,
The veiling frost upon the pumpkin bright,
Debates and speeches in the schoolhouse made
Of logs, revival meetings, spelling-bees,
Barn-raising, dances when the floor was laid,
Quiltings and huskings, jollity and ease,
Hickory-nuts, soft soap, pickled pigs' feet,

Colts to ride, steers to break, harness to
mend,
Boots to grease, apple butter and side-meat,
Shelled walnuts and smoked hams, the stock
safe penned,
Cider, and winter, and the first snowfall,
And nailing coonskins against the barn-door,
And a few books, and kindly over all
The shine of candles and the backlog's
roar,—

On Sundays such a load of small and big
To church at Stockbridge took the wonted
way,
With pride and pleasure in the handsome rig,
The yellow wagon and the horses gray,—
Ah, happy Armour children! whom at dark
A loving mother's hands tucked warm in bed,
To lie awake a little, and to hark
The patter of the raindrops overhead!

TO insure the world's peace, organization
must precede disarmament. The chief foe
of the United States of the World is the selfish-
ness of kings and their kinsmen who feed fat at
the public trough. Think you that the useless
Grand Dukes of Russia are zealous for economy
in government?

Many a socialist spouter is only a religious
bigot, who has transferred his intolerance
and itch for condemnation to another field.
—William Johnson, Socialist.

Good habits are the mentors that regulate
our lives.

A Mail-Order Age

By Elbert Hubbard



NE thing is sure, and that is,
evolution is the order of the day
in which we live.

Revision is seen on every hand,
and in everything. The old is
being tested, the outworn dis-
carded, the unnecessary elimi-
nated.

Nothing is permanent but
change. But a few years ago, the
buyer and seller were engaged in
battle. It was tierce and parry,
lunge and feint, and strike and
retreat.

Now the interests of buyer and seller are
blended, and we say that the transaction where
both sides do not make money is immoral. The
wise merchant today is one who regards
himself as the attorney for his customers. He
safeguards their interests, and his endeavor is
ever to protect them from their own errors in
judgment. The modern merchant of the first
class refuses to supply shoddy even to those
who may ask for it. This is a demand he will
not supply.

The seller who has not gotten it firmly fixed in
the fabric of his mind that the buyer is "his
other self" is like unto the employee who
imagines that his interests are separate and
distinct from those of his employer.

Both resemble that old deacon told of in a
classic tale, who yoked himself up with a very
sturdy bull calf.

As the pair came down the village street at a
pace exceeding the speed limit the old man
uttered remarks. And here is what he said—
"Here we come! Goll darn our idiotic souls!
Somebody head us off, before we break our
goll-darn fool necks!"

Avarice and selfishness yoked together in trade
are headed for the bankruptcy court.

Mutuality is the keystone of success. He who
benefits Society will get his reward.

In the final accounting, the consumer not only
pays for the initial cost of the goods, but for all
the expenses of advertising and handling, right
down the line.

To reduce the cost to the consumer, and better
the quality—these are the points that interest
the merchant who sees the handwriting on the
wall.

IN the fashionable hotels there is one
servant for every guest. That is to say, the
capacity of the Waldorf-Astoria is sixteen
hundred guests.

And it carries a pay-roll of sixteen hundred
employees.

If the hotel runs full, it makes money. If it runs
half full, its force of employees is about the

same—the fixed charges go on—and your hotel loses money.

The meal that costs you fifty cents at a Third Avenue Restaurant will cost you two dollars at a Fifth Avenue Hotel. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there is always and forever a waiter fluttering at your elbow, while you read the bill of fare and decide on the momentous gastro-nomic issue.

And this waiter continues to flutter until you go. And over him flutters a head-waiter, and possibly two.

This expense is added into your check. The extra cost is for service, which you may get and you may not, but which in any event is provided and must be paid for.

An American traveler in England found an item like this in his bill: "To peacocks—eight shillings."

He complained and asked for light on the path.

¶ He was curtly informed that the peacocks were on the bloomin' lawn, and if he did not look at them, it was his own fault, you know. You go to a place of business where there are birds of plumage and many elaborate conveniences and luxuries, and you must expect to pay your share for their maintenance.

A FINGER that points the way is the popularity of the "Baltimore Restaurant."

¶ Here you make your selection and wait on yourself. There are neither waiters nor flunkies and so there are no tips nor perquisites. You flunkie for yourself, and the saving in service is yours.

Moreover, let it be noted that the people who patronize the "Baltimore Restaurant" are not necessarily the financially knock-kneed. They are mostly people who value time, prizing economy on principle, and not through necessity.

¶ There are men with the double-chin bias and complexion of a purple cast, whose highest delight it is to impress the Hall Boys; but the class is not gaining in numbers. The tendency of the times is all toward eliminating the unnecessary.

A remittance man dearly loves a lickspittle; but a business man with a bank balance can afford to wait on himself.

A few years ago, the wholesale merchant was a power. His mission now is to serve the smaller and less particular stores; and often to carry the financially weak.

Men with the prophetic vision see him vanishing on the sky-line.

The great retail stores buy direct from the manufacturers, and often own the factory.

¶ The initiative required to supply the needs of the people anticipates and creates the fabric.

¶ Faith forms a very large item in our business deals.

The buyer is learning more and more to trust the seller. The seller is learning more and more

that his interests are identical with those of the buyer.

"I am that man," said Old Walt Whitman. ¶ Put yourself in the other man's place. Sympathy is an asset. Honesty is another. If I know my man I order by mail at a cost of two cents for postage, rather than spend at the least ten cents in car-fare and an hour's time. Economy of nerve force is quite as important as economy of money.

¶ We are learning to conserve.

TO shop" is the most exhausting and exhaustive business in which humanity indulges.

In future we will shop less and buy more.

The selection will be left to our friend and brother, the merchant.

His catalogue will give us the general information; his good taste is acknowledged; his honesty is absolute, and his willingness and ability to "moneybak" every transaction without parley is the bed-rock of his business.

Thus are the frictions of life being gradually reduced, and its joys and satisfactions, through brotherly love and the application of the Golden Rule, increased.

When you shop, you take up the time of a clerk—one salesman flutters for you constantly, and often a floor-walker and department head as well.

Do you imagine that their services do not have to be paid for?

In shopping you make your selections on the merchant's time.

When you order from catalogue you deliberate on your own time.

Yet it is quite likely that many men who patronize the "Plaza" equalize matters by going to the Baltimore bazaars, where Jeffersonian simplicity prevails. If I were a millionaire, it would be a great joy to rub elbows a part of the time, at least, with the proletariat.

It is also true that women who occasionally shop for fun, take very kindly to the directness and economy of the mail-order plan.

THE great Department Stores are more and more taking their places as expositions, or educating centers, where the fabrics of the world are displayed and their qualities explained.

The buying is being more and more done by mail.

The mail-order age is coming.

As the racial Spirit of Brotherhood grows—as our faith in each other increases—the mail-order business will increase.

The largest Mail-order House in America, last year, did a business of fifty-five million dollars.

¶ The largest Department Store in America, in the same time, did a business of twenty-eight million dollars.

The expense of running each business was about the same.

The net profit on the year's business for each concern was about the same.

The investment of each concern is about the same. ❀

Had the per cent of profit been the same, the Mail-order House would have made twice as much money. As it was, it did twice the business on the same capital, and with the same profit.

❑ The extra profit of the Mail-order House was given to the buyers.

THE best advertisement in trade is a well-pleased customer."

The first order of a buyer from a first-class catalogue-house is a little over one dollar.

His second order is three dollars.

His third order, and thereafter, is nearly eight dollars. ❀

The quality or grade of goods handled by the Mail-order Houses is constantly growing better.

❑ What does this prove? It proves that the buyer's faith increases with experience, and that the mail-order plan is becoming a habit with him.

The problem of the "country merchant" here comes in.

Let it here be remembered that trade moves in the line of least resistance, and that the laws that govern commerce are the laws of nature. Trade does not exist for the country merchant, any more than it does for the wholesale dealer or the peripatetic pedler.

Commerce consists in supplying human needs, and the methods which can do this the best are the ones that will be adopted.

A better adjustment is the law of life. That which is good must give way to that which is better. ❀ The office of country merchant will have to adjust itself to the proportions which the times demand. Many men will have to take up new lines of work. But there is a bigger demand for men today than ever before. Especially are there going to be rewards for those who can shape themselves to the new needs of the times. ❀

The moral is this: Do not fight the tendency of the times. Xerxes whipped the oncoming waves of the sea with chains, but the tide arose oblivious to the King of Persia.

Job asked, "Who shall say to the sea, thus far and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"

And as well might we ask the tides of trade to stay because the country merchant has built his store below sea-level.

Wise are the men who move with the divine wind and waves; and instead of fighting eternal tendencies, sail into the Port of Success on the crest of the wave of Natural Law.

A popular misconception is that the Mail-order Houses are anxious for the Parcels-post. The

real fact is, the Mail-order Houses oppose the Parcels-post, or at best are lukewarm on the subject, since its introduction will surely tend to decrease the size of orders.

The mail-order men are constantly trying to get their customers to increase the size of their orders, or send "Club Orders," and thus save freights.

It is the order that is filled by freight, not the one that is filled by mail, that affords the profit.

❑ Beside that, the Parcels-post will greatly stimulate the mail-order business among small dealers. In fact, the country merchant will get over his scare when the Parcels-post is inaugurated, and get busy extending his trade beyond the three-mile limit.

The Parcels-post is coming, because the people demand it.

And the mail-order age is arriving.

It is a rather significant fact that Patten of the Wheat Deal has interested himself in an effort to make Sunday baseball in Illinois a misdemeanor. Patten is very religious; whether he is pious or not is a matter of definition.

Hearts of Gold

By Walt Mason



FARMER near Clay Center fell sick and died, and is now in Abraham's bosom. Before his illness came upon him he had started his spring work, but got little done, and when he went to sleep with his fathers the outlook for his widow and children was gloomy. ❀ But the neighbors appreciated the situation, and they came around one morning with their teams and plowed the land, and put in the crops, and went away as though nothing had happened. The Kansas City Star published the following card from a Missouri woman, which explains itself: "Henry Reichert, my husband, was sick for weeks. He was not able to plow the ground or plant the corn. On Tuesday of this week about twelve or fourteen farmers with teams are coming to plant our corn. ❀ That is real neighborly. You can realize how thankful we feel to those men, owners of land nearby. It is worth knowing how kind neighbors can help the sick and poor. I am seventy years old.—Hermine Reichert." One who reads the newspapers diligently might make a great collection of similar stories, and then he would be merely touching the fringes of the history of human kindness. The hearts of the people are all right, and the helping hand is always ready in the time

of need. The gloomy pessimist who sees men pursuing their business with eagerness, as though nothing else matters, usually draws the wrong conclusion; he believes that they are armored with selfishness, and indifferent to everything that does not contribute to their material welfare, and he becomes incensed when they do not listen to his preachments, and shrivel up under his wrath. But let the pessimist break a leg, or be run over by an automobile, or be plunged into suffering or disaster of any kind, and he will find those self-centered men around his bed, anxious to do anything possible for his relief. Unfortunately, the pessimist seldom breaks a leg, but is usually standing in the public places, finding fault with his fellow men, whom he does not understand. ♣ When some genuine case of suffering or privation is brought to the attention of the people, it is pleasing and inspiring to note how promptly and generously they respond, giving freely without arguing or asking to see the documents in the case. ♣ Scores of such incidents have been chronicled in this city, and there have been hundreds of instances of kindness that were not advertised. It is a good thing to give publicity to such stories as those just related, if only to confound the grouchy individuals who insist that the world is growing worse, and that the virtues are all dead, and that the human heart is as hard as the nether millstone. ♣ ♣

Think twice before you speak and then talk to yourself.

When Damrosch Leads

By Alice Harriman

WHEN Damrosch leads, one feels a mountaineer
Threading the forest-glades, while high and clear

A lark swings in the blue, and drowsy bees
Murmur content to every wandering breeze
That stirs the leaves 'til Pipes o' Pan we hear.

Comes deeper note, winds rush and domineer;
Comes strident cries, the heights rise boldly sheer;

Comes the crashing storm, all hell the master frees—

When Damrosch leads.

Thus from the peace, the stress, discord austere,

One learns Life's lesson of the smile and tear:
That seeming discords are but God's decrees
Misunderstood. Love rules our destinies
And life is sweet and heaven is here—

When Damrosch leads.

The Indeterminate Sentence



YOU impress the court as a man who has abandoned himself to a life of crime, and the court feels that you should receive a sentence in this instance that will serve as a warning to you and to others. The sentence of the court is'—McWhorter paused as if to balance the scales of justice with all nicety, and then he looked away. He did not know exactly how many years in prison would expiate Delaney's crime; there was, of course, no way for him to tell. He thought first of the number ten, then of the number five; then, as the saying is, he split the difference. These proceedings were repeated again and again. McWhorter twirled his gold glasses, looked out of the window, made his little speech, 'guessed and pronounced sentence.' ♣ The court was 'impressed'; the court 'did not know exactly'; the court 'split the difference'; the court 'guessed and pronounced sentence.'"

The quotation is from Brand Whitlock's "Turn of the Balance," and the indeterminate sentence is a protest against this happy-go-lucky method of administering what it pleases certain persons to call "justice."

Any one who takes the trouble to think will see at once that this is playing pitch and toss with human liberty, and that only by the happiest of flukes can equity thus be meted out. Moreover, it is obvious that Mr. Whitlock has not told one-quarter of the story. He might have shown that while one judge was of a philosophic mind and disposed to view crime as a social disease, another occupied the ancient standpoint and regarded each act as one of individual malevolence, to be punished and avenged. He might have shown how in an age when opinion is largely in the making the prisoner's fate depends on the particular school of thought to which his honor happens to belong. He might have dilated upon the condition of the court's stomach, its prejudices, its subservieny to political interests and a hundred and one motives that make the prisoner at the bar the sport of circumstances over which he can have no control. ♣ All of which is most unsatisfactory to whoever prizes justice, and fills the heart of the condemned with a bitterness for which there is no sweetening. ♣ ♣

The modern school of penology, therefore, urges that the present method of imposing sentences is, at the best, happy-go-lucky; that it is utterly unscientific; that it had its rise in the days of one-man power and is saturated with the spirit of autocracy,

and that it looks only to the punishment of individual crimes, instead of justice and the reformation of the individual criminal. In the indeterminate sentence it conceives that it is advocating a system under which each offender would be made the arbiter of his own destiny, the question of the date at which he shall be restored to liberty being determined by his own conduct while under constraint. It claims that the decision should rest in each case not with a judge who has to guess on the spur of the moment, but with a regularly organized board, able to act with deliberation and justice, since it would have spread before it the record prior to conviction and full data as to the prisoner's conduct throughout his incarceration. Regarding imprisonment for the protection of society, it maintains that a board so constituted should be able to gauge the date at which the criminal may be restored to liberty with safety to his fellow men, and this with an accuracy that the best of individual judges can not hope to attain.

In a bill introduced at the last session of the California legislature, and having for its object the conversion of San Quentin into a reformatory, Col. Griffith J. Griffith, the secretary and treasurer of the California branch of the Prison Reform League, endeavored to procure the adoption of the indeterminate sentence. In January last he submitted to the governor of the state a lengthy argument in favor of the proposed change, in the course of which he showed that it was now in use in the following fifteen states: Iowa, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York and Ohio. In Connecticut and New Hampshire it applies to state prisons alone, while Wisconsin and Pennsylvania make it applicable only to their reformatories. In all the other states mentioned, it applies to the inmates of both state prisons and reformatories. There follows this explanation: "The indeterminate-sentence plan embodies as one of its basic principles that the individual offender, and not the crime, shall finally determine the length of confinement or detention that is necessary to reform him. The principles involved in the indeterminate sentence and the parole system are logically one and the same, and are inseparable. Probation or parole can not be scientifically applied to the convicted person, except through the indeterminate sentence."

The last reflection would seem to be sufficiently obvious. It is charged against the existing usage that the sentences passed are of necessity largely guesswork. The convicted man is given at haphazard so many years and after a certain proportion of them has been passed within the prison-walls, he may obtain his parole, provided

he has not been guilty of any serious infraction of the rules. No adequate standard of conduct has been exacted; no certain answer can be given to the question, "Is it safe to give this man his liberty?" The old hit-or-miss want of system prevails, with infinite injustice both to the convict and to society.

Some of us may be able to remember being locked in the cupboard "until we were good." As a punishment it may not have been the wisest in the world, but it carried the condition that with the assurance of satisfactory conduct would come release. This would seem to be a sound principle. Is it beyond the reach of human ingenuity to work it into practise?

The parole commissioners have infinitely greater opportunities of reaching a just conclusion than an individual judge, almost invariably overburdened with work, can possibly enjoy. They have before them the record of the trial, the statement of the judge and clerk, and much other matter that under the rules of evidence is not admissible in court. If there have been previous convictions they have the time to ascertain that fact. They have the man's daily record since his imprisonment began; if he has been paid for his work, as he should be, they know whether he has shown a willingness to save in order that he may get a fresh start in life. From every standpoint they are in a position to pass a judgment that shall have a chance, at least, of approximating justice.

In addition to abstract argument, a wealth of evidence culled from those familiar with the workings of the indeterminate sentence was brought forward by Colonel Griffith to support his argument. Among them he was able to refer to Governor Cummins, of Iowa; Governor Tyler, of Virginia; Governor Mead, of Washington; Major McLaughry, warden of the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; the Honorable Eugene Smith, president of the Prison Association, New York; the Honorable Z. R. Brockway, of Elmira; Charles Dudley Warner and many others, all of whom had become conversant with the practical workings of the indeterminate sentence and endorsed it emphatically. Perhaps Governor Hanly, of Indiana, may be quoted most convincingly, because he had opposed the change and had become converted by facts. Under date of September Sixteenth, Nineteen Hundred Seven, he tells us:

"I entered upon the duties of the executive office prejudiced against it, and intending to condemn and attack it when opportunity offered. It was said the shrewd criminal would study the prison rules and observe them, and would therefore have no trouble in making good with the board and in regaining his liberty; that the poor unfortunate who was an accidental and not a professional criminal,

who lacked advantages of education, who knew nothing of human nature and had no faculty for getting into the good graces of the board, and who most of all needed the helping hand of the state, would be compelled to stay the limit of his time." He then tells us that "instead of its critic, I have become its defender. I have been convinced by what I have seen and heard and learned." He says that Indiana is able to speak from results after an experience of ten years, and sums them up thus:

"Under the old law, as we have seen, seventy per cent of the prisoners discharged drifted directly into criminal ways, utterly failing to sustain themselves—under the present law, twenty-five per cent. Of the three thousand seven hundred forty-five prisoners paroled from April First, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven, to April First, Nineteen Hundred Seven, the life of the present law, two thousand eighty-four completed their parole probation.

¶ "The terms of two hundred ninety-three others expired while on parole, and three hundred twenty-five were still on parole, April First, Nineteen Hundred Seven. In ten years the three thousand seven hundred forty-five paroled prisoners have earned \$949,773.63, and have saved, over and above expenses, \$187,345.63, a thing absolutely impossible under the old law."

Amos W. Butler, of the Indiana State Board of Charities, and a noted authority on this subject, sums up the experience of the states that have adopted the indeterminate sentence by saying that "a much larger per cent of those discharged under the old system return to lives of crime, and a far less per cent of those so discharged manage to keep out of prison. Under the new system, by far the larger number of those who are released after the parole test become law-abiding citizens, and but a small per cent again find their way behind the prison-walls."

Justice J. Franklin Fort, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, urges the indeterminate sentence to usher in "a new and enlightened method for the reduction of crime, namely, the study, reformation and elevation of the individual man."

Marquis Barr, the warden of the Anamosa Reformatory, Iowa, bears testimony to the same effect, adding, as a clincher, the following argument: "If a man is found to be insane, he is sent to the hospital to be retained until cured, or, at least, until he is no longer dangerous to society. The commissioners for the insane can not tell how long this may take, neither can a court determine the length of time a man should remain in prison before it is safe to release him."

It should be noted that all the seventeen states that have adopted the indeterminate sentence

protect the prisoner by fixing a term beyond which he can not be confined, while leaving it to him to work out his own salvation by showing that he can be safely restored to society at an earlier date.

Hitherto our codes have furnished no uniform standard. In Maine, Mississippi and Iowa, for example, it has been possible for a judge to give a man a life sentence for perjury; in New Hampshire, Kentucky and Connecticut five years has been the limit; while in Delaware the offense has been punishable only by fine. Incest, which has been punishable in Louisiana with imprisonment for life, has brought only six months in Virginia and a fine of \$100 in Delaware. In the State of New York he who steals \$24.95 is but a misdemeanor, while he who takes \$25.05 is a felon, and Samuel J. Barrows, president of the International Prison Association, said only last year: "Ten thousand young men every year lie neglected in the jails and county penitentiaries of the State of New York because there is no power under the law to sentence them to the state reformatories."

In a word, the old system, looking solely to punishment, gives no guarantee either for the protection of society or the reclamation of the offender, and therefore the old system is doomed. In the words of an address issued recently by the Massachusetts Prison Association: "The changes that have been made in the past fifteen years in methods of dealing with crime have eliminated, in large measure, the penal element from the judicial system. The meting out of punishment has ceased to be the main function of the courts. In the new system the reformation and reclamation of the criminal have become (in theory at least) the central purpose." The philosophy of the Prison Reform League can not be expressed in better terms. It seeks, however, to translate theory into fact.

If you want your work well done, select a busy man. The other kind has no time.

To a Clock

By Mrs. John J. Lentz

THOU gold and shining monitor of a dear friend's love;

Thou dost make present past, and future present
As I count thy strokes—

What is this thing called Time?

Older it is than all the ancient space-held worlds.

Older than lofty mountain-peaks; than mighty oceans

Rolling on, and forever hiding the secret of their birth

Low down in their unfathomed deeps.

The age-eaten pyramids are callow in their youthfulness

When measured by its hoary age.

The gray, unwatered sands of the boundless desert

Knew it in their infancy, and even then it was old.

Old, but youthful still it doth remain—

Sole thing untouched by its own hand.

Swift it is as the wind which melts

The cold caresses of the ice-bound north

In the warm kisses of the tropic seas—aye, swifter.

Silent it is as the myriad stars

That come forth nightly in the silent skies.

All the armies of all the nations can not turn it backward

Or change it from its predestined course.

Resistless, relentless, changeless, it flows on and on

Fearless of the whither, forgetful of the whence.

Could I but catch and hold thee, Time,

And stay thy moment of supremest joy

How I should worship thee!

But when sorrow spread its black pall upon my soul,

Then I should thank thee that thou wouldst not stay.

And so with all thy countless brothers

Of all the worlds that have been and that are to be,

I bow to thy dominion.

What art thou, Time?

The wicked and the fools both receive their pay in this world—but the fools get theirs first.

College Graduates

By Andrew Carnegie



HE graduates of our colleges and universities in former years were graduated while yet in their teens. We have changed this, and graduates are older, as a rule, when they enter upon life's struggle, but they are taught much more. Unless the young university man employs his time to the very best advantage in acquiring knowledge upon the pursuit which he is to make the chief business of his life, he will enter business at a disadvantage with younger men who enter in their teens, although lacking in university education. This goes without saying. ¶ Now, the question is: Will the graduate who has dwelt in the region of theory overtake the man who has been for a year or two in advance

of him, engaged in the hard and stern educative field of practice?

That it is possible for the graduate to do so also goes without saying, and that he should in after-life possess views broader than the ordinary business man, deprived of university education, is also certain, and, of course, the race in life is to those whose record is best at the end; the beginning is forgotten, and is of no moment. ¶ But if the graduate is ever to overtake the first starter in the race, it must be by possessing stronger staying-powers; his superior knowledge leading to sounder judgment must be depended upon to win the race at the finish. A few disadvantages he must strenuously guard against, the lack of severe self-discipline, of strenuous concentration, and intense ambition, which usually characterizes the man who starts before the habits of manhood are formed. The habits of the young man at college, after he is a man, and the habits of the youngster in the business arena, are likely to differ.

The Dentist used to be the man with a pull—it is n't so much so now.

Suggestion and Longevity

By Clark Bell



OUTSIDE the now universally recognized influence of "Suggestion" in the treatment of disease, among the master minds and profound thinkers among medical men, the power and the resistless influence of extraneous impressions, which affect the mind, demand our careful conscientious study. ¶ If death itself can be induced by mental impressions alone, of which there is not the slightest doubt, is it not worth our while to consider how far we are affected by our environment, habits and methods of living?

I cite the old case of the man, condemned to death, and handed over to the medical men, for execution, who informed him that he would be bled to death, but without the slightest pain. He was shown the preparation of the vessels to catch his blood, and all the accessories, then blindfolded, and a small stream of water poured from a can on his naked arm; and after a sharp blow, he heard what he believed was his blood falling into the basin an attendant was holding by his side, when he was blindfolded. ¶ He gradually sank, grew weaker and weaker, and expired at what seemed to him to be a real execution, but wholly imaginary—in fact, a complete but unsuspected mental delusion. ¶ Harry Gaze told me of a case, within his

personal knowledge, of Captain Overton, a centenarian of Long Beach, California, who lived to the age of one hundred and five, and was in business till the day of his death, selling papers and small articles to visitors at that resort, and in perfect health, who died at his place of business, on being told he would die that day, and when he reached his business reading in a newspaper an obituary notice of himself, giving an account of his death which gave him such a mental shock that he succumbed and died from the effects of the mental impression caused by a practical joke sought to be played upon him. ¶ Can we be too careful of what impressions we allow to fall on the mind of the child impressionably? I heard Mr. Gaze lecture recently, and he criticized the prayer we teach our infant children to make every night on retiring, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. He said it was a terrible mistake to have placed before the mind of an infant child, every day, as a part of a prayer the thought of death, as in "If I should die before I wake." ¶ Is it not a serious experiment, this constant placing of the thought not of death merely but of "sudden death" before the mind of a child every day and day after day of its life, and might it not tend to result in early death?

The mind of a child is most impressionable. It should not be allowed to contemplate death, and especially the fear of death habitually. Its teachings should be the joy of life, of health, of strength, of the Infinite. ¶ The prayer should be uplifting, aspiring, joyous. ¶ Character is thus formed. ¶ God and the Infinite should, of course, go into the mind and soul of the child daily and constantly. The thought or the contemplation of death should rarely be brought to the consciousness of the young, and the eager soul of childhood, of youth or into the life of us all.

We are auto-hypnotizing ourselves for early death, if we are deliberately contemplating daily in our prayers the fear of death as facing us constantly. The human mind has no doubt been greatly influenced, and often dominated, in the history of the race, by accepting the words of the Prophet as placing the round of human life at three-score years and ten. It was used as a figure of speech, not as a statement of fact. The constant suggestion of death, or entertaining the fear of death,—or fear at all,—is as dangerous to the adult as to the child, and especially so to the aged, the infirm or to the debilitated mind of the invalid.

Youth and age are relative terms to indicate

how far the soul remains youthful. I have a friend who fancied he was old at fifty, and commenced to believe himself to be old, retired from all active work, and actually began to stoop and walk slow, and behave according to his idea of what was due to his mental conception of old age.

The oldest member of the Institute of France is M. Rousse, in his ninety-first year. He is an authority on the Statistics of Longevity. He

states that in Paris there are six hundred twenty nonagenarians, of whom ninety-nine are in their one-hundredth year.

¶ Sir John Dalton

Hooker, G. C. S. I., C. B., F. R. S., author, naturalist and traveler, celebrated his ninety-first birthday in London last summer.

M. Rousse, the Paris authority, says that in Paris there are ten thousand five hundred nine octogenarians, or three hundred fifty-nine to every one hundred thousand inhabitants. ¶ His statistics show that Paris as a residence is more conducive to longevity than any of the large cities of the world.

Among the octogenarians, we need mention only a few of the notable men of our own time, heading the list with Russell Sage, eighty-seven years, who should have lived to one hundred, who did not find time to take a vacation, and who amassed more than half of his vast fortune after he was eighty.

Dr. A. N. Bell, editor and founder of the "Sanitarian," kept at his desk till eighty-three, and is as competent as ever, with only the infirmity of deafness.

Wilson MacDonald, the sculptor, is as busy at eighty-three putting the statue of Washington in the public schools as he was at seventy-five.

¶ Still other eminent examples of longevity are the following: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, eighty-seven; Harriet Beecher Stowe, eighty-five; her sister, Isabella Hooker, eighty-nine; Baron de Lesseps, eighty-nine; Judge Taney, eighty-seven; Noah Webster, eighty-five; Tennyson, eighty-three; Herbert Spencer, eighty-three; Palmerston, eighty-one; Marshal Soult, eighty-two; Professor Morse, eighty. ¶ And among members of the Medico-Legal Society I recall, without making the list at all complete (besides Luther R. Marsh, ninety-one; Dr. A. N. Bell, eighty-three; David Dudley Field, eighty-six; and Professor Virchow, of Berlin), R. Ogden Doremus, youthful till the day of his death at eighty-two, and his father, Thomas C., eighty-two, and his grandfather, Coe Thomas Doremus, ninety-four—all octogenarians and all active and in full possession of their faculties at death, except his grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-four. ¶ The Honorable W. P. Letchworth, eighty-

seven years, is in full mental strength and activity ❀

Dr. Silas Hubbard, father of Elbert Hubbard, is eighty-eight, and is a student and worker every day of his life.

Among Judges and Jurists now living we may mention Charles Donohue, in full practise at the Bar and one of the sagest Counsel in his city, eighty-five; Judge Charles R. Ingalls, eighty-four; and Judge Augustus Bockes, who will celebrate his ninety-first birthday if he lives till November next; while Mary Louis Thomas, Vice-President for New York of the Medico-Legal Society, at her death, February Thirteenth, Nineteen Hundred Seven, at eighty-seven, was active intellectually till near her death ❀

"The Review of Reviews" contains the names of the widow of Professor Agassiz, at eighty-five; Sir John Hall, ex-Premier of New Zealand, at eighty-two; Churchill J. White, banker, of Kansas City, at eighty-two; Count Constantin Nigra, Dean of the Italian Diplomats, at eighty; Hiram J. Ayers, inventor of a giant powder, at eighty-four; Professor Ernst Hugo Fischer, of Heidelberg, eighty-three; and a longer list of septuagenarians, headed by Joseph Knight, Editor "Notes and Queries," London, seventy-eight; Governor Ordway, of Idaho, seventy-nine; Hector Heine Matot, French Novelist, seventy-seven; the Reverend William Kirkus, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, seventy-seven; William Frederick S. Schenck, Engineer, New York City Elevated Roads, at seventy-seven; closing the eighty-year list, besides a large number past seventy under seventy-six.

This partial citation of names shows the unwisdom of allowing our minds to be dominated by the popular superstition that seventy or seventy-five is an age when human activity should cease, when old age commences and youth ceases. There is no age at which man should voluntarily cease his activities for usefulness. The race should come out of its hypnotic trance as to youth and age. The mind controls all. If fear is out of the mind and the soul is in harmony with its work, the laws of life and health observed with the simple life, plenty of out-door exercise and frugal living, it is the fault of the individual if he does not attain the century of human life, to which Dr. Brown Sequard, of Paris, asserted every man was entitled.

The danger lies in the mind accepting and being influenced by error as to youth and age. ❀ The Gospel of today should be perpetual youth, and of work so long as work is a joy to the heart.

❀
Old dogs do not learn new tricks, but some old men certainly have their nerve with them.

The College Man

By Bruce Bliven



OLD onto the arms of your William Morris while I ladle a little Warm Dope into your ear from our own private thought-cannery—all anent the American College of Today. ❀ The American college at the present time is an institution on the blink. The average boy comes to college with a copy of "Three Weeks" and a Beatty cigarette-roller, and leaves at the end of four years—or as much more as his immediate male progenitor will stand for—with nothing much more than the ability to tell a Gibson from a Martini in the dark, and in a state of health that is going to need a doctor's care the rest of his life. ❀ The college boy of today never takes off his coat except to go out and play ball in the road in front of his frat. house, or when he sits in at an all-night poker-game. Of course, there are exceptions everywhere, and in most any college you will find a few pale and high-souled youths with shiny pants, who sometimes write to Mother as well as to Dad; but the percentage is not high enough so that the college library needs three sets of Ruskin, or has to chain the volume of Browning to the reading-table. ❀ The bitter truth is that most parents seem to regard the University as a high-class pest-house, where they can isolate their sons while they work off the accumulated wickedness, inherited from Pa, who worked his off in the days when a man parted his hair up the middle of the back, beginning between the shoulders, and ending with a dab over each ear. This theory may be right or wrong, but if it is right we want to change the present-day University a whole lot. We would suggest a curriculum something like this:

Depravity 6a: How to Be a Stage-Door Johnny. —A complete course, including a study of Chorus-Girl slang, and a thesis with research work on the best menu for a Midnight Supper. (8 p. m. till 2 a. m., M., W., F., Professor Spifious.) ❀ High Rolling, and How to Do It (Wickedness 37)—A description of the proper drink to take on every occasion, together with directions for mixing it. Practical tours of the slums every night as long as the class holds out. (Professor Pimpernickel.)

If the University would adopt some such course as this, instead of annoying and distracting its students with Economics, Psychology, and Marine Biology, the young man's education would proceed so much faster that we could turn him out at the end of three years only,

instead of four, a mental and physical wreck, fit to take a high position in the ranks of men of the world. The equipment of a University would not be as expensive as it is now, by a good deal, which would lead to the multiplication of seats of learning to a very great extent; in fact, all the buildings needed would be a Turkish bath, a red-light district, and a police-station. The present Universities could be profitably rearranged as distilleries, and thus achieve the financial independence so many of them yearn for.

We make this suggestion for an improved educational system, not with any hope of its immediate adoption, but merely to show future generations that not every one at this day approved of the archaic and cumbersome methods of education now in use—methods which hinder and render difficult a young man's achievement of his ambition. But, Fra—a word in your ear. Why not a coalition between "The Philistine" and Bath-House John to help this good work along? A bas bionomics! Vive la cocktail!

The man who owes you ten dollars, also owes you a grudge, if you ask for it.

An \$8,000 Dentist-Fee

By G. H. Heald



HE "Dental Review" contains an account which deserves to be passed on, of how in one case modest, conscientious, painstaking work was liberally rewarded. The event occurred in Chicago.

"A young dentist only a few years out of college did some work for a patient. It was exceedingly intricate, extensive and difficult; but the young man put his heart into the case, and finally achieved a most signal success. He is the kind of man who works for success in what he undertakes more than he does for the dollars his service earns, and be it said, this kind of man seldom wants for dollars. When the case was finally completed, after weeks of the most painstaking effort and intense application, the patient said: 'Well, doctor, what is your bill?'

"This was the first reference either had made to the fee, and the dentist answered: 'Really, I hardly know. I have n't thought much about that feature of the case until now.'

"Some observations were made by both on the amount of time consumed and the character of the work, and finally the patient remarked: 'Would eight thousand dollars recompense you sufficiently?'

"The dentist said it would; a check for that

amount was immediately handed to the dentist, and that was practically all the discussion there was regarding the fee." ¶ The young dentist was too modest to permit his name to be used in connection with the transaction.

The "Dental Review" received a number of communications questioning the accuracy of this story, and suggesting some smaller amount. To these the reply is made that some months ago a patient applied for services to this Chicago dentist, and when the work was completed, paid the dentist a fee of two thousand five hundred dollars. Shortly after this another member of the patient's family applied for services, and the character of the work was such that, when finished, the patient, computing on the work and time of the previous case, readily paid eight thousand dollars, making ten thousand five hundred dollars in fees for work on two members of the same family. ¶ But the most interesting side-lights are still to be thrown on the character of this young dentist.

"At the very time he was in receipt of the fees mentioned, one of his poor patients needed a crown, but had no money to pay for it. The dentist gave the patient an appointment and made a beautiful crown, and when asked for the bill put the patient off with the remark that the matter would be attended to later. The bill has never been sent, and never will be, because the dentist knows it would be a hardship for the patient to pay it."

So much for his professional carefulness irrespective of the fee he is to receive. Now another as to his professional honor:

"This same dentist made a crown for a patient, and charged a regulation fee for it. The patient lives about three hundred fifty miles from Chicago, and one day wrote the dentist that something had gone wrong with the crown. The dentist immediately sent word to the patient that he would pay railroad fare to and from Chicago, and all the patient's expenses while there, and would fix the crown free of charge."

A man of such sterling integrity is deserving of big fees when he does work for those who are capable of paying for it. He is the more deserving of honor, in that, having secured work bringing in a handsome return, he was not above doing careful work for the needy for which he would get no return.

Some may suggest that having received the ten-thousand-five-hundred-dollar fees, he could well afford to put on a crown for nothing, and to pay the expenses of a patient whose crown was not satisfactory; but that is not the way to look at it. These two incidents are simply illustrations of the character of the man, which prepared him to do the work that brought him the ten-thousand-five-hundred-dollar fees.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.—*William Morris*

A MUSICAL CRITIC WHO NEVER HAD A MUSICAL TRAINING

I know a man in Buffalo, who had incipient nerv. pros.—that is to say, Nervous Prosperity. He owned more things than he could use. He was where he could n't sleep very well, nothing tasted like mother used to make, and all entertainments were a bore.

I took the liberty of ordering a Pianola sent to this man's house on suspicion. Then I went over to show the man how to operate it.

My friend caught it, and when I was around there the other day, he was illustrating an impromptu lecture on music by playing from Mendelssohn, Chopin and MacDowell.

The music was medicine enough for him—it was all he needed—and he was happier and better than I had seen him for years.

Music is a collaboration between the listener and the performer. In this operation the listener's part is a passive one, but as he listens, often in imagination he fuses himself with the player, and, in fact, for the moment is the performer.

That is to say, the listener is a vicarious player. This is what is called "getting an atmosphere," or a oneness of feeling between the audience and performer.

In Ruskin's "Modern Painters," the argument is made that everybody should paint and draw in order that they may be good critics.

Your enjoyment of art requires that you, yourself, must have tried to create art; otherwise you are not able to sympathize with the master in his difficulties and rejoice with him in his triumphs.

That is to say, you must be a brother to the artist, in order to get the fullest degree of delight from his art.

The absolute truth of this statement never came to me until I tried to produce music by my own efforts.

There is music you admire, and then there is the other kind of music—the kind you enjoy. One is a thing outside yourself, and the other is that which is very close home.

I discovered that any piece of music which I had played on the Pianola gave me an especial delight when I heard it played upon the stage.

In anticipation of attending a "Grieg evening" I set to work studying Grieg with the help of the Pianola. By playing over certain pieces I became sort of en rapport with the master. The harmonious discords that seem to mark his individuality appealed to me.

I got joy, before unguessed, out of that Grieg evening.

There is a great fascination in doing things for yourself. It kind of lifts you out of yourself, and gives you the pleasure of patting your cosmic self on the back.

Any exercise of our powers that produces harmony is a joy and a satisfaction.

By the use of the Pianola the performer accents, emphasizes, gives the crescendo and the diminuendo, not to mention the allegretto and the fortissimo—goes back and plays it over, if he wishes—calls in the family and the neighbors to listen, and thus gets at the heart of it, all by himself.

I am not an educated musician and yet mainly by my own efforts I feel on close and familiar terms with the great Music-Makers of history. The men are dead and turned to dust, but the record of their dreams survives, and I at will can produce their melodies. Richard Wagner could not perform his own scores on the piano. But I can repeat them on the Pianola, just as Franz Liszt played them. Wagner and Liszt are very near to me.

—Being an Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

CAUTION:—There is but one Pianola. Do not make the mistake of supposing because a music-store sells Piano-players that it sells the Pianola and Pianola Piano. Only the Aeolian Company makes the Pianola and Pianola Piano. Send for our Booklet S.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall: 362 Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-fourth Street, New York, U. S. A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

IF YOU WOULD BE ALWAYS WELL BATHE INTERNALLY

A few of the Physicians who use and prescribe the J. B. L. Cascade.

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Springfield, Mass.

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Baltimore, Md.

C. W. STOWE, M. D.,
Salina, Kan.

S. P. OWENS, M. D.,
Ardmore, Kan.

D. B. HAND, M. D.,
Scranton, Pa.

INTERNAL Baths are more essential to good health than external. Your colon gathers poisons which come in contact with the blood flow twice in twenty-four hours and are distributed throughout the system. Flush out this waste and your blood will be pure. The

J. B. L. CASCADE

is the one Internal Bath which Thousands have been using for years with most effective and satisfactory results. Their experiences and interesting facts about the Internal Bath, its purpose, its operation and results are contained in a little Book, "The What, The Why, The Way," which is sent free on request. It might be well to write for it now while you think of it.

Tyrrell Hygienic Institute
127K Fifth Avenue, New York

shortcomings. If I prayed for a boy, it would be that he might have a hard task. When you do get a hard task, thank God for it and measure up ❄❄

Don't get discouraged if you don't have an opportunity ❄ Don't think you have made a mistake.

All the world's work is drudgery, but the man who does the world's best work does not think it is drudgery ❄ The man who works only for the pay he gets can not stand more than eight hours, but the man who goes in for accomplishment does not mind spending sixteen hours ❄❄

God bless the man with a scheme, an idea. It may be visionary, but in any case it must certainly be better



"THE SQUARE GUY"

Is a Long-Filler 5-inch Habana Segar \$5.00 per One Hundred

Bulldog Segars

ARE REAL HABANA
FINE AND MILD

Our New and Pleasing Shape

After-Dinner - - - \$6.00
per box of Fifty

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"Fra" Perfectos - - \$3.00
per box of Twenty-five

If Your Dealer Doesn't Handle
Them Order Direct From Us

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.
THE ROYCROFT SEGAR SHOP, 139 Maiden Lane, New York City

THERE is little difference in the place we fill in life. The important thing is how we fill it. When men used to ask me what they should do I was sometimes embarrassed, but now I have a stock answer. It is, "I don't care what you do, provided you do the thing a little better than the other fellows are doing it." ❄ The only question is how well will you do the work that is given you.

You may be tempted to laziness. There is more laziness in the world than any of the other

than to be resting all the time.—Leslie M. Shaw.

TRY to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come, and is sure.—T. Fuller.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.
—Shakespeare.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

THE ideal business man, therefore, is the man who tries, and fails or succeeds in varying degree, to be a man devoted to justice between men. Let him try to be just to all, above and below. If the world were juster there were less need for charity, in the sense of alms. As for charity, in the sense of love—there can be no justice without love.—William Marion Reedy.

MAN is one.

All ages are bound together. The is grew out of the was and in turn becomes the will be.

We are traveling the same road, in the same caravan; some before, and some behind;

The prophet in the van linking us to the religion of the future, The priest in the rear linking us to the religion of the past.

We trudge on between, looking forward or backward,

But forgetful, most of us, of the real religion above;

Blind to the eternal now, in which priest and prophet are at one together, united in the present king,

And where old types and symbols tally with the newest dreams.—Ernest Crosby.



Salaries Raised Every Month

Just to prove that we can raise your salary.

And if one thing more than another proves the ability of the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, to raise the salaries of poorly paid but ambitious men and women it is the monthly average of 300 letters voluntarily written by students telling of salaries raised and positions bettered by I. C. S. Training. In one year I. C. S. trained men qualified for increased earnings amounting to over twenty million dollars! These results mean something. They prove that I. C. S. Training is the most powerful force for promotion in the world.

I. C. S. Training will help you if you have the will power to start—if you are not counted in the ranks of the "put it off." Mark and mail the coupon. If you have the least spark of ambition in you, you certainly do not wish to stay at the same old wages all your life. Some time you will wish to secure a better position and if you do you should at least investigate the plan for promotion that has been more successful than any other the world has ever seen. It puts you under no obligation to use the coupon; it merely gives our experts a chance to explain our Courses and our system, and tell you how they can be adapted to your personal needs and income. You do not have to lose time from your present work, leave home, or buy books. Only a small part of your spare time is required to secure an I. C. S. Training. Decide now to secure a raise in salary; then mark and mail the coupon—send it now.

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 Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
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Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architectural Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile-Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Electrical Engineer	Mining Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman	

 Name.....
 St. & No.....
 City.....State.....

YESTERDAY for the first time we went to hear a popular preacher. I never heard any pulpit speaking which was more utterly common and empty of guiding intelligence and emotion. It was the most superficial grocer's back-parlor view of Christianity. And I was shocked to find how low the mental pitch of our Society must be, judged by the standard of this man's celebrity.—George Eliot.

Expression is a matter of mind, and the voice is the index of the soul.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



HEN Dr. B. Franklin of Philadelphia approached the mother of Mistress Debby Read, asking permission to wed her daughter, he met with several serious rebuffs. The old lady flatly declined to consider his proposals at all. Urged by both interested parties to give a reason for her refusals, she answered that Poor Richard's prospects were banked on a hazardous enterprise. There were already two printing-offices in America, and Franklin proposed to start a third. His future mother-in-law was doubtful if it would be a paying proposition.

When I was a Printer's Devil, the Devil a printer was I. But I remember that time when the first joint of my right forefinger was slick and raw from folding folios off a bottomless pile of the "Weekly Cloudburst." One day the boy who worked next to me said that the boss had bought a new DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE and that we would all be fired when it got working. I did n't kick. I knew where I could get a job at \$3.75 a week. Besides, my finger hurt.

But that DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE did n't cause any lay-offs. On the contrary, its quicker, better work boomed business. Next year the boss bought three more Machines and hired a dozen more hands to furnish work enough to keep them busy.

Upstairs over my head as I write this, six of these folding-machines are rapidly and accurately and silently folding the Magazine in which this advertisement is printed. And two boys are busy clearing a space to be occupied by the New DEXTER I ordered day before yesterday.

William Morris said, "Blessed is that man who has found his Work." I am inclined to say, "Blessed is that man who has found a machine to do his work." And as I write this I have the DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE in mind.

DEXTER FOLDER COMPANY

200 Fifth Avenue, New York

315 Dearborn Street, Chicago


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SIX-PER-CENT Bond secured by Long Island real estate purchased under the direction of the Dean Alvord Company, to be held for appreciation without development. Bondholders take half the profit through the medium of a Fifty-per-cent stock bonus. Q Plan of operation follows that of other very successful syndicates under the same management. Q Interesting circular on request 

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Around the World But Never Out of Ink

You Feel Safe
When Writing a
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Are Ink-Tight
In the Pocket
Others Leak Thru
Vent at Back End

Note.—Blair's are the only practical Ink-Pencils. Take no chances on a substitute. Owing to U. S. and British Patents they can not be imitated. For Correspondence, Manifold, Ruling and Stenography. No leaky air-tube, they fill easier. Hold 50 per cent more ink, and permit the use of Blair's Safety Ink-Making Cartridges, 10c. extra. Saving cost of check-punch, \$5.00. Point will last for years. Soon saves cost. **PRICES:** Plain, \$1.00; Chased, \$1.25; Chased and Gold-Mounted, \$1.50; Red Cases, 3 1/4 inches, \$1.25; Large Barrel, 4 or 5 inches, \$1.50; by insured mail, 8c. more. Ordinary ink can be used.

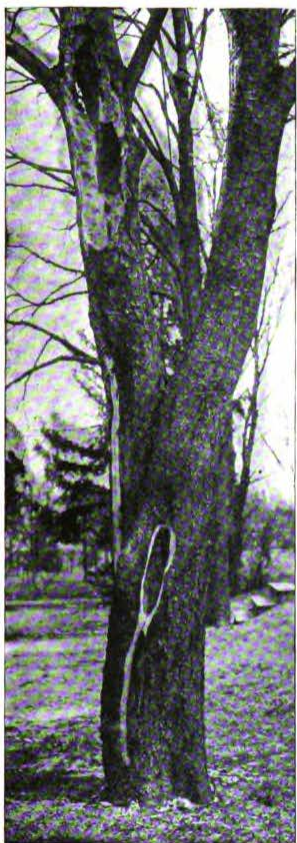
Blair's Fountain-Pen Co., 6 John St., Suite 299, New York; 15 Bishopsgate St., without London, E. C.—Get Agency

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

Save the Lives of Your Trees

They Are Too Precious to Sacrifice

If you are fortunate enough to have trees about your place, no doubt you have come to love them as living things. Tender memories of those who planted or have cared for them probably cluster around many if not all of your tree friends.



A DAVEY PATIENT

you. We are just now preparing a beautiful new booklet, which will be a veritable delight to the tree-lover, fully explaining our work. Its cost is too great to permit promiscuous distribution, but if you have trees and are interested in their preservation, we shall be glad to mail you a copy without charge. Send us your name and address today, for prompt attention addressing Desk 17.

Trees are no longer common or cheap, and you could not replace the fine old ones at any reasonable outlay—even if you could, the substitutes would not be the same to you; they would lack the associations that made the old ones so precious.

Davey men and Davey methods can save your trees, if there is anything at all left to work on. Many of the achievements of the Davey corps of tree-surgeons are little less than marvelous—healthy, hearty trees, that a few years ago were only shells, are living monuments to the efficiency of the Davey treatment when properly applied.

John Davey, the Father of Tree-Surgery Has Given the World a New Profession

Wonderful in its results, useful beyond calculation and of the most interesting character. John Davey first conceived the idea of tree-surgery, and the methods which saved tens of thousands of America's finest trees are the direct result of his genius.

Mr. Davey is, beyond peradventure, the world's greatest tree man, and the long experience back of the Davey service gives knowledge of the kind that can not be obtained from books. This "know how" makes the efficiency of the Davey work altogether beyond comparison.

The Davey Training School stands alone. It combines the theoretical and the practical in a way that has never been attempted elsewhere. In it the Davey men become experts through the application of instructions based on John Davey's life-work in the saving of trees. The name Davey, thus inseparably interwoven with the science of tree-surgery, means much or little to you according to the value you place on your tree.



JOHN DAVEY
The Father of Tree-Surgery

Expert Service Alone Produces Proper Results in Tree-Surgery

If you have to engage a lawyer, you want a successful one; if you must call a physician or surgeon, you want one in whom you can place absolute confidence; if you employ a tree-surgeon you should have the best—not experimenters or men of doubtful reputation in the profession.

If you wish to save your trees, you need the services of tree-surgeons who can give results. The Davey experts alone can thoroughly satisfy

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.

(Operating 'Davey's School of Practical Forestry')

Main Office, KENT, OHIO
"The Home of Tree-Surgery"

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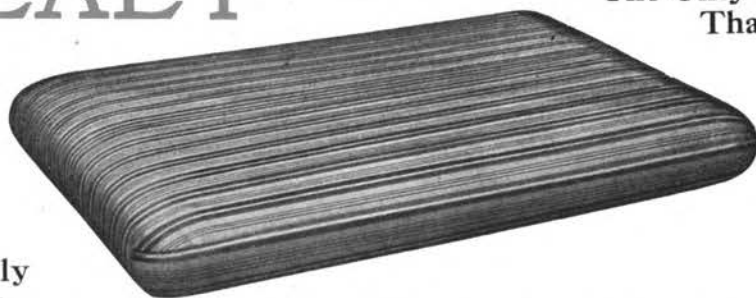
Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



It's the mattress that makes a bed. Cots, couches and hammocks fall short when the mattress is missing. And the change from a bunk to a bed is not more pleasant than changing from an ordinary tufted and inelastic mattress to a

SEALY

The Only Mattress
 That Is Not
 Tufted



The Only
 Mattress
 Guaranteed 20 Years

MATTRESS

In use at The Roycroft Inn. Some think it's the air that makes them sleep so, others avow that the walk with the Fra made rest delightful. Quickly though they learn the reason—it was the Sealy.

¶ The Sealy Booklet tells how and why the Sealy non-tufted, white-cotton mattress suffuses sound slumber. If your dealer has n't it we will send it.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas, U. S. A.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

THE DWINDLING LIST

EACH Day's Orders reduce Our Supply of Pamphlet Style **LITTLE JOURNEYS.** And there never will be any Reprints of these Originals. Of the list below there are few of many—and many of only few. Best order now. **TEN CENTS FOR EACH**

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Petrarch and Laura	Erasmus
Rossetti and Siddal	Hypatia
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TEN FOR ONE DOLLAR

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EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

WHEN YOU
APPROACH A
MAN UPON WHOM
YOU WISH TO MAKE AN
IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR
"GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD
RECEPTION FOR YOUR
PAPER REPRESENTATIVE
YOU SHOULD BE AS
PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS
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THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS,
GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING,
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Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal, Dickson School of
Memory, The Largest and Most
Successful School of Mental
Training in the World.

"How to Remember"

A Valuable Book on Memory Training
absolutely free to readers of THE FRA

If you want a perfect memory, you can have it. For a perfect memory, like perfect health, can be acquired. Here is a book that tells you exactly how to get it.

The author, Prof. Dickson, is America's foremost authority on mental training. His book is clear, specific and intensely interesting. He explains how you can easily and quickly acquire those retentive and analytical faculties, which contribute so much to all social, political and business success. He offers you a valuable opportunity to investigate the benefit of memory training for yourself—without assuming any risk, obligation or expense.

Simply sign and mail the coupon below—or send a letter or postal—and this book will come forward to you at once, absolutely free and postage prepaid.

Who is Prof. Dickson?

Prof. Dickson is backed by reputation and experience as a teacher, extending over twenty years in the leading Universities and Schools of the day.

Personal contact with thousands of pupils impressed him with the fact that each one was hampered by the same deficiency—a marked absence of proper powers of Attention, Concentration, Retention, Self-Control, Memory, etc.

He was one of the first educators to discover the universal and primary need of the cultivation of these faculties, preliminary to the attempted acquisition of knowledge.

He was the pioneer in the application of the newly discovered principle that no matter what course of training the student intended to take up later, these drills of the faculties of memory were absolutely necessary as preliminary training. His students learned so much more easily and so thoroughly retained their acquired knowledge, that his method attracted world-wide attention. The result was the foundation of the Dickson School of Memory.

What Prof. Dickson Has Done

The fame of this school and its unique methods has spread over the country and successful graduates fill every walk of business and professional activity. While the weakest minds can be strengthened, it must not be imagined that this method is applicable only to this class. Many of the most intellectual men of the day have availed themselves of Memory Training. W. T. Harris, former U. S. Commissioner of Education—the late Col. Robert Ingersoll, Mark Twain, and thousands of like minds have testified to the great benefit to be derived from Memory Training.

How He Can Help You

Thousands of successful men in all walks of life gratefully testify that they owe the consummation of their highest ambitions to his teachings, and he surely can help you—no matter who or what or where you are. He teaches you

How to remember names and faces of people you meet.
How to focus your mind instantly, to use effectively the points of a business proposition.

How to recall small but vital points of business without burdening the memory.

How to commit a speech or toast to memory quickly, and deliver it unhesitatingly in public or private.

How to think on your feet and make an extemporaneous speech.
How to converse at social gatherings in a natural, interesting way that wins friends.

How to overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness, etc.

How to control your thinking faculties.

How to apply concentration to the subject at hand.

How to acquire the habit of easy, logical thinking.

How to memorize for studies, examinations, etc.

Fill out coupon, tear out, mail TO-DAY, or send postal.

MY BOOK
FREE

"HOW
TO
REMEMBER"
Write to day



Memory the Basis
of All Knowledge

Stop forgetting
THE
KEY
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SUCCESS

Dickson Memory School
963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me free, "How to Remember."

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Street

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governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public ex-

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When

I am not walking, I am reading and I can not sit

and think; books think for me.—CHARLES LAMB

ABOUT to enter, fellow citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. ¶ Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state

expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at bar of public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles should be the creed of our political faith.—Thomas Jefferson.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

A LARGE politics & a small Christianity can not journey onward together. The intellectual life of the people can not widen and deepen in all fields except theology and worship. Reason will not be thus confined, ascribing to God laws and actions which it dare not ascribe to man. Upon a new religion the age is now at work. Having elaborated a great republic, a great science, a great social life, it is certain that our age will steadily elaborate a great religion. Out of this tumult of inquiry and activity something new is coming—a simpler and more reasonable Christianity, a social piety that shall regenerate the nation. ¶ It is not afraid of

facts; it is winnowing the chaff from the wheat; it omits nothing of duty, of culture, of hope. The old will not be ruthfully slain. Nature does not beat off dead leaves with iron rods; she pushes them off with new buds. Each church is immersed in the task of building a great religion, and the church outside of the church is also elaborating new doctrines. Magic has flung its old crown at the feet of science, and men are learning to let go of the unnatural, to hold fast to faith, to admit the limitations of

knowledge, and to be content with an indefinite theology. The falling away of multitudes of dogmas discloses, not the ruin of faith, but a universal religion. What ushered in the new religious broadness was the scientific spirit acquired by a wider study of nature. A broad church is not some novelty, some freak of individualism, but is only the light of our better age trying to shine into the temple. As the quantity of dogma diminishes, its quality improves, for the apparent is dissolving to make

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

*Give Thought
Today to your Home Library*

Plan your library on the **Globe-Wernicke Unit System**—to fit the books you *now* have—to accommodate those you *will* have. Start with one or more sections and add extra units as needed.

The handsome Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcase in Mission style, illustrated below, with top, unique locker unit, two book units and drawer base, costs only \$28.25. Three book units, top and base—standard style—as low as \$11.75. Uniform prices everywhere. (Freight prepaid where not represented east of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico.)

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

differ from other sectional bookcases in the *superior quality* of materials, workmanship and finish used in their construction—in the *variety* of styles and finishes that allows the widest latitude for the exercise of individual taste in library decoration—in mechanical safeguards such as the *patent equalizer* to prevent doors from binding—and in the *interlocking strip* to insure true alignment.

Write Today for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue

Complete illustrated catalogue, showing twenty-five original designs for home libraries, together with lists of the 10, 25, 50, 100 and 200 "best books" and the name of our nearest agency, will be mailed you free on request. Write Dept. U for Catalogue.

See that the **Globe-Wernicke** trademark is on the inside of each unit you buy. It is our pledge of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates at any future time.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Cincinnati, U. S. A.

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Chicago, 224-226 Walnut Ave.,
Boston, 91-93 Federal St.



THE MEN OF ACTION ARE, AFTER ALL,
ONLY THE UNCONSCIOUS INSTRUMENTS
OF THE MEN OF THOUGHT.—HEINE

FIGS IS FIGS—WHEN THEY ARE GERALDSON'S FIGS

For breakfast, lunch, dessert or 'tween meals figs have a toothteasing taste and a regal flavor. Figs can satisfy hunger, tempt the appetite and top off a banquet. No preparation or service required. Just open the package and EAT. Here's an Introductory Offer:

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- 10 pounds, anywhere in United States, collect for \$1.00
- 100 pounds, two cases, by freight collect for \$9.00
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EAT GERALDSON'S FIGS
FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY
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from over the door of his Inferno and give hope to man, or, better still, remain silent. All now feel that where God is, there must the Golden Rule be, and if He inhabits eternity, so do His equity and His love. ¶ It was Voltaire who said that Christianity succeeded because its Gospels were only a pamphlet, which a man could read in a few hours. The church must simplify its message and unify its forces. It is essential that the pulpit study the economics of human life, for if religion sweetens life, so life must sweeten religion, and make faith in God and man more possible. In the bosom of thousands of our toiling men lie many of the noblest virtues of

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human nature. Much of their drinking comes from their loneliness, and their desire to express and enjoy the friendship of their friends—often the only boon accessible to their lives. Multitudes come hither with their hearts full of woe, which Europe planted and deepened and blackened. If we can break up this sense of forlornness and degradation and plant the thought of a rising manhood, a sunlit future, we shall be saviors of our brothers as Christ is the savior of the world. ¶ After the battle of

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♣ **A**RE not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same army—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?—Carlyle.

♣ What we microbes think of God does not make much difference to God.

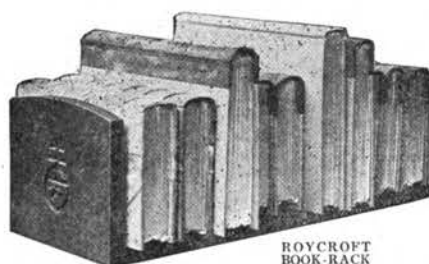
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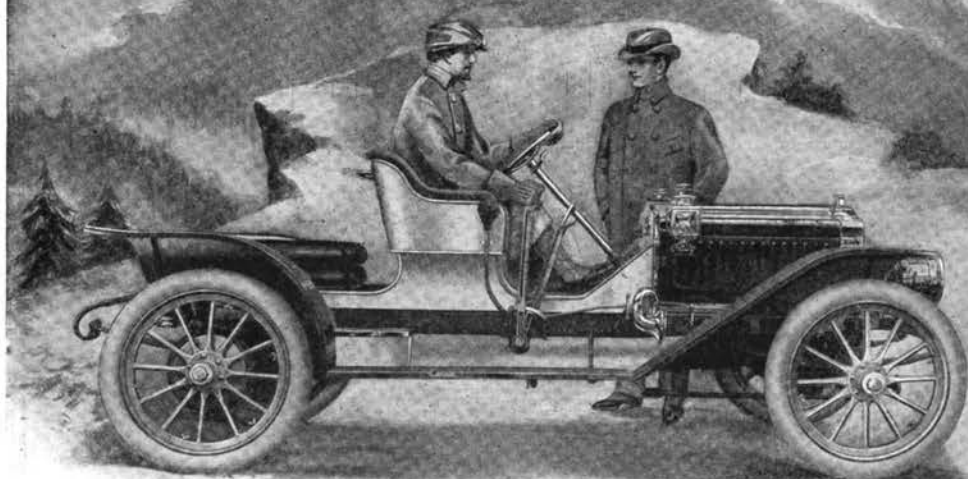
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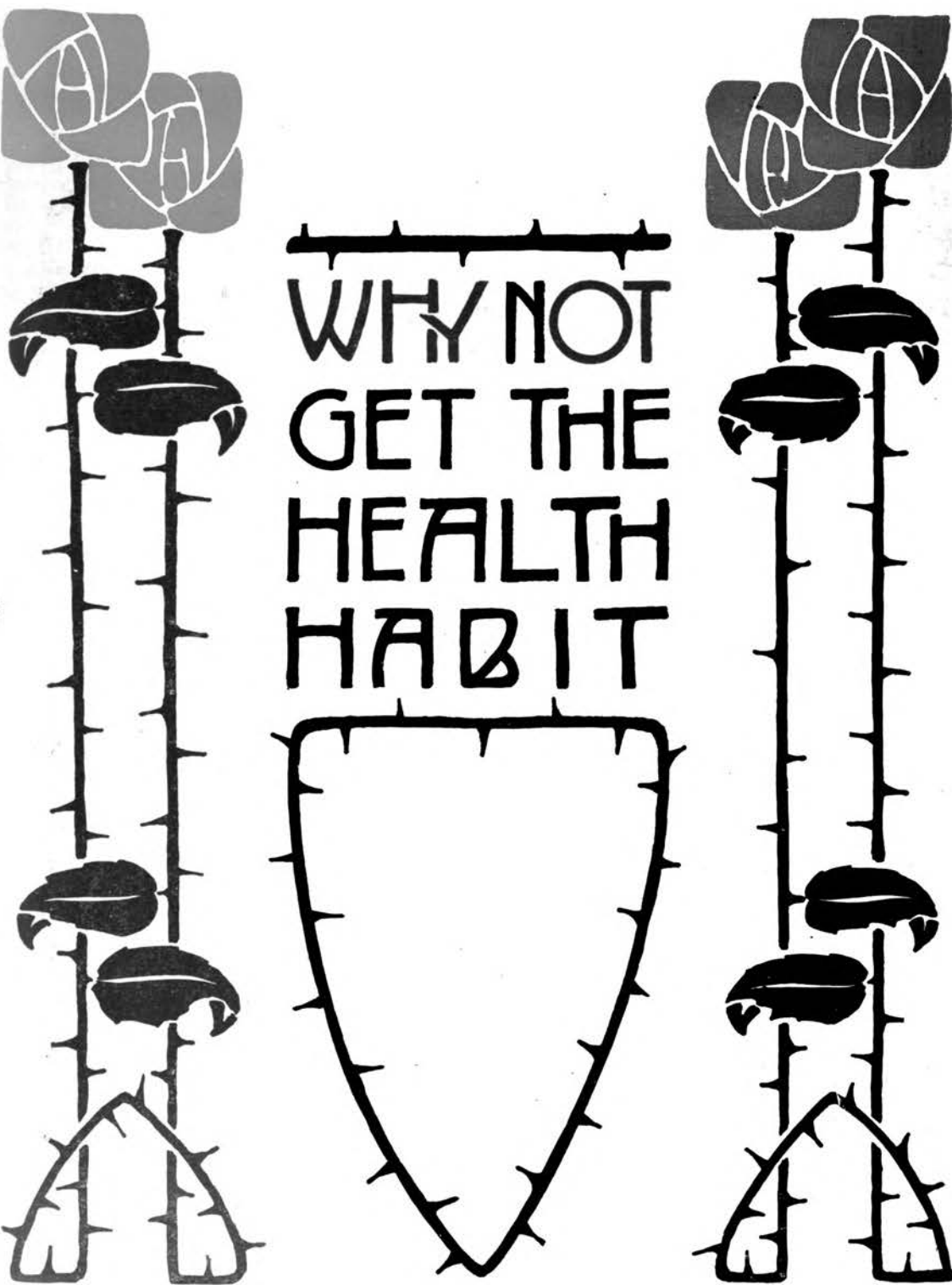
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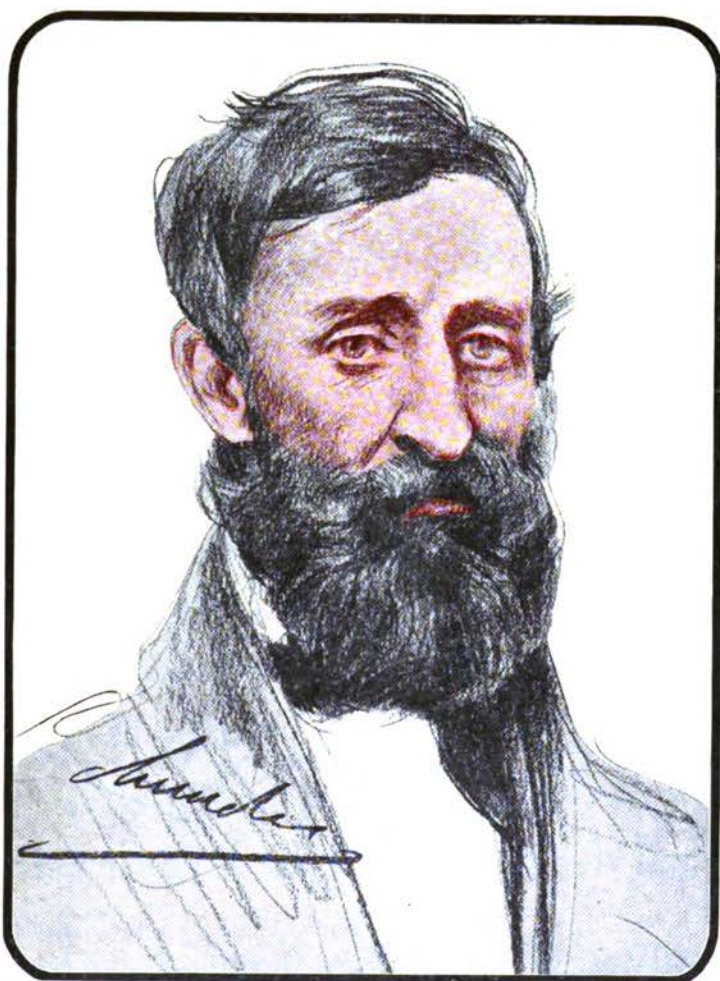
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NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2



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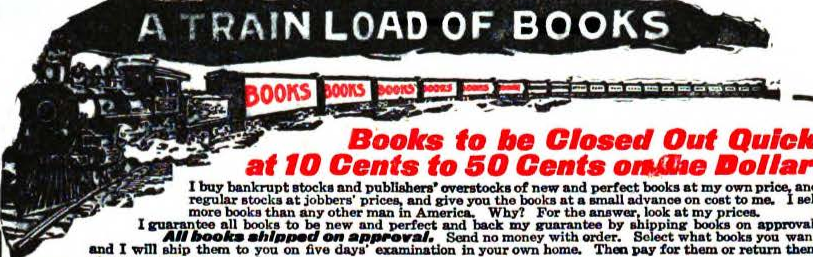
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despairingly, antennae lifted skyward as if to say, "O Father of Ants, how unhappy I am!" If you can imagine a troubled ant "taking on" in that fashion, it must seem to your wisdom but a quaint absurdity. Yet you who are one of many millions on this goodly ant-hill, the earth, even though you be a very live one—an atom rampant—if you, moved by sorrow or anger, cut any such capers, behold, in this scheme of things entire, you are merely absurd—quaintly absurd. Reflect. It may put new meaning into that jaded query, "What's the use?"

—Marie White

JESUS realized that He stood

HAVE you ever observed a crowd of ants? Of course you have, and noted at the time how like humans they behaved: fetching and carrying, losing and gaining, crowding, grasping, struggling—but on the whole making a show of ceaseless endeavor, undiscouraged action. Now, what would you think if, as you indifferently looked on, you saw one ant, a little blacker than the rest, suddenly stop, throw down its burden, and turning aside with tragic mien twist its forefeet into a frenzied knot, beat its little head upon the ground or stand

within the portals of a boundless kingdom of which mankind had never dreamed, and the glimpse vouchsafed Him of this wonderfully fertile domain, as yet unused by man, led Him to make these prophetic statements:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the hearts of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—Professor S. A. Weltmer.

A divorce lawyer in Chicago advertises himself as "Painless Parker."

The world is divided into three classes: those who read THE FRA, those who won't read THE FRA, and those who can't read THE FRA

X HAVE dissected more than a dozen bodies of children whose deaths were caused by vaccination. No smallpox, however black, could have left more hideous traces of its malignant sores, hearts empty or congested with clots, foul sloughing, than did some of these little victims.—William Hycheman, M. D., in "Medical Tribune."

A MAN of originality, say like Michelangelo, Shakespeare or Richard Wagner defies both analysis and imitation. He who attempts to imitate a genius gives an imitation of a caricature, an impersonation of a make-believe.

WHETHER we examine the long-continued records of London mortality, or those of modern registration from England, Scotland and Ireland; whether we consider the "control experiments" or crucial test afforded by unvaccinated Leicester, or the still more rigid test in the other direction, of the absolutely revaccinated Army and Navy, the conclusion is in every case the same: that vaccination is a gigantic delusion; that it has never saved a single life; but that it has been the cause of so much disease, so many deaths,

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Justice Seabury, sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his work in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs."

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such a vast amount of utterly needless and altogether undeserved suffering, that it will be classed by the coming generation among the greatest errors of an ignorant and prejudiced age, and its penal enforcement the foulest blot on the generally beneficent course of legislation during our century.—From "The Wonderful Century," by Alfred Russell Wallace, LL. D., F. P. S.

Cupidity and Cupid have little in common, except in Chicago.



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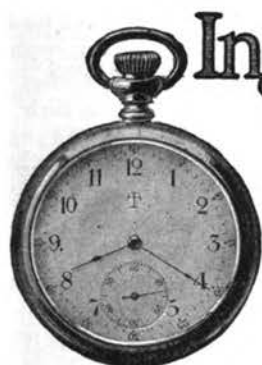
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ASKED a friend a short time ago, how many ancestors he had in the direct line twenty generations back. After a minute's reflection he suggested fifty. It may be a little surprising and of interest to some of our readers to learn that they each have had more than one million ancestors within comparatively recent years, and that without taking into account uncles and aunts. Starting with one's parents, each person usually has two—

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a father and mother. The father had his two parents and the mother hers. Thus each person has four grandparents. One step further and we have eight great-grandparents. I know a case within living memory where a man had four great-grandparents, all living. A simple calculation gives the astonishing result that our lineal ancestors during twenty generations number no fewer than one million forty-eight thousand five hundred seventy-six, or enough people, if all living, to populate the whole of Wales.—Strand.

SUBMIT to you that the labor-agitator, in trying to exclude all labor cheaper than his own, is really

trying to shut out that kind of labor which makes it possible for him to do the higher work himself. There are many things Orientals are wanted for, which Anglo-Saxons can not or will not do. I take second place to no one in the determination that this shall be an Anglo-Saxon country from one end to the other; but we may take a million Orientals into this country, with no fear that there will not still be plenty of work for the white man to do.—Byron E. Walker.

WOW is it that so many bright young men fail as salesmen, as business men, as advertising men? *

Simply because they lack consecutive ability. No, we don't mean Ex-ecutive ability. We mean just what we say—Consecutive ability.

¶ The sort of a fellow we mean occasionally startles you with an idea of intense originality, or by a brilliant flight of imagination. But it's just a flash in the pan.

¶ He must work at a fever heat of nervous enthusiasm to accumulate a proper atmosphere in which to do his best work, and when his spasm of effort has passed he relapses into cold inaction and mediocrity, until the proper setting occurs

for another eruption of activity. ¶ Have you ever come in contact with this sort of a fellow—admired his weird seasons of brilliancy, and deplored his plunge into the common and often absurd? ¶ Yes, we all know him. He's the man we learn not to depend on. For while on one occasion he may achieve a glorious success, on another he is a deplorable failure. ¶ But consider the ordinary fellow with common faculties, with a voracious capacity for work.

He plods on constantly and continuously, with eyes and ears open, thoroughly digesting and assimilating everything worth while and storing it away for future use. ¶ When a man is wanted for responsible work, who gets it—the flashy fellow? Never! ¶ Young Mr. Steady-going gets it—because he is thorough. He takes things up methodically and thoughtfully—and can be depended on to do it right. ¶ In other words, he has Consecutive Ability.—W. B. Swann.

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The Mission Inn—An Ad

By Fra Elbertus



HEN you cross the Simplon Pass, that wonderful roadway laid out across the Alps by Napoleon, you will stop for dinner at a Monastery. ¶ This Monastery is the home of a Saint Bernard Brotherhood, and the good Brothers are assisted in their housekeeping by a full dozen Saint Bernard dogs. ¶ As the stage approaches, the driver lashes his horses into a run, and the boots blows his horn with needless unction. And then it is that the dogs rush out to give us greeting. ¶ They come like a charge of the Scotch Greys at Balaklava. The dogs want nothing, they just do this for fun, and we enjoy it, too. It seems such a brand-new experience, after the slow, dull drive of the day. It's all a kind of play, and did n't Shakespeare say we are all play-actors? ¶ Then as you descend from the stage, a sandal-shod and halo-crowned monk beats back the dogs.

The monks do not regard it as a play. To them it is life. For when the snow blows, and the storms of winter come, these men and the dogs often have their work cut out for them. ¶ So you enter the Monastery, and find a great, long, barren room with tables set, and benches along the tables. You climb over the benches and help yourself. The shaven monks, in horse-hair robes and rope girdles, wander around and pay little attention to the visitors.

The dogs, however, make up both for the silence of the Brothers, and their seeming inattention. The dogs lick your hands, and bark, and are duly rewarded with scraps from your plate. In fact, a visitor seated next to me told me that the dishes here needed no washing, and he passed his plate back to a big, shaggy Saint Bernard, who proved the proposition, and then licked his chops and wagged his tail as much as to say, "If you ever get lost in the snow, just press the electric button and I'll come a-running."

¶ There are rows of stone cells, very sparsely furnished, but probably comfortable if you are tired, so if you want to stop over a day and rest, you can do so. ¶ However, there was a trifle too much dog for comfort, and I moved on with the stage. But the hour spent with the Saint Bernard Brothers and their dogs is one of the unforgettable things in my memory. ¶ I also well remember a lady visitor, a fair, young and impulsive creature from Chicago, who said, in a sort of divine ecstasy, "Oh, what bee-u-tiful, big, yellow dogs! They belong to the monks, I suppose, and the monks are called Saint Bernards because they have these great big Saint Bernard dogs. ♪ Is n't it bee-u-tiful!"

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

DURING the Middle Ages, the hospices of the monks were the only places where the traveler was made welcome. The hotel or tavern or inn was a thing to come. Dan Chaucer explains that the word "Inn" placed over a door literally meant "Come In." It was the sign of the public-house where the tired traveler could find food and shelter. These first "Inns" were kept by the monks, whose duty it was to serve humanity. The brother in charge was called the "Master of the Inn."

At Riverside, California, is a Mission Inn that no traveler to the Pacific Coast should miss. Frank Miller, the Master in charge, has absorbed the spirit of the old-time Mission Fathers, until he is able to give the traveling public a new thrill.

Frank Miller has no competitor in the world, for the patient study of detail, the taste, knowledge and love put into that quiet and beautiful place can never be duplicated by another. ¶ It has been a life-work. Here we find the old-time Mission Hospice, reproduced with every feature of modern comfort, luxury and art added.

It is a show-place, of course, just as that Simplon Saint Bernard Monastery is a show-place. Only Master Miller has no dogs. The Mission Inn is as quiet and subdued as the plumage of a brown thrush in an orange-tree. It has the art that conceals the art.

No mortal monk who ever wore cope and cowl made a place as beautiful as this at Riverside.

This is because Frank Miller has had the help of great and good women. This Inn is lavish without being loud.

It entertains you—thrills you—inspires you with its beauty of service and economy.

There are the mission walls, the mission bells, the bubbling fountain in the bright oasis of fragrant greenery, the cloister and the hearth.

¶ And the most recent addition is a chapel, quaint and curious, with a wonderful organ, where every morning a simple service of song and praise is held. Even the Philistines enjoy this. ¶ This chapel or church is a part of the hotel, built right into it, and with all of its fittings is true to the historic type of the Missions of two hundred years ago. Various priests and church dignitaries have taken a hearty interest and lent their aid in fitting up this last feature of the Mission Inn.

Now, who else in all the world could have combined sentiment and hotel-keeping to this rare and delicate degree, so to give a delight to gentlemen and worthy women of every creed—or no creed—binding all into an historic, artistic and esthetic whole!

If you have n't seen beautiful Riverside and Master Frank Miller's Mission Inn, you do not know your California. ¶ I have spoken.



THE DOCTORS

A Satire in Four Seizures

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

This is a silly play, eliminated for relief of the author, and now published for the first time. In the cast are doctors with whiskers, doctors clean-shaven, wise old doctors, fresh and forward internes, smart young surgeons, puffy family physicians, and a specialist who has traveled far and acknowledges that he knows nothing. Of course there are nurses and pretty patients, also a preacher and an obese limb of the law. Cupid enters, for you can't keep the rogue out of even a hospital, and all ends happily as a play should. ¶ Painfully illustrated on butcher's paper and illumined with blue pill and red precipitate. Bound in human hide, limp, lined with iodoform-gauze, sewed with catgut and flavored with formaldehyde.

P r i c e , T w o D o l l a r s

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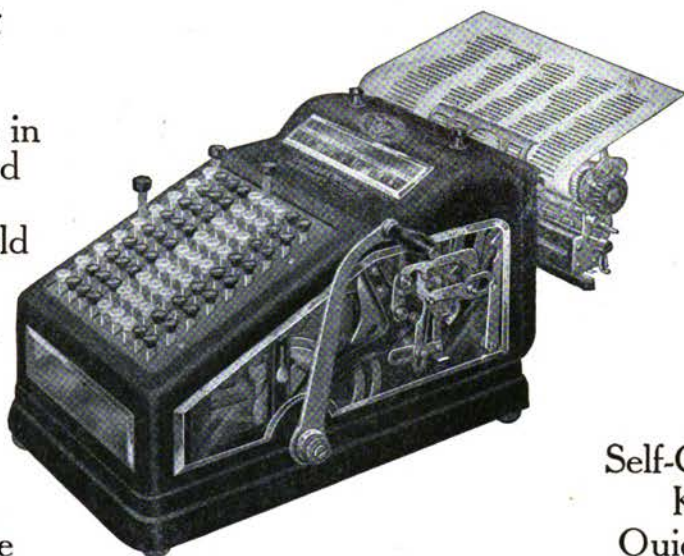
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Eugene Christian

FOOD
SCIENTIST

Fifth Avenue and 41st Street, New York

SOME people are born religious; some acquire religion; and others have religion thrust upon them. This column has recently joined class No. 3. Upon the vacant lot adjoining our home a branch of the Holy Rollers has recently established its duck tabernacle with a standing ad upon it to the effect that the tent will be open for business every evening at 8 p. m. The time of its closing hour and the date of its closing day are not specified. This tent with its internal troubles stands not forty feet from the window of the bedroom where this column is wont to seek its habitual

night's repose; and that repose in days gone by was wont to begin at a date from one to two hours earlier than the present regular ending of the holy clatter in the tabernacle. Ordinarily a human being has the heaven-born right to turn a deaf ear to things religious or irreligious. But in this instance this mortal must lie and have hallelujahs stuffed into his drowsy ear, willy-nilly. We can stand a good deal along this line. We have been used to a great variety of forms of worship from our youth up. We have attended ten-day camp-meetings in the woods and the "protracted" revival meeting in the little red school-house on the prairie. We have heard men in private devotion three-quarters of a mile away; have seen women fall into

heavenly trances, and old saints lead holy dances, turn somersaults of praise and climb trees in sheer exuberance of piety. This in days gone by—long before the Holy Rollers came to earth. In those days we were so situated that we could take it or let it alone as we liked. But today and tonight and tomorrow night and on, we must take it. And that makes a difference.

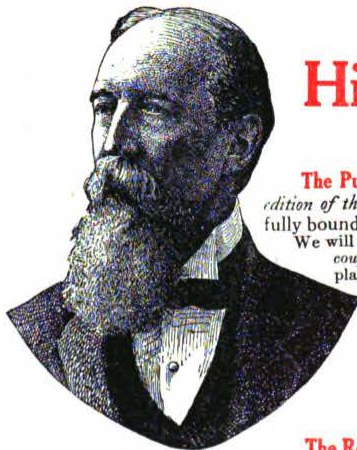
Nor does this religious disturbance concern only our family. A few feet beyond and behind the tabernacle a woman with a tiny baby tries to get her night's repose and to lull her babe

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to rest. But she, as we, must lie long after bedtime and listen to a perfervid oration on a lot of religious commonplaces, hashed up with pious ejaculations and other ecclesiastical guff, from a whoop artist with a voice the resonance and reach of which is like to the vibrations of a wash-boiler of bricks going down the cellars stairs. He is talking to a little bunch of his followers, about as many as we could seat comfortably in our woodshed; but he talks as if he wanted to stop a horse-thief over on the other side of the lake. And this is about what he says: "And now, brethren and sisters, the Lord, he says thus and so in his holy word. They ain't no doubt about it! Can't nobody deny it, no! Praise him! Can't deny it! No! He hain't

no use for nobody that does. No, brethren and sisters, He hain't no use! No! Bless his name! Hain't no guesswork about that! No! Speak right up, Sister! Shout a loud hosannah!" Repeat chorus fortissimo, ad lib., ad infinitum or t.f. Now we ask to be forgiven for seeming to be sacrilegious in thus picturing the religious nightmare that welled up to our bedroom window last night. We are not intentionally irreverent. We only wish to say that we have walked this earth with our eyes open years enough to know that this getting together of people to deliberately work themselves up into

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LEBANON, PA.—Sunday evening, Dec. 5th, at eight o'clock. B. P. O. E. Memorial Address.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Church of the Mediator, Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

BOSTON, MASS.—Chickering Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 9th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs. Seats on sale at Box-Office.

BROCKTON, MASS.—The Commercial Club, Friday evening, December 10th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

NEW YORK CITY—Carnegie Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 9th, eight o'clock. Subject, Health, Wealth and Happiness.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.—Wednesday evening, Jan. 19th, eight o'clock. Subject, March of the Centuries.

PORTLAND, ME.—Kotschmar Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Thursday evening, Jan. 27th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

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MAN must be discussed as he is.

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Likewise the man whom it wore out*

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NOVEMBER

No. 2

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Henry Hudson, Discoverer



E belong to the Aryan Race, and the Aryan Race had its beginnings on the uplands of India. There men multiplied. The conditions were right—soil, sunshine, water. But the food-supply did not keep pace with the growth of population. And besides, there grew up the leisure class, which showed its power by a conspicuous waste and a conspicuous leisure. This class is made up of two elements—the soldier and the priest. Both are parasites, and when they have their undisputed way, are tyrants * *

To find freedom and bread, men swarmed *

There were six principal migrations from India, as follows: the Egyptian, the Assyrio-Semitic, the Greco-Roman, the Teutonic, the Celtic, the Norse.

Civilization had its rise in Egypt, where the city of Memphis once ruled the world. Memphis was the educational, the financial, the artistic hub of the universe.

When Moses led the children of Israel out of captivity, fifteen centuries before Christ, Memphis was already falling into decay. Civilization had moved on, and younger blood, that carried a redder hue, was in the saddle. Babylon and Nineveh had siphoned the best of Egyptian youth and genius.

Note how Egypt grown old, senile and satisfied with her own achievements could not afford Moses room to exercise his powers. He had to go out into the desert in order to find space in

which to breathe, and in which to formulate a moral code that had in it enough of the saving formaldehyde of commonsense to make it last thirty-five centuries and more.

Memphis lies buried beneath a hundred feet of drifting sands.

The broken fragments of Babylon and Nineveh strew the plains.

Greece Had Her Brief Day

CIVILIZATION pushed on and we get the grandeur that was Greece. The armless and headless marbles in the British Museum symbol the splendor of her dreams. Greece for a time ruled the world, and Athens was the center of art, philosophy and finance. Alexander, captain-general of the Greek forces, conquered the world and then died sighing for more worlds to conquer.

Greece lived her little day; and then the Romans overran her borders and tumbled her priceless marbles from their pedestals, thinking they were gods.

Rome subjugated the world—or at least all she could find of it. And having succeeded she sat back and got lime in her bones, and worshiped the god Terminus, telling of the things she had done in the days ago.

This gave the barbarian his chance, and the Goths and Vandals played pitch and toss with the things that had brought her fame.

In the year Five Hundred after Christ, we find Constantinople supreme, with Justinian and Theodora dividing the power of the world between them.

Then were cast those four bronze horses, which now ornament the portals of Saint Mark's in Venice.

The marauding Norse, those wolves of the sea, coveted the horses, so they took them by divine right. They also annexed about everything else that was portable. And behold! Venice, throned on her hundred isles, becomes mistress of the seas, the center of art and light and education. Hers was the badge of power, hers the pomp and circumstance of war.

Spain to the Front

BUT not forever. Spain is forging to the front, and the Moor and the Jew are combining to construct the Alhambra. Read your Washington Irving.

When Venice built her Ghetto she planted the germs of decay.

Power moved on, and Granada was the capital of the world.

In that unforgettable year, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, we find Columbus, the Genoese, writing to Queen Isabella this letter which is now in our possession: "Now that you have succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, I make bold to call your attention to my own petty affairs," etc., etc.

Alas, the pretty compliment of Columbus, designed for the shell-like ear of Isabella, was true. She had succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, and already Spain was where Memphis stood when the air got so full of patchouli that Moses had to go.

Imagine, if you please, some satrap writing a letter to Pharaoh congratulating him thus: "Now that you have succeeded in driving the Jews from Egypt," etc., etc.

Holland the Haven of Refuge

WHEN Torquemada made the gutters of Granada run ankle-deep with the blood of Jews, Holland opened wide her doors to the refugees.

And as Spain declined, Holland grew great. ¶ The center of the stage shifts to Amsterdam. From Sixteen Hundred for nearly a hundred years Holland was the Schoolmaster of the world. Holland taught England how to read and write, how to print and bind books and how to paint pictures.

In Sixteen Hundred Nine England was a pioneer country, forging to the front in a rude and crude way. She had the ambition and the restless desire of youth. But Holland had the art, the education, the philosophy—and the money.

¶ In portraiture Holland struck thirteen. ¶ The work done by Rembrandt, Rubens and Frans Hals stands supreme today, even after these three hundred years.

Art is born of the surplus that business men accumulate. The business men of Holland were favorable to the portrait-painter. ¶ He immortalized many of them on canvas, and they live for us only because some great artist painted their pictures.

The Plantins of Antwerp and Amsterdam, the great bookmakers, were then getting under way. ¶

In those days a printer was somebody. Printers went into the business in order to express their ideas. The very word "compositor" carries the thought. The man composed his mind and set

up his thoughts in type at the same time. Peter Plantin was a printer. He was also a great geographer. He made a close and complete map of the world, and wrote a book on the formation of the earth.

A Print-Shop

THE Plantin print-shop is now the Plantin Musee at Antwerp, the property of the state. In this most rare and curious old printery you will get the books and maps of Peter Plantin. And in one of these maps you will see the coast-line of America. The country was very narrow according to this map, which was made in Sixteen Hundred Seven. Piercing the land were inlets leading out into great lakes or bays; and just on the other side was the Pacific Ocean. The whole country was supposed then to be about like the Isthmus of Panama, where Balboa stood and looked over to the Pacific. And across the Pacific, at a distance of less than half the way across the Atlantic, was India—India, the land of silks and teas—India, the land of gold and spices, of gems and 'broideries.

To reach this land of wealth without going around the Southern point of Africa was the problem.

Columbus had discovered land, but had failed in his attempt to find the passage to India, and had died in chains. Americus Vesputius had discovered the continent, but had been unable to pierce it with his ships. The Cabots said that if they had had a few days they could have traversed the woods and stood upon what we call the Alleghany Mountains and looked down on the peaceful Pacific beyond. The Indians had told them they could do this. But three difficulties lay in the way of getting valuable information from the Indians—one was that the Indians did not know, the second was that they did not care, and the third was that the white man could not understand them, anyway.

The Elusive Passage

BUT that the Pacific was just "over there," as the Indians affirmed, was the belief of the Plantins, and of the thinking men of the world.

England, young and lusty, was reaching out for this get-rich-quick route to China and India. Holland knew that if England found the route she would claim it by right of discovery, and might block it against the world. England had

just wrecked the Spanish Armada, and her nose was in the air.

Holland had the art and she had the books, but she had traded brawn for brain, so she lacked the blood that makes an explorer. What then? Why, hire some steeple-jack of the sea to find this quick route.

On the walls of the Plantin Musee, close by the portrait of Peter Plantin, is a picture of "Heinrich Hudson, the Dutch Explorer." Let the fact be noted that Heinrich Hudson was not a Dutchman. He was born in England, of English parents, and his remote ancestry was Danish.

Had Visited Greenland

HE had made two trips to Greenland on a commission to sail around the north end of America and go through to India. He had reached as high a latitude as eighty degrees but had then been turned back by the ice. The man who can sail through the North Pole will reach the Pacific and India, all right.

Hudson's feat was a disappointment, but the wily Dutch said we work by elimination. There is a middle passage.

When the Indians had told of the sea "just over there," they had in mind the Great Lakes.

What more natural than to suppose that these lakes had an outlet on the western side into the Pacific! Indians did not travel far, and they were not interested in India. The name "Indian" was given them by a worthy explorer who thought that he had discovered India.

Several of the rich merchants of Amsterdam made up a purse, and sent a man over to London to hire this man Henry Hudson, who had no fear of the unknown.

Hudson Found in Want

THEY found him living in a boat-house on the Thames. He was poor in purse, and without a talent for getting on, but he was full of the enthusiasm of discovery.

Out in the Rocky Mountains one can find the typical prospector, who prospects all his life and dies at last alone on the mountain-side. He is brave, hopeful, restless, but failure is his fate. It becomes the habit of his life.

Hudson was living with his wife and three children in what would have been absolute want were it not for the kind hearts of the ship-captains whose boats were anchored near.

¶ These men who skirted the coast were sensible and sane. They sailed only the seas that were mapped, and always were in sight of land.

Hudson craved the unknown. ¶ The others respected him—yes, but they touched their foreheads with the tip of a forefinger as he passed. ¶

Hudson had lost money for everybody who had trusted him. Only a year before this, those merry knights who founded Jamestown had asked him to join them, but Hudson had scorned their invitation.

His wife believed in him, because she partook of his delusions, as loving women are prone to do. ¶

A Typical Englishman

HUDSON was no longer young. His red beard was streaked with white, his ruddy face was seamed with lines of care, his blue eyes had lost a little of their luster looking out on the snow and ice of the North.

He was the typical stubborn, freckled, sandy Englishman who never knows when he is whipped. ¶

The English blood carries a mighty persistent corpuscle.

The modern Briton breed is made up of a cross between the Saxon and the Norse, with a dash of the Celt to give it a flavor.

All of the English names beginning with the letter "H" have come down from the Norse, or the Danish, which for us is the same thing. The name of William the Conqueror was Hubba, and among his followers were men who bore the following names: Howells, Hume, Howard, Hood, Harkness, Hildebrand, Holman, Hughson, Harding, Holmes, Hudson, Herbert, Henderson, Henry, Hubbard. The ending "-bert" is a Saxon ending; but the initial "H" is Norse. It was the introduction of this letter "H" that threw the English tongue in the air, and the sons of 'aughty Halbion 'ave n't yet got it straightened out, you know.

Names beginning with "E," like Ellison, Eldridge, Ellsworth, Elbert, Elberta, Ethelred, Ethelbert, Ethelstan, Ensign, Ernest, are Saxon. ¶

Hudson seemed to be the surviving spirit of those "wolves of the sea," who discovered America about the year One Thousand, and built a monument or two along the coast of

Rhode Island and then sailed away on adventures new.

They knew that if they remained they would have to pay taxes to the Irish, and so they moved on.

Hired Out to the Dutch

THE Hollanders liked Hudson, and as he was out of a job, waiting for something to turn up, he hired out to the Dutch. This agent was acting for the Dutch East India Company, which was a trust made up of six separate companies, one in each city, as follows: Amsterdam, Zeeland, Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn and Enkhuizen.

An agreement was drawn up and signed. ¶ Hudson's wife was to be given eight hundred guilders at once, and if her husband did not return in a year she was to get two hundred more. ¶

Beyond this Hudson got nothing but his expenses. A guilder was what to us would be forty cents; so we see that the price Hudson set upon his own life was eighty dollars. ¶ This was the sum of his life-insurance.

If he found the passage, however—ah, now we are getting it—if he found the passage, it was to be named for him, and he was to be the first governor of the territory.

So Hudson bade his little family a stolid, sailor good-by, and went over to Holland at once to receive his instructions, the syndic taking close care that his man did not escape.

Hoped to Find Passage

AT Amsterdam he met Peter Plantin, the geographer, and a committee of merchants. ¶

Hudson knew all they knew, and his hope was high that there was a passage through to the Pacific somewhere between latitude thirty-eight and fifty degrees. Captain John Smith had been told of this passage by the Indians, and the assurance that the sea was "just over there" was strong in all hearts. He was also very sure that there was a way to go clear around America to the North, but he agreed with the Plantins that the passage would always be dangerous on account of the cold and ice.

A little ship, the "Half-Moon," was set aside for Hudson. The craft suited him. ¶ It was staunch and strong, and rode the waves like a cockle-shell.

She only carried a few feet of water, and this was well, for sand-bars were to be counted on in making "that passage."

There were eighteen men in the crew—nine Dutchmen and nine Englishmen. Hudson stood out for all Englishmen, claiming he must have men who could speak his tongue. A two-days' argument followed, and a compromise was effected.

The Half-Moon Hoists Sail

IN April Fourth, Sixteen Hundred Nine, the Half-Moon hoisted sail and slipped slowly down the Zuyder Zee.

The news had gone out, and half of Amsterdam lined the wharves.

The Weeper's Tower was filled with relatives of the sailors. No one wept for Hudson. His heart did not beat one throb beyond the normal.

¶ The land faded from view, and the Half-Moon was alone on the waste of waters.

The log of the voyage still exists. It is written in Dutch, evidently on dictation of Captain Henry Hudson, who now was "Heinrich Hudson, a citizen of the Netherlands." All of which was evidently a legal expedient designed to make good all Dutch claims, "by right of discovery."

Hudson did not obey orders to steer straight West for America. He steered for the Land of the Midnight Sun. He still hoped it was possible to strike here a current that would carry him straight across to the Pacific.

On May Nineteenth, after a sail of forty-four days, the crew came to Hudson in a body and demanded that he turn back.

One man had died and the sight of the sun that had forgotten how to set was on their nerves.

Captain Parleys With Crew

THE Captain parleyed with them, and set an hour the following day to talk it over. The next day the weather had changed for the better, and the spirits of the men rose. Hudson ordered a double ration of grog for all hands, got out his maps, and at great length told them of Captain John Smith's idea concerning the short inland passage that lay at about forty degrees.

They consented to sail South, but they must get away from the icebergs and the terrible land where the sun never went down, but remained a blood-red ball in the heavens. Hudson started a song and all joined in as

the prow of the Half-Moon was headed South. ¶ Sixty-four days they sailed and sailed, when the wooded shores of America came in sight. They entered "a fine harbor," which is now believed to be Casco Bay on the coast of Maine. Here they replaced their mainmast, which had snapped off short in a gale. So far as we know this was the first attempt to utilize the spruce pine of New England for the uses of civilized man.

Strike New England

THIS beautiful bay was tempting. They put out two small boats and skirted it carefully for signs of an inlet. They killed a deer, which was the first fresh meat they had had excepting fish.

After a week's rest, they again put out to sea and skirted the coast slowly down to Cape Cod. A map was made, which reveals the coast-line fairly well; but in some way Boston Harbor was missed, perhaps because the gilded dome of the State House was not there to welcome them. They sailed past Sandy Hook, giving only a casual look at the inlet.

The Half-Moon reached Delaware Bay and entered, but the signs of an inlet were now propitious, and Hudson decided he would go North and examine the coast with greater care. On the morning of September Second, Sixteen Hundred Nine, he dropped anchor in what we now call the Horse-Shoe of Sandy Hook. From here he put out with a small boat and three sailors.

Hudson in "The Narrows"

THE log reports, "found a good entrance between two headlands." A drawing is then given, which beyond a doubt is "The Narrows."

Hudson was at home on the open sea, but here he moved with great caution. He feared running his ship upon the sands or rocks, and so we find him going ahead in a small boat, with the Half-Moon trailing along slowly as he swings his hat and signals her.

He passed Staten Island. Next he reached Manhattan. Here he put ashore on the shelving beach. He drew the boat up, and planted the flag of the Netherlands on about what is now Twenty-six Broadway.

Then he moved on up the river to a point where "hills are straight and the waters deep." This was, beyond doubt, the Palisades.

¶ Beyond, the river widened and ahead was the clear, open, placid waters. They came to the Catskills, and two men were sent ashore "to climb the highest hill and the highest tree they could find, and look for the Pacific Ocean."

The men were gone over-night, but came back reporting only mountains and woods beyond. The Pacific Ocean discovered by Balboa twenty years before was not in sight.

¶ Bill Nye once told us that Heinrich Hudson had nearly reached Albany before he made the startling discovery that the river upon which he was sailing bore the same name as himself.

Named the River

THIS was a lapse on the part of Bill. The fact is, Hudson knew the name of the river very soon after passing the toe of Manhattan's Isle, for he had written in plain letters on the map as he sailed, "Hudson's River."

He felt sure he had found the long-looked-for passage, and remembering the promise of his employers that the passage should bear his name, he wrote it down.

He reached the present site of Albany and remained a week in the vicinity, carefully exploring the banks of the river for an inlet. Then he sorrowfully turned the prow of the Half-Moon to the South.

John Smith was wrong; the Indians were wrong; Henry Hudson was wrong—the voyage was a failure.

Already signs of autumn were in the air, and the leaves were turning to gold. It would not do to try to winter here—the Half-Moon must sail back to Amsterdam and frankly report failure.

On the way down the river there were many Indians to be seen along the banks. The news of the strange ship had evidently gone out and the red men were more than curious.

Landed Near Poughkeepsie

THERE was the first ship to stretch her sails on this mighty river, that had existed here for ten thousand years or more.

¶ Hudson drew in to the shore near the present site of Poughkeepsie, and after much signaling and beckoning the Indians came near enough to be spoken to. But alas! they spoke neither "Anglaise," Dutch nor French. Hudson made

the universal sign of hunger, and this was responded to at once, which gives the lie to that popular saying that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

The squaws brought parched corn, dried venison, beans, pumpkins and wild grapes. They also brought oysters, and "speckled fish not of a salt-sea kind." These were doubtless brook-trout.

Next they cooked a dog in honor of the great White Chief.

In return, Hudson and his men gave the Indians knives, beads and colored strips of cloth.

There was much attempt at talk and both sides made long orations, but to small purpose, since the interpreter was not yet.

Sought to Win Indians

WHAT Hudson was working for was to get the confidence of the Indians so they would give a clue to the passage to the Pacific.

Hudson reports that the Indians had no "aqua vita, nor spiritus frumenti." When he gave them rum they drank it like water, and "soon were very merrie and next mad."

Evidently Hudson's men had imbibed, too, for two of his sailors lured a squaw into a small boat and were about to fetch her aboard the Half-Moon. Hudson saw the commotion among the Indians and headed off his reckless sailors. He broke an oar over the head of one John Coleman before he could get the woman safely back to land. As reparation for her injured feelings, Hudson presented her his official red coat with brass buttons and gilt braid, which he had intended to wear on the day the complete passage to the Pacific was made.

The Indians had now lost their fear of the white men, and also they had lost their respect for them, since several of the sailors had stolen all of the furs and skins they could lay their hands on.

Sets Sail for Home

HUDSON now saw nothing to do but sail for home. The Indians followed down the river, and along the route arrows occasionally skimmed the air too close to the sailors for comfort.

Near Manhattan the Mohicans "put out in a multitudinary swarm in hollow logs, and surrounded the good ship, the Half-Moon,

and the sailors had to fight for their lives. Then for the first time they had to use fire-arms. It is feared some Indians were killed. Straightway the Half-Moon put for open sea, having been in land-locked waters for the space of a full month."

The Half-Moon had strong breezes from the West and made fast time homeward. She dropped anchor in the harbor of Dartmouth, England, on November Seventh. Hudson made haste to go to London and see his family, before he went to Holland to report to his employers. ¶ In December, we find Hudson again full of hope and sure that "at a point about sixty degrees North of the coast of the New World the passage to India will be found peradventure of a doubt."

Another Ship Fitted Out

✱ It was a gamble—the Dutch vs. Fate. The odds were big. If the passage were found untold fortunes awaited.

Another ship was fitted out at greater cost. She was called the "Discoverie" and "her double plankings were made so to withstand the strongest crush of ice." She carried a crew of twenty-nine men.

On April Seventeenth, Sixteen Hundred Ten, she sailed away. She reached that marvelous body of water which we know as Hudson's Bay.

¶ Inland they sailed for a thousand miles. Here was salt water all the time; while the puny little Hudson River ran fresh water a day's journey from the sea.

Heinrich Hudson was now so sure he had found the prized passage to India that he refused to sail for home when the first nipping frosts arrived.

The crew went into winter quarters, and the ship by December was fast frozen in the ice.

¶ Game was plentiful, but the sailors were afraid to venture far inland "for fear of sirens whose songs could be plainly heard, and goblins that flitted everywhere over the ice."

Ship Freed From Ice

✱ THE dark, cold winter dragged its long, slow length past.

The ice at last began to melt and move.

By May the ship was free. Several of the crew were sick with scurvy. Four had died. Hudson, himself, had been sick, but with spring his spirits arose and he grew better. ✱ There is nothing so hygienic as hope. He announced

his intention to press on to the West and explore every inlet until he had found the one that opened out upon the Pacific Ocean.

The crew demurred—another winter and they would all be dead. They must make for home at once, for there was doubt as to whether they could now even find the passage out to the Atlantic, much less to the Pacific. ✱ Hudson sought to use his authority.

He was disarmed and declared insane.

He was given the privilege of being put afloat in a boat, or of sailing for home. He chose the open boat. And he and his son John, aged sixteen, and seven others were sent adrift with provisions to last a month. They were given guns and ammunition.

The Discoverie hoisted sail, and left the invincible master on that trackless inland sea, skirted by a country that was seemingly desolate and without inhabitants.

Mutineers Pardoned

✱ THE Discoverie reached Amsterdam in October, and the mutineers told their tale. ¶ They were arrested, tried, convicted—and pardoned.

They made it appear that they wished only to save the ship and report to the owners. Their frankness saved their lives.

The Discoverie could have been sent back after Hudson, but there was no one to captain the ship, and Heinrich Hudson was left to his fate. The mutineers brought back a map of "Hudson's Bay." Traced across the map in bold letters was the name of the dauntless discoverer.

What was the fate of Hudson, his son, and the loyal seven who stood by him?

No one knows—not a sign ever came from them in any way.

Their little craft may have foundered and all been drowned before reaching shore, on the same day the Discoverie sailed.

They may have lingered on for another winter and died of cold, starvation and disease.

They may have been murdered by the Indians. They may have fallen in with Indians, been kindly welcomed, settled down to make the best of a bad situation, and grown old, babbling to their neighbors of strange sights and scenes they had known years and years before across a trackless waste of waters to the East.

No ships came that way from Holland for thirty years.

The Netherlands had given up the quest, and the lives of nine men are things too small to disturb a nation, especially if the men be foreigners.

Hudson Never Missed

AND as for England, she had never missed her Henry Hudson—only his wife and children mourned him. And their grief did not really count in a world where woe is common and the tears of women are nothing strange. Women are born to weep.

But the shrewd Dutch merchants remembered Hudson's River and Manhattan Isle, and there where Hudson had planted the flag of the Netherlands they founded a city.

And they called it New Amsterdam.

Henry Hudson sought for one thing. He found another. It is ever so. And the tide of wealth and power ebbd from Amsterdam to London.

Then from London to New Amsterdam, which we now call New York.

And behold New York as the financial center of the world, with her storied Wall Street on the very site of the shelving beach where trod the feet of Henry Hudson.

And the tide of Empire still surges toward the setting sun, with New York as the great central gateway to America, the land of Promise. Did Henry Hudson live and die in vain?

History says, No!

And the morning sun, smiting the Palisades, and gilding them with his glory, says, No!

And a city of four million people, a powerful, restless and unfolding city, immense in her possibilities, where nothing is, but all things are becoming, pays her loyal, loving tribute to Henry Hudson, and declares that out of his failure sprang success and his memory shall not be as that of one whose name is writ in water.



Words of wisdom will ever be interpreted by fools according to their folly, and words of foolishness will sometimes have truth read into them by guileless minds.



Upon every face is written the record of the life the man has led: the prayers, the aspirations, the disappointments, all he hoped to be and was not—all are written there—nothing is hidden, nor indeed can it be.

Ingersoll, The Reformer



THE world is really getting better.

¶ We are gradually growing honest, and a few men everywhere, even in the pulpit, are now acknowledging they do not know all about everything. There was little hope for the race so long as an individual was disgraced if he did not pretend to believe a thing at which his reason revolted.

We are simplifying life—simplifying truth. The man who serves his fellow men best is the one we should honor most. The learned man used to be the one who muddled things, who scrambled thought, who took reason away, and instead thrust upon us faith, with a threat of punishment if we did not accept it, and an offer of reward if we did.

¶ We have now discovered that the so-called learned man had no authority, either for his threat of punishment or his offer of reward. Hypocrisy will now not pass current, and sincerity, frozen stiff with fright, is no longer legal tender for truth. In the frank acknowledgment of ignorance there is much promise. The man who does not know, and is not afraid to say so, is in the line of evolution. But for the head that is packed with falsehood and the heart that is faint with fear, there is no hope. That head must be unloaded of its lumber, and the heart given courage before the march of progress can begin.

The Trail-Maker

¶ NOW let us be frank, and let us be honest, just for a few moments. Let us acknowledge that this revolution in thought that has occurred during the last twenty-five years was brought about mainly by one individual. The world was ripe for this man's utterance, otherwise he would not have gotten the speaker's eye. A hundred years before we would have snuffed him out in contumely and disgrace. But men listened to him and paid high for the privilege. And those who hated this man and feared him most went, too, to listen, so as to answer him and thereby keep the planet from swinging out of its orbit and sweeping on to destruction. ¶ Whenever this man spoke, in towns and cities or country, for weeks the air was heavy with the smoke of rhetoric, and reasons, soggy

and solid, and fuzzy logic and muddy proofs were dragged like siege-guns to the defense.

Fear Put to Rout

THEY dared the man to come back and fight it out. The clouds were charged with challenges, and the prophecy was made and made again that never in the same place could this man go back and get a second hearing. Yet he did go back year after year, and crowds hung upon his utterances and laughed with him at the scarecrow that had once filled their day-dreams, made the nights hideous, and the future black with terror. Through his influence the tears of pity put out the fires of hell; and he literally laughed the devil out of court. This man, more than any other man of his century, made the clergy free. He raised the standard of intelligence in both pew and pulpit, and the preachers who denounced him most, often were, and are, the most benefited by his work.

Liberator of Men

THIS man was Robert G. Ingersoll. ¶ On the urn that encloses his ashes should be these words: "Liberator of Men." When he gave his lecture on "The Gods" at Cooper Union, New York City, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, he fired a shot heard 'round the world. It was the boldest, strongest and most vivid utterance of the century.

At once it was recognized that the thinking world had to do with a man of power. Efforts were made in dozens of places to bring statute law to bear upon him, and the State of Delaware held her whipping-post in readiness for his benefit; but blasphemy enactments and laws for the protection of the Unknown were inoperative in his gracious presence.

Ingersoll was a hard hitter, but the splendid good nature of the man, his freedom from all personal malice, and his unsullied character saved him, in those early days, from the violence that would surely have overtaken a smaller person.

The Death of Dogma

INGERSOLL gave superstition such a jolt that the consensus of intelligence has counted it out. Ingersoll did not destroy the good—all that is vital and excellent and worthy in religion we have yet, and in such measure as it never existed before.

In every so-called "Orthodox" pulpit you can

now hear sermons calling upon men to manifest their religion in their work; to show their love for God in their attitude toward men; to gain the kingdom of heaven by having the kingdom of heaven in their own hearts.

Ingersoll pleaded for the criminal, the weak, the defenseless and the depraved. Our treatment toward all these has changed marvelously within a decade. When we ceased to believe that God was going to damn folks, we left off damning them ourselves. We think better now of God and we think better of men and women. Who dares now to talk about the "hopelessly lost"?

A Noble Man

YOU can not afford to indict a man who practised every so-called Christian virtue, simply because there was a flaw or two in his "belief"—the world has gotten beyond that. Everybody now admits that Ingersoll was every whit as good a man as those who denounced him most. His life was full of kind deeds and generous acts, and his daily walk was quite as blameless as the life of the average priest or preacher.

Those who seek to cry Ingersoll down reveal either density or malice. He did a great and necessary work, and did it so thoroughly and well that it will never have to be done again. His mission was to liberalize and to Christianize every church in Christendom; and no denomination, be its creed ever so ossified, stands now where it stood before Ingersoll began his crusade. ♣ He shamed men into sanity. ♣

Ingersoll uttered in clarion tones what thousands of men and women believed, but dared not voice. He was the spokesman for many of the best thinkers of his time. He abolished fear, gave courage in place of cringing doubt, and lived what he believed was truth. His was a brave, cheerful and kindly life. He was loved most by those who knew him best, for in his nature there was neither duplicity nor concealment. He had nothing to hide. We know and acknowledge the man's limitations, yet we realize his worth: his influence in the cause of simplicity and honesty has been priceless.

Coming Into His Own

THE dust of conflict has not yet settled; prejudice still is in the air, but time, the great adjuster, will give Ingersoll his due. The

history of America's thought evolution can never be written with the name of Ingersoll left out. In his own splendid personality he had no rivals, no competitors. He stands alone; and no name in liberal thought can ever eclipse his. He prepared the way for the thinkers and the doers who shall come after, and in insight surpass him, reaching spiritual heights which he, perhaps, could never attain. This earth is a better place, and life and liberty are safer because Robert G. Ingersoll lived.

The last words of Ingersoll were, by a strange coincidence, the dying words of his brother Ebon: "I am better!"—words of hope, words of assurance to the woman he loved.

Sane to the last! And let us, too, hope that these dear words are true of all the countless dead ❀ ❀



The saint is the business man who keeps his word and is always on time.



The Unpardonable Sin



AM not sure just what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is the disposition to postpone and evade the payment of small bills.

Curiously enough, the people who are most given to this sort of sin are not the poor nor the illiterate. They are often college graduates, and sometimes are members of the learned professions ❀ ❀

They may also belong to a fashionable church and be eminently respectable ❀ ❀

They may own an automobile, with a bulldog on the seat. They may have a "furliner" and be in evidence on first nights at the theater ❀ Yet, in spite of all this, dressmakers, grocers, butchers, farmers and plain people may suffer at their hands. Their lives are so full looking after the mere machinery of life that character and human life are as nothing to them.

Self-consciousness fills their souls. They ride over the rights of people who can not defend themselves ❀ ❀

And yet, at times, they are filled with a lachrymose desire to help humanity, and so they go slumming, organize missionary societies and

badger the poor ❀ I wonder if society, in its society sense, does not evolve just this sort of cruel, thoughtless, heedless indifference that forgets the little needful duties at the door?

The Real Delinquents

PERHAPS I am wrong. If so, ask your grocer and the livery-stable man who are the folks who contract bills and never pay, or pay when they please. My opinion is they will tell you these are the aristocrats, and not the carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths or engineers, who look you frankly and squarely in the eye, and if they promise to pay you on Saturday and can not, come around and tell you why.

I have been despoiled of hard-earned dollars and had my reputation ripped up the back when I ventured to ask for my own; but it seems to me now that I have never been done for excepting by those people who have a "Thursday," and who consider themselves a little better than the common toilers.

When the man has earned the dollar, pay him at once and see how much better you feel ❀ ❀



The dentist comes in with civilization and a mush-and-milk diet.



Self-Reliance



THE Latter-Day Saints, otherwise known as the Mormons, have a plan of sending out their best young men by twos, all over the world a-proselyting.

The period spent at this work is two years.

The actual object of sending them out is not so much to convert the world as to educate the young men. The missionary work is merely an excuse, although this fact is not emphasized to the young men, because we learn by indirection and not when we say, "Go to, now watch us enlarge our phrenological organs."

❀ The Japanese Government has men in every corner of the civilized globe ❀ These young men return in a few years, with ideas that form a leaven which is changing the mental complexion of the country.

The Oneida Community sent their young men on the road as salesmen. They gathered gear as they went and became citizens of the world, yet never lost their distinctive qualities, nor did their loyalty for their religion become lukewarm. ✱ ✱

I have known Jews to send their sons out with a pedler's pack, for a like reason and with a like result.

The Broader Outlook

THE Compulsory Military system of Germany, with its moving garrisons, has its advantages. It takes the young man out of his peaceful, dead-level village and shows him another side of life before he becomes a confirmed buckwheat. It teaches him manners and the use of soap. In the army, as in the world, you have to be decent—or fairly so—in order to get along at all.

One might suppose that these Mormon Missionaries would shed their faith in associating with the world's people, but not so.

The very act of preaching their faith and defending it, even in the face of insult and brass-plated stupidity, convinces the youth of the righteousness of his cause.

You never lose your faith while fighting for it. You lose it when you cease fighting for it.

Standing Alone

MAN is a migratory animal. We learn by keeping in motion; by travel; by transplantation; in moments of joy and times of grief. Only running water is pure, and Sir Oliver Lodge says that a planet not in motion would dissolve into a gas and be lost.

Young men and women should be allowed to try their wings. The desire to "go somewhere" has its proper and natural use. ✱ Do not oppose it. Also, do not insist on the chaperon. ✱ ✱

The chaperon habit is a bad one, since it may become chronic and make the chaperon a necessity. The chaperon is n't so bad, but the need of one is simply fierce.

The youth of fifteen or sixteen who is allowed to go away a hundred miles or so on a visit, or a business errand, will often get more good out of the trip than he would get in a year at a boarding-school under the fussy care of a man with his collar buttoned behind, or one with brass buttons all up and down his martial front.

The Benefits of Travel

WE grow through making decisions. ✱ If you travel with some one who looks up the route, keeps tab on the train and buys the tickets, you lose, in great degree, the benefits of travel.

That young man of meager means who could not afford a wedding-trip for two, and so sent his bride away on a tour alone, was no fool.

✱ The girl who cannot go single in safety is not fit to work in double harness.

The actual benefit of college does not come so much from the curriculum as from the change of environment. ✱ New people, new scenes, new conditions with which to cope—these are the things that work for growth.

✱ The simple act of going into a dining-car or restaurant and selecting from the bill of fare a dinner is a lesson in life which many a well-bred girl, full-grown, has never been allowed to gain.

Developing Self-Reliance

SO the plea is this: Give your children liberty; let them develop their self-reliance through the exercise of choice, and of all methods or plans of education, travel, without head-cheese chaperonage, is the best.

✱ Alexander and William Humboldt are the two greatest brothers in history, judged by achievements. They attended six universities, and never remained more than a year in any one. They thus secured points of comparison, and evolved a self-reliant habit of thought which seldom comes to a man who has gone to but one college.

To the Humboldts, the university was never a finality.

The fact that they never graduated was an advantage. They never "got through."

They never banked on a degree, because they never had one. They got all of the advantages of college with none of its petty plaster-of-Paris, dwarfing, caste influences.

The Special-Student Plan

THE reason that the special-student plan has never become popular is because the special student never gets the social prestige that a pupil does who goes through or graduates and thus becomes a member of an order.

✱ The Mormon plan of sending out the best and brightest young men on a two-year tour of

the world is a very wise one. It makes the youth a cosmopolitan, instead of an urbanite. No college could possibly do the young man so much good as the jibes and jeers with which he is sure to meet. He is taught to keep his temper; to be patient; to expect little; and if he sticks for his two years he returns home with the corners knocked off his cosmos.

When he left he was a boy; now he is a man.

¶ Such an experience gives a considerable respect for the world that did the hand-polishing. The novitiate is then ripe for a life's work, a work which often requires great invention, patience, and the manly qualities that give much and ask for little. ¶ Cast the bantling on the rocks. Let him acquire an education, instead of being presented with one.

And that's a part of the process that goes into the making of a man.

The Greeks regarded a woman who had brains with suspicion. So do we.

Homeopathy's Pre-Eminence



HE subject was literature, but it got switched off on surgery because Bloxom said that Clang-ingharp had appendicitis and was to be tabled.

"It's queer," said Bloxom; "it's dam queer that there has never been a single great surgeon among Homeopathsists!" And he looked off wonderingly into space.

"How about Klue?" asked Bigelow.

"Oh, yes, I know, but you can't really call Klue a great surgeon," answered Bloxom, still gazing into space.

"Or Chew?"

"Oh, Chew's reputation is merely local!"

"Or Glue?"

"Eh?" Bloxom looked around, and it then came over him that Bigelow was calling up from the yeasty deep of his inner consciousness a list of eminent surgeons. He turned red as a rooster's wattle and tried hard to laugh.

"One check!" said Hendrick to the waiter, and the bill was shoved at Bloxom to pay.

¶ He winced and protested, but we told him if he did not pay, Noxon would write the whole

story up in "The Philistine," giving full particulars with times and places. And he paid.

We change men by changing their environment.

The Boy: A Potentiality



HAVE a profound respect for boys.

Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely.

A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with many possibilities.

He may make or unmake kings, change boundary-lines between States, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

Every man was once a boy: I trust I shall not be contradicted; it is really so.

Wouldn't you like to turn Time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots? The lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out, crouched before the glare of the burning logs!

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old; who was thin and pale and perverse, and had tantrums, and had to be sent supperless to bed, or locked in a dark closet because he would n't "mind"!

Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six; and when told that the exchequer of France was in dire confusion, would say, "The finances? I will arrange them!"

Respect the Boy

VERY distinctly and vividly I remember a slim, freckled boy, who was born in the "Patch," and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court, and that boy from the "Patch" was the Judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

¶ Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held his trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred.

He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute.

His back turned, I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unhastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins. ¶ Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff. ¶ Destiny awaits just around the corner.

Be patient with the boys!



Two to one in all things against the angry man.



Stedman's Best Poem



"HAT is your best poem?" asked Anne Partland of Edmund Clarence Stedman some years ago. ¶

"I have not written it," came the quick reply. "Some day when I can get away from business cares and manifold duties I am going to write my best poem."

At that time the poet was engaged in liquidating the debts of a dying friend, by means of letters to the invalid's numerous creditors. ¶ Some time afterward he was asked again if he had begun work on the best poem. "Not yet," he replied cheerily, while writing a check, payable to an invalid author, who at that time was in the Home for Incurables. ¶ A short time before he left us, the poet turned to Miss Partland and said: "I have not written it, and I fear I shall go soon."

Dearly beloved poet, you were writing the Best Poem all your life, in deeds of love and kindness, and today it is being sung in the hearts of all whose lives are the better for the strength and cheer of which you gave so freely.

The Roycroft Sunday School Lessons for November

By Alice Hubbard

General Health Thought: Remember seven days in the week and keep them holy.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Lesson LXXV—Sunday, November 7, 1909

I feel no desire to go to California or Pike's Peak, but I often think at night, with an inexpressible satisfaction and yearning, of the arrowheadiferous sands of Concord.



THROUGH the process of civilization, three classes of men have evolved: the Idealist, the Practical man—the Realist—and the man of Common Clay, who just lives. The Idealist maps for us an undiscovered country whose bourne we hope to reach. He is a seer, a prophet of better things and conditions, a poet, a priest. He shows us distinctly the Ideal World in which we should live. ¶ His office in this great scheme of life is to create a desire for a better life and for better living, to give us the divine discontent.

His province is not to show us the way, but simply to announce to us the fact that there is a Promised Land, a beautiful world, and to tell us that it is ours by divine right.

The work of the Realist is to connect this known world with the unknown. It is he who must create and make actual the Ideal World, and then lead the Children of Israel, even the Idealists themselves, into the Land of Canaan.

¶ He is the Moses of his time. He is very wise; he has prescience; he is a man of this world and the world to come, that is, the Ideal Conditions. He is the supremely great man because he does a very great work.

While he toils in the fields, he must appreciate the glory of the sunset, the beauty of the landscape. When working for better conditions for the ignorant and vicious, he must be patient with their criticisms, their cruel accusations, their dishonesty and their disintegrating work. ¶ He lives with the common people, but he is not of them.

He has the wisdom to know that when he owes a man a reprimand, he has not paid his debt when he gives him money or soothing sympathy. ¶

He has the courage and the strength, does the Realist, to eliminate from amongst his

workers those who, while talking eloquently of the Ideal City, are destroying the road he is making toward the Holy Land of Ideals. ¶ The third class of humanity just is. These people have always existed, they are with us like the poor.

When Brutus spoke over the dead body of Cæsar, this third class shouted for Brutus and his sentiments.

Within the hour, when Mark Antony gave his oration advocating opposite sentiments, the same people shouted for Antony and his cause, "Down with Brutus!"

If you tell these people that the state (whatever that may be) owes them a living, and that they ought to demand it, straightway they make their demands.

They have a discontent—not yet divine.

They will not carry responsibility, but they want the power which comes with it. ¶ They want money, but they do not want the burden of earning money. They want the product of conserved labor, homes, lands, buildings, the benefits of travel, but they do not want the habit of saving and self-denial which makes these things possible. To them, careless extravagance in little things is more desirable than the discipline of economy in time and money.

¶ These are the people whom the Rationalist and the Idealist must educate. These are they whom God must love, said Lincoln, because He made so many of them. These are they who in some age to come will enter and possess the Promised Land.

Henry David Thoreau was one of the most ideal Idealists who has lived.

The Holy Land which he pointed out is right here and now. It is at our door. We do not have to wait for it nor to go to it. He shows us how to enter into it at once.

There, in Walden Woods, at an expense that any healthy person could meet, he lived royally in an ideal world. He lived with the birds and the little creatures of the forest. He wrote of the beautiful that was within the reach of everybody.

For a vacation-trip, in his home-made canoe, he went up and down the Merrimac River and wrote as he traveled. He made the beauty of the Concord River known to Concord people and the world. You see, even Thoreau's play was immortal.

Land in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, was not considered very valuable as farm property, on account of the swamps and marshes. The early settlers had discovered there malaria, rheumatism and swamp-fever. Grendel lived in the midst. Nobody loved the low ground.

¶ But Thoreau found that the marshes were full of the most wonderful treasures God had entrusted to earth. Any flower that had pistil, stamen, corolla and calyx was worthy of worship. When you saw the charm and

the glory of the rhodora, azalea and honeysuckle, the little bluebell, the fairy pitcher-plant, the showy orchid, the various violets and hundreds of other flowers, you found, indeed, a veritable Holy of Holies!

No Aaron's rod that budded could be half the miracle that a budding maple-twigg is. What was the miracle of the loaves and fishes compared with a beech-tree in March, with its bare branches, and the same tree in October laden with the solid triangles of sweet and dainty meats! Compare the wonder of water turned into wine, with water turned into the nectar of tree and flower!

Why look for a sign of God's presence or power in the sky, when there is at your feet the demonstration of cunning and power in the metamorphosis of the tiny egg into the pollywog, and the gradual change into the frog!

¶ Preachers were exhorting all people to bear in mind that Jehovah was the only living God, because of a story, ages old, told in a book of questionable history, about fire coming from Heaven and lapping up water.

Thoreau said it was better to use your eyes right now. See how the lightning darts from the sky and touches the earth with fire. See how man has harnessed that power and used it to better man's condition, here this day.

Why quibble about a story of death and resurrection, when the mystery takes place before your eyes every year?

Unthinking man plows, sows and harvests stolidly, without a thrill or question of wonder.

¶ An immaculate conception? Why, all birth and all life is from God, and it is most holy, most pure, most miraculous, wholly immaculate. ¶

"Have you made your peace with God?" the meddlesome idler asked Thoreau, who was working intensely on a book to get it done before Death called for him.

I have never quarreled with Him, said this great man.

"But how about a life to come? Are you prepared for another world?" persisted the Reverend Parker Pillsbury.

One world at a time, my friend! One world at a time! said Thoreau, as he sharpened the sentences that told of this world and its beauty and glory.

To be saved in this world for this world, to appreciate this world, and all this world contains, was for Thoreau salvation enough. To prepare for this life and to live this life, was better than to prepare for the unknowable, and not live today.

Man needed neither mansions in Heaven nor mansions on earth, but he did need to love the trees, flowers, fruits and all animal life.

We do not need to know all languages spoken on the earth, but it is wisdom to know the language of people with whom we live, also

that of our dumb brother, the tree, as well as the language of flowers and birds.

It is life and joy to appreciate the starlight and sunshine, the moonbeams and the fitful shadows of the night. To know that storms are as good as calms, and to love them, to welcome with equal joy the winter and the summer, the fall and the spring, is life too.

It is all good, said Thoreau. We are bathed in an ocean of love and light and life. All we need to do is to accept it.

Busy people, whose measure of values for everything was money, said to Thoreau, "You are not practical. What you say is all moonshine. It is neither practical nor permanent."

¶ Soon after this there was a panic—the banks failed everywhere. Men went up and down with anxious faces, and intense care brought wrinkles and white hair before their time.

¶ Values had not changed in Thoreau's business. There had been no panic in his world. Birds were mating and singing their love-songs as usual. The bees flew joyously to and fro without anxiety or distress. Thoreau went out into the moonlight and looking over his wonderful possessions of sky and placid earth said:

There is nothing permanent but moonshine—everything else is liable to dissolution.

My moonlight will last forever.

I think the children who now explore the woods, fields and swamps of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, are not superior, on the whole, to the children of counties of other states. But in this one particular of love, reverence and respect for the wild flowers, birds and little animals, they surpass all others of whom I know. These children watch for the coming of the spring with vital interest. They welcome the flowers and birds as though they were their little brothers and sisters. They call them by name as if they lived on intimate terms with them.

"Hush! If you will promise never to tell anybody, ever, I will show you where the *Sarracenia purpurea* grows. You must promise never to pick any of it because it is so rare!" So said a little whirlwind child to me one day in early June. I promised and she furtively led me to where, in Pritchard's woods, a little garden of these plants grew. She tiptoed around and then disclosed other secrets of inestimable value. She knew the habits of the plants of field and wood, what you might and what you must not pick, when to expect the plants and how long they were in bloom. And so did the grandchildren of Mrs. Maguire, the woman who washed and ironed, and gossiped and cleaned for you.

"Who told you about the flowers and birds?" I asked the children.

They looked up at me with a little smile of toleration for my stupidity and replied, "We always knew about them."

Had they ever heard of Thoreau? "No! Oh, yes; he was a queer man who lived long ago and wrote books."

This was all they seemed to know of the great man who had given to them a glorious heritage, a new heaven and a new earth, right here on earth and now.

And Thoreau did this, not only for Concord and Massachusetts, but for all children of all ages of the entire world.



Lesson LXXVI—Sunday, November 14, 1909

It is foolish for a man to accumulate material wealth chiefly, houses and lands. Our stock in life, our real estate, is that amount of thought which we have had, which we have thought out. ✱ The ground we have thus created is forever pasture for our thoughts. I fall back on to visions which I have had. What else adds to my possessions, and makes me rich in all lands? If you have ever done any work with those finest tools, the Imagination and Fancy and Reason, it is a new creation, independent of the world, and a possession forever. You have laid up something against a rainy day; you have, to that extent, cleared the wilderness.



HETHER God has a chosen people or not, I do not know, but I am sure that there are certain places on the earth that are particularly dear to Him. To New England as a whole He must have given especial attention before that beautiful morning when He contemplated His work and called it good; and then, just to show what could be done with earth stuff, He took a day and made Concord, Massachusetts.

This town has been blessed, moreover, in having for its inhabitants those who have tried to emulate their Creator in expressing the beautiful which is in their minds and hearts.

Wise men, coming to the East in search of a place to call Elysium, must have pitched their tents there years ago and built tabernacles where they might rest forever.

Perhaps the theosophists are correct when they say that spirits wait on another shore for the opportune moment to choose the right environment of parents and home.

Henry D. Thoreau seems to have been predestinated, foreordained, to be a native of this Place of Peace. ✱ He was born in the East Quarter of Concord, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on July Twelfth, Eighteen Hundred Seventeen. ✱

Channing said of him, "There is Thoreau;

give him sunshine and a handful of nuts and he has enough."

It did n't matter to him that his father was poor ❀

"What is your favorite dish?" Henry was asked by a hostess who was proud of her good cooking.

The nearest was Henry's disappointing reply. While he was still a youth he wrote as follows to a friend:

This curious world which we inhabit is more wonderful than it is convenient; more beautiful than it is useful; it is more to be enjoyed than used.

The order of things should be reversed: the seventh should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul—in which to range this wide-spread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of Nature.

It was not common clay that was used in making Thoreau. "Star-shine" and soul-stuff were the materials that a careful analysis would prove, I am sure—"such stuff as dreams are made on."

This should not be construed that Thoreau was frail or effeminate or dealt much in fancy. He had the hardihood to attack any mental problem, the strength and energy to bring out of the wastes and deserts of thought what others only dreamed was there. No man ever lived who was more virile in his thought, more manly in its expression. His mental courage was as heroic as Darwin's. He was as undaunted at the tasks he felt were to be done as was the fabled Hercules with his twelve labors.

Thoreau was thoroughly a man when a difficult task was to be done; as conscientious as an obedient child, when his artistic conscience told him what was right. He had no hesitation about responding when The Voice spoke—the consequences were not considered.

Out of his dream fabrics, Thoreau made realities, and he used them always in his business ❀

Some one might ask, "What was Thoreau's business?" I would answer, "Living!" No man made it a more vital issue of his existence than did this Idealist. Possibly his greatness lies in the fact that he tried to make real and practical his dreams of life.

Thoreau went to school to see what there was in books that applied to life. He had the hungry mind and he read and studied as a genuine student can and does. He tried to find all there was that school could give ❀ He prepared for college in Concord and went over to Cambridge from there, often going and coming on foot.

Thoreau finished the college course in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven, he being just twenty.

He had worked summers and vacations, helping to defray the expense of his stay at Harvard. I hold in my hand one of the famous Thoreau lead-pencils which Henry made in his father's shop in Concord. On it are stamped the words, "Thoreau & Son, Concord, Mass." There are n't many of them now, though Henry and his father used to peddle these pencils from Concord to New York City.

Of course, the boy's principal business on these trips was to study life, and he made the most of his opportunities.

Henry learned to survey, and this was the work that gave him the most money for his few needs. Surveying belongs to a peculiar type of mind. The best educated man—the village genius—is usually the one who uses the compass and chain. His office is as important as that of the doctor, preacher or undertaker—he is called in when important matters are transpiring. He is looked upon with awe and respect, for he can compute and deduct from signs that are mysterious to others. All that driving of stakes, sighting, wigwagging, setting of compass are impressive to young folks. Then out of all this mystery there comes the clear announcement of so many acres of land, so many chains, so many links, due north.

Very much has been written and said about the experiment that Thoreau made of living alone at Walden from July, Eighteen Hundred Forty-five, to the fall of Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven. I do not believe it was an event in his life any more than it was in history. He proved something, as did the Brook Farm people. Probably it was not what any of them had intended to prove. Discoverers start for one place and often fail to find it, but they find something of value.

In his observations Thoreau found that life had become complex, and that waste and want were perpetually pulling at the scales for a balance. There was too much house and house-keeping, too much food, too many clothes. All day long people rushed with such intensity to supply themselves with this superabundance, that they had no time to secure even a poor man's quota of spiritual food, shelter and clothing. They were not sufficient unto themselves and looked to something outside their own efforts for necessities and for happiness. The purpose of Thoreau's experiment was to see what life would be when the seventh day was used for labor. In that one day he was to do all the work necessary to earn what the body required. Then he was to use the six days to feed the spirit and to make a heaven within the mind—to weave shining garments of thought and love and beauty. Why not? Theology taught that the spirit-life was everything, the physical life was only a tale that is told, a drop in the ocean of eternity. Man was taking six times as much thought for the body

as for the soul. ¶ Thoreau said this should be reversed and he reversed it.

The Sabbath was no more sacred to him than was any other day of the week; in fact, he remembered seven days and kept them all holy. To nourish the plants, to feed the wild birds, to tend the flowers and to plow the fields were to him sacred offices.

There was more worship in these acts than in tending altar-fires or singing hymns or preaching. ❀

Thoreau built with his own hands a little house of logs out there in that garden of God, overlooking the blue waters of Walden Pond. There he planted a few beans, carrots, cabbage and potatoes, a little corn and wheat and barley. There he tended his friends, the growing things, and loved them into flower and fruit. There, when the nuts were ripe, he gathered them both for himself and for his intimate companions, the squirrels and chipmunks.

Can you imagine a fairy-tale as beautiful as is the true story of Thoreau's life in the woods of Walden?

The sun and moon and stars were his time-piece; the seasons, the birds and flowers were his calendar; the trees were his brothers and friends. Yes, every bird, beast, insect, flower, seed, fruit, weed and plant of any kind, was his companion.

He was ministered unto by the moonbeams and the starlight. The ripples on the water, the sparkles on the grass spoke to him in a language that he knew well.

There at the door of his cabin he would sit communing with all that is, and squirrels and birds would come and sit on his knee or on his shoulder and eat from his hand, or tell him their secrets.

He knew just when and where the pimpernel would bloom, the tiny orchids, the gaudy lady's-slipper, the cowslip in the swamp, the little wild calla-lily and its saucy cousin, the Jack-in-the-pulpit. Every pasture and meadow, swamp and wood for miles around was his familiar haunt. He was always there to give each blossom a welcome when it appeared. ❀ In many families time is reckoned from "when Johnny was born," or "when little Willie died," or "when we were married."

Thoreau dated events from "when the blue-fringed gentian bloomed," "when the *Simplocarpus foetidus* first called the bees to get fresh honey," "when the meadow-larks came back."

Yes, the sturdy, strong, heroic, manly Thoreau lived in fairyland.



Lesson LXXVII—Sunday, November 21, 1909

Love does not partake of our imperfections; though we are finite, it is infinite and eternal.



E have often noticed that very sensitive people, children especially, quiver and tremble with actual dread when a long-expected person comes, or when a vitally anticipated event is near. The pain is often intense; they do not know why.

Probably the reason for this is that they have built an ideal, and fear that the real will not sustain the creation of the imagination.

The soul longs for the perfect and is never satisfied without at least a hope of the perfect.

¶ All normal people have the Messianic instinct—the hope of finding the Ideal Person. ❀ Humanity is searching for it. We praise or blame as those whom we meet approach or fall short of what we have imagined this Messiah would be.

Thoreau was one of the most sensitive of souls, and he was forever pursuing and looking for the ideal. So fine a spirit as his has rarely been given to earth. He was an exquisite. The dulness of the unawakened was pain to him.

In a letter to Harrison Blake, he says, For my part I am trying to wake up;—to wring slumber out of my pores; for generally I take events as unconcernedly as a fence-post, absorb wet and cold like it, and am pleasantly tickled with lichens slowly spreading over me. Blake! are you awake? Are you aware what an ever-glorious morning this is,—what long-expected, never-to-be-repeated opportunity is now offered to get life and knowledge?

Our bodies are prison-houses of such wonderful possibilities! Instead of opening doors and windows, tearing down walls and ceilings, we are fortifying every avenue of escape with sloth and love of ease,—disintegrating qualities. We are for the most part slipping into the way of death, instead of laying hold of life. We should give a trumpet call to every fiber of our being, and with the aid of love, beauty, action and work awake our souls.

Some of those who have lived long and well, upon looking back over their lives, can not distinguish between the ecstasies of pain and joy. They see only the results—the effects of these great awakenings, which are the only value. They can not remember that the sensation in many cases is what we call agony. It brought a spiritual awakening which was a taste of eternal life. That was enough.

¶ There is no happiness known to man that can compare with a mental exercise. It transcends infinitely any physical pleasure man can know. ❀

Mental exercise, soul exercise is the great awakener.

Exercise means life; life means activity. Inaction means death.

It was this spiritual trumpet call, this awakening of the spirit into action that was Thoreau's special life-work.

Henry Thoreau never married. His ideal of love was too exquisite for him to dare compare the real with his ideal. He was afraid of it. To venture into its very presence was to see the awful Jehovah face to face. Then, suppose that the real should shatter the Ideal! It was too great a risk.

He has written on the subject of love two little essays, or, as he said, he has put down on paper some thoughts on Love. I know of nothing in literature with which to compare these.

He looks upon marriage with virgin eyes, as though it were a new arrangement in the affairs of life between two people irresistibly drawn together.

There would be a new race and an ideal one, were such cause for marriage as is pictured by Henry Thoreau the only one recognized by humanity.

We must love our friend so much that she shall be associated with our purest and holiest thoughts alone.

A man must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his only beverage.

The luxury of affection—there's the danger. There must be some nerve and heroism in our love, as of a winter morning.

In this relation we deal with one whom we respect more religiously even than we respect our better selves, and we shall necessarily conduct ourselves as in the presence of God.

¶ The warmth of celestial love does not relax, but nerves and braces its enjoyer.

A true marriage will differ in no wise from illumination.

In all perception of truth there is a divine ecstasy, an inexpressible delirium of joy. The ultimate delights of a true marriage are one with this.

No wonder that, out of such a union, not as end, but as accompaniment, comes the undying race of man.

The offspring of noble men and women will be superior to themselves, as their aspirations are. By their fruits ye shall know them.

These thoughts are a few from among those sent one day by Thoreau to his friend Blake.

¶ We love, when we love as high-born souls—with all our being. So absorbing a power is it that, as Thoreau says:

The object of love expands and grows before us to eternity, until it includes all that is lovely, and we become all that can love.

Thoreau makes a distinction which a number of writers have hinted at, but, so far as I know, none has written about it so directly and clearly as he states it in the following two paragraphs.

In love and friendship the imagination is as much exercised as the heart; and if either is outraged the other will be estranged. It is commonly the imagination which is first wounded, rather than the heart,—it is so much the more sensitive.

Comparatively speaking, we can excuse any offense against the heart, but not against the imagination. The imagination knows—nothing escapes its glance from out its eyry and it controls the breast. My heart may still yearn toward the valley, but my imagination will not permit me to jump off the precipice that debars me from it, for it is wounded, its wings are clipped, and it can not fly even descendingly. Our "blundering hearts," some poet says. The imagination never forgets; it is a remembering. It is not foundationless, but most reasonable, and it alone uses all the knowledge of the intellect.

All lovers create with the imagination the ideal one. The mother sometimes has hers shattered and then re-creates this ideal for her sons.

You meet women as you go up and down the streets whose faces tell you plainer than the newsboys with their "extra!" of the tragedies of outraged imagination. The heart still yearns toward husband or son, but the Ideal has been crushed. Men, too, have the same history written upon their faces.

Only one thing could be more pitiful, and that is that love should descend into low ground, and say, "Tragedy is the fate of love. It belongs in the swamps, marshes and the thick woods. Get from it all there is in it."

¶ Keep your ideals is the hint Thoreau gives us. Live up to the highest promptings of your own intelligence. Be an individual. Consult your own genius.

"Love must be as much a light as a flame."

¶ When you feel an obligation to please another, you are usually descending—stooping from the soul's high estate. You then lose your ideal and are using as your standard of action, your friend's desire, or what you think is his desire. Such living leads to spiritual death and degeneration.

The Children of Israel had been rescued from slavery and were led out into the desert, which way led to the Promised Land of High Ideals and holy living. ¶ They often backslid, as Methodists used to say. Moses found them on many occasions ready to turn back to serfdom.

Slavery was forgotten when they remembered the flesh-pots of Egypt. The imagination was dormant for the time. The heart yearned for the common and vulgar which had so long been home. ¶ The Israelites descended to follow the heart only and deserted the beacon-light of the imagination.

Moses was the lord of light who held his followers to the ideal created by the imagination.

¶ Thoreau is the lord of light to all lovers who, with heart and imagination purified and refined, seek to enter into a new world. There the race shall be as gods with reason and judgment, a pure heart and an ideal imagination.

"Let love be purified and all the rest will follow."

Lesson LXXVIII—Sunday, November 28, 1909

I should like not to exchange any of my life for money.



N Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-one, a company of intellectual American men and women tried that always new, ever old experiment of founding an Ideal Community. The Brook Farm experiment, as it was called, was well thought out before it was started.

"Back to Nature," was the purpose of the experiment, but not back to nature as the primeval race lived. They were to get their living out of the soil, which is evidently Nature's first plan, and they were also to exercise every faculty and power which man had evolved.

By fine calculations and computations, it was determined that a few hours each day of manual labor was enough to give the necessities of life, and all the luxuries that refinement and culture needed.

Another and a larger allotment of time was given to mental exercise in literature, music, art or whatever taste the individual intellect had. Each person was to do what he could do best and what he most enjoyed.

The whole plan talked well; it also looked well—on paper. "We will try it," said they. No one had much money. "Nothing ventured, nothing lost," is a consideration which brings a quicker decision than the one with more romance in it, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

They bought this farm and weighted it with a mortgage that nearly covered the property. They retained the services of a practical farmer. He was to show them how to run the farm, but he was to do their bidding, so he was to have wages, since he had neither voice nor vote in the management—a deprivation not usually paid for.

They tried to educate the farmer to their views of the Ideal Life, but he insisted that hay would get wet and it would spoil if wet after Ideal working hours, just as it would during any other hours. "Make hay while the sun shines," was the working motto of the hired man. He told the literary lights just what he thought.

He was neither a union man nor a socialist. He had no hours when manual labor was indelicate or out of place. Work until the work was finished in the season for sowing and reaping, was his plan.

The Brook farmers said that there was no high and no low in work, that it was all good. They recognized no distinction of caste in the laborers. All sat at one table. While they ate their plain food, they discussed high and lofty themes.

The hired man was lonesome and dissatisfied. The farming was not a success, and he left the experimenters to their mortgage and their transcendentalism or anything else they chose to try.

A degree of success is necessary for health and good nature.

The Brook farmers were not successful. There is something beside plain living and high thinking required to meet financial obligation. Hard work, well-timed, and much of it, eternal vigilance, using the opportune moment, are necessities, when you must pay taxes, interest on a mortgage, and buy seed, implements and stock for a farm.

The Idealists at Brook Farm found all this true, but they did not find the way to success, or else they were not willing to pay the price. They were philosophers, nearly all of them. A pinch of philosophy is good, but—to paraphrase Emerson—this was being immersed in philosophy.

All knew the theory of living, and wrote exceedingly well and forcefully on the subject, but they did not make good farmers as the conditions were in Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven.

Individually, the people who made the Community at Brook Farm were great and charming. As a body, the community was all top head, the chin not well developed.

They found, too, that men are not equal, even after the hired man had gone.

The supreme test of character is to live in close contact with many people. Even a partial success is possible, only where each one very strictly minds his own business. Married couples would live better, were they to expect each to take complete care of one person, "myself." Then the gift of time, thought, care and exchange of courtesies should be gratefully accepted, if accepted. We so soon begin to demand favors from the people with whom we live, and oblige them to do for us, simply because they are near. Propinquity is dangerous to friendship, unless one lives with his ideals all of the time and does not descend to live in his lower nature. It is terrible when some people lay aside their company manners—their every-day ones are so vulgar and disagreeable. Be yourself? Only your best self!

The experimental station at Roxbury was not an Ideal Community, because the people were not Ideal. That is the only reason there has never been an Ideal Community or Commonwealth—there are so few Ideal People!

It is easy to live alone and respect the rights of others and not to interfere with others—as easy as “New-Year Resolutions.”

It is comparatively a simple thing to outline in writing a perfect life, but it is not so simple for imperfect men and women to live such lives. Besides all other difficulties, this question must be decided—and this has been the cause of most wars—“Whose Ideal are we going to live?” So long as men’s Ideals differ, there will have to be individual lives while we look to the God within for authority.

Thoreau knew the people of Brook Farm well. He often visited them, but he never joined them. His wisdom told him that he could not live their Ideals and his own at the same time. He preferred his own.

Thoreau, Alcott and Emerson used to walk over to Roxbury from Concord to give and receive of their best crop, ideas. And this was a crop they could and did raise.

They all, participants and sympathizers, got much out of the six years that the Community existed—golden experience and thought.

Hawthorne while there gathered material for one of the best stories ever written, “The Blithedale Romance.”

Margaret Fuller had awakened an ambition to extend her world and live a larger life.

Thoreau watched them all from his eyry and was greatly influenced. However, he just kept on living his life.

During the Community life, he had had his little experiment at Walden. Then he went to New York City and felt for a time the throb of the great pulse of aggregated humanity. He knew Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and Whitman.

Whitman interested him much. Of “Leaves of Grass” he wrote Blake this: One woman told me that no woman could read it—as if a man could read what a woman could not. Of course, Walt Whitman can communicate to us no experience, and if we are shocked, whose experience is it that we are reminded of?

When Margaret Fuller Ossoli with her husband and child was drowned off Fire Island, Thoreau spent three days searching the beach for her body and those of her loved ones.

In a letter to Emerson he tells all that was known of the shipwreck and the death of one of America’s greatest women. Up and down Fire Island beach he searched that he might find what would comfort her mother and friends, and he, too, was her friend.

His letter to Harrison Blake concerning this event shows how deeply affected was this sensitive soul. And it shows the great faith

he had that all is well, no matter what occurs. ¶ His friends said that the tragedy connected with John Brown’s death caused him to be sick, and he was never well afterward. The horrors attendant upon war made him hate the Civil War.

Yet, when a test of principle came, he was not dismayed at any suffering. He and Emerson had discussed the foundations of Democracy, and concluded that a government that sanctioned the holding of slaves was a Democracy only in name and unworthy to exist. They said they would not contribute to the support of such a commonwealth by paying taxes. ¶ Those clothed with a little brief authority, the tax-collectors, pressed the matter to a conclusion. Emerson paid, after holding out until the village “cooler” was imminent.

Thoreau stood by his principles, and the constable shut him up in jail. Emerson and their friends considered together about Thoreau’s situation. Finally, Emerson went with the money to get him out. It had been trying to the nerves of all concerned. A gentle spirit like Thoreau locked in the room where the disorderly vagrants were punished! It was carrying the thing too far. Protest, of course, but use moderation, was the consensus of opinions.

Emerson came and looked in upon Thoreau and with serious but gentle reproof in his tone said, “Thoreau, why are you here?”

Emerson, why are you not here? was Thoreau’s spirited reply. ¶ He was a Dream Child, was Thoreau, who dreamed beautiful day-dreams of truth that shall some day be realized. “Is his Celestial Country a long way off?” ¶ I think it is. But it is not an impossible country, and such inhabitants as he dreamed of and as he was would be very delightful companions for the pure in heart.

Thoreau died in Concord in his mother’s home, May Sixth, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two. To him the life of the spirit was of so much more value than that of the body, that, in his thought for the one, he neglected to care for the other.

¶ His spirit radiated beauty and integrity to the last, and he was ever beloved by the great. All that he wrote has intrinsic value. He has left the world rich where he found it poor. He would put an end to procrastinating. What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives! he says. ¶ Thoreau benefited humanity when he wrote: Whether man sleeps or wakes,—whether he runs or walks,—whether he uses a microscope or a telescope, or his naked eye,—a man never discovers anything, never overtakes anything, or leaves anything behind, but himself. Whatever he says, he merely reports himself. If he is in love, he loves; if he is in heaven, he enjoys; if he is in hell, he suffers. It is his condition that determines his locality.

The "Unspeakable" Turk



It strikes one inclined to be fair that the Turk is not so "unspeakable" after all, for we are told, for instance, that while Constantinople, a city of a million and a half people, was being carried by assault, there was nothing that even looked like a panic; foreigners watched the fighting from windows and housetops; the horse-cars continued to run, and non-combatants went about their business as usual, which was a most extraordinary thing even in this civilized day. When the garrisons surrendered at noon, the victorious Constitutional Army took charge of the city. "Measures were immediately taken by those with whom the victory rested, to insure the safety of the residents. No disorders of any kind occurred during the afternoon and no looting was permitted. General satisfaction seemed to be felt at the swift change from uncertainty to constitutional order"—surely as fine assurance as the Constitutionalists could send forth to the rest of the world of their fitness to rule.

The Lesson of Japan

THUS is another fond tradition of Christendom shattered. It is a fond delusion the followers of the faith have long hugged to themselves, that all the world that is not Christian is necessarily in Heathendom's rayless gloom. Then came the Japanese, with a speed of development that takes the breath away, who in the wars with China and Russia not only reveal what was possibly the highest degree of military science the world ever saw, but likewise teach a gaping Christendom a few other fine points, in a direction that eternally shatters said Christendom's supposed monopoly. The teaching along lines of superior medical science, military discipline, personal courage, and the heretofore supposedly only Christian virtues of forbearance, kindness, humanity, good order, honesty, etc., were so forcibly illustrated as to compel general admission by the people who had always been given to congratulating themselves that they alone had all the nobilities and decencies. There is no question that the Japanese have tremendously jarred the balance of the civilized world within the last ten years. Their conduct is opposed to all tradition, all theory, and the supposedly eternal religious verities made and provided. One of the provisions is a conviction that there can be little virtue and small humanity without the right brand of religious faith. Here enters the Jap, practising virtues of good order, humanity, kindness and fra-

ternity that put Christendom to shame; for the Jap is a "heathen," and does n't care who knows it.

The Lesson of Turkey

NOW, then, comes the Turk, always denominated as unspeakable by Christendom, warring against his despotism, which he has tolerated until now, and which, if used as a charge against him, he could employ in offset as due to the grip of usage and the fact that it exists as a survival from another day. But he does finally throw it off, and, in what amounts to the overthrow of the dynasty and the centuried existing order, involving changes tremendous in their importance, he accomplishes the great feat so as to injure scarcely a person or a person's property outside of strict military lines. What country in Christendom could see its people raise the flag of revolt, and could see the rebels take the capital of that country and subvert the existing government, without widespread panic, disorders of flagrant kind and many outrages committed against the persons and property of non-combatants? It is safe to say that there is n't one where such a change would not bring great excitement and uncertainty, much disorder, and injury to private citizens.

The Religious Massacres

THE truth is that the strongest kind of religious prejudice enters into all our views of the Turk. All the news from Turkey comes colored by this same prejudice. There is no doubt that there are two sides to the terrible religious massacres, of which we, however, get but one side—that of our poor, oppressed fellow Christians. A recent writer on Turkish subjects presents an entirely new view of the Osmanli, that is, the true Turk. He says that the pronounced traits of the real Turk are his hospitality, his kindness and his honesty. Yes, his honesty! It is true that graft is met with everywhere in official life. The Turkish official is an ex-officio grafter. But this is because graft is governmental usage. It is the thing expected. It is the way the official gets his salary. But outside of office, in his private life, the Turk is generally rigidly honest as well as truthful. This, too, is against all accepted tradition. This writer explains the error by the statement that it is the Sultan's other subjects—all Christians of a variety of brands—that have made the Turk's reputation for dishonesty. There is nobody anywhere who can beat the Greeks for mendacity, while for all-around lying and knavery the equal is not to be found, even in the Orient, of our Christian brother, the Armenian. If this writer's statements are to be accepted as true, is it not possible that there is far more behind the Armenian

outrages than a senseless fanaticism, which urges the cruel Mussulmans, lusting for blood, to fall upon their innocent and helpless neighbors and slaughter them, for no other reason, apparently, than merely to see the blood run?

The Whole Truth Not Told

THE truth is, no adequate explanation has ever been allowed to come out of the East about these Armenian massacres. It is simply impossible that different types of one people can vary so much as the Young Turks, displaying the greatest restraint and humanity in taking Constantinople, and other Turks, who fall upon their Christian neighbors and slaughter them, as alleged, in the most harrowing way. There is more behind this than Christians have ever allowed to come West; and the same is a reflection on the honesty of that faith.—“The Censor.”



Flattery is always acceptable to women also to men.



In the Legal Limelight

By Stanley Bowdle



LARGE numbers of young men are now coming to the bar from the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Veterinary Schools and the Tonsorial Colleges. Their numbers have already reduced the profession to a business, where the ferocity of competition now observable is as marked as in the sale of soap.

This has brought about an almost total subsidence of ethical life among us. Men feel that the object of legal life is the same as the object of life with a manicure, namely, the acquisition of the greatest amount of cash in the least possible time.

Brief conversation with these men quickly reveals the fact that they are either ethically untaught or that the sentimental slushy character of their teaching really unfits them for the desperate game of life into which they expect to enter.

The New Economic Environment

AND not alone does this influx of men tend to ethical anarchy among us: the vast change in our economic and industrial life, due to the declension of individual enterprise and the rise of corporate enterprise, has made our old-time ethics totally unsuited to our new economic environment, and hence we

have our oldest and best lawyers deliberately giving their talents to stock irrigation, and to the organization of trusts and combines for unheard-of fees, which in turn is winning for our profession considerable contempt among the plain people, and among the people not so plain.

Among the murmurings of our national unrest, now so manifest to all save the optimists, to whom all history is valueless, may be heard strong criticism of the legal profession—criticism that must excite any attorney who still regards the profession as something more than a means of obtaining a conspicuous amount of cash in the least possible time. These murmurings are indeed exciting the direst forebodings among the thoughtful students of history, for they indicate an enormous ethical declension among us, which, historically, has always preceded the decay and ultimate destruction of other civilizations.

The Law Interrogated

THE legal profession having thus, according to popular judgment, abandoned its old anchorages and snuffed its lights, be it, therefore, RESOLVED, that a committee be appointed by Ali Baba to consider and report upon the following matters, viz.:

To what extent have we as lawyers a code of ethics adapted to the modern situation of economic life?

Whether in daily practise we do not give the lie to the old ethics, embalmed in countless law-school commencement addresses, that we are officers of the Court, whose duty it is to aid the Court in attaining justice?

Whether we really are one of the learned professions?

Whether we owe society any duty other than to keep ourselves and our clients clear of the penitentiary, and, if so, to state that duty?

May a lawyer prepare, and urge upon the legislature the passage of a law taxing (for example) inheritances, and then advise a client how to avoid that law?

May we deliberately steer a client around a law enacted for society's benefit, and if so, to state that fact in terms of simple English? When, in the practise, are we to have regard to society's interests, and when are we to have regard to our client's interests?

The Corporation Lawyer

KNOWING that the law has denounced trusts, combines and monopolies, may a lawyer of talent deliberately use that talent to aid in the organization of one, and if so, to explain wherein that lawyer is the ethical superior of the late lamented Herr Most?

To state to what extent a lawyer should have a personal conscience, and how he may allow

it to dominate him, consistent with the payment of the office rent.

To state whether a lawyer of talent may invoke the Constitution to protect a wrong-doer in his wrong, when he knows that such protection was not contemplated by the men who framed that document; and, if he may so invoke it, to state why he enjoys distinction at the Bar and in Society, while the ambulance-chaser, whose chasing really affects no one, should be regarded contemptuously.

To state whether an attorney may enter a responsible legal governmental position, and, after learning its secrets, quit it, and accept employments from the corporations that government is investigating. To state whether such an attorney may abandon such governmental position for "more money," and to state when submission to the "more-money" argument becomes unethical, if at all; and in case obedience to the argument is always ethical, to state how a government could be run at all if everything were submitted to the lure of cash.

Lawyers Immoral?

SINCE society suffers today from that large number of economic immoralities committed just outside the pale of statutorily defined crime, to what extent may a lawyer lend himself to the commission of such immoralities by his clients; and if he may not so lend himself, to explain why the great lawyers, who do so conspicuously lend themselves, enjoy profound distinction at the bar, in society, and in the Church?

To inquire whether the popular contemptuous opinion of us held, say, by the Honorable Fra Elbertus, is not largely justified, and if not, to explain why society is so densely ignorant of our virtues—and his.

RESOLVED, further, that the committee suggest some sort of court which shall have cognizance of breaches of ethics amongst us (if, indeed, the profession shall be found to have any), which court shall have power to degrade attorneys offending against them, and see that the ostracism due to quacks is visited upon them.

RESOLVED, that the committee shall consist of three persons, who are not suspected of harboring silly optimistic views, and that they be requested to report at the next meeting of the Association.



The man who does not relax and hoot a few hoots voluntarily, now and then, is in great danger of hooting hoots and standing on his head for the edification of the pathologist and trained nurse, a little later on.

A Gentleman of the New School

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

And taught his chosen bard to say,
"The King was with us yesterday."
—Kipling



THE finest praise, so it seems, that we can think of to bestow on any man whose manners are engaging and agreeable, and whose courtesy is distinguished, is this: "He is a gentleman of the old school." It is such an easily-uttered, big-sounding, mouth-filling phrase, oftentimes loosely applied, maybe, and yet having for most of us a very specific meaning.

We recognize that it is a bold matter to assail a fetich so sacred and entrenched, but let us summon up what temerity we may, run this specious phrase to earth, and see if it be the pompous humbug that some of us have so long suspected.

Our first grievance is that we find it of that company which supposes some peculiar excellence to be adherent in all things old. "A gentleman of the old school." Observe that it is the word "old" on which the doting accent is laid. By this time experience has taught most of us that those folks who are ever vaunting the "old times," "old families," "old manners," etc., are those who have not been quite able to keep step and keep abreast with the march of the moderns, and from force of long habit have become as fixed in their backward looking as Lot's wife.

Old-Time Manners

MY next and chief grievance is that it casts, by implication, a slur and belittlement on the modern gentleman. Certainly this is not merited. I protest that there is no point at which we so favorably compare with our forbears as in manners. The backward-looker will wail denial of this, but let it not deter us from pursuing the matter to a dispassionate conclusion before we say finally upon whose side the advantage rests.

If we go back for a hundred years (and this is further than the phrase intends, it meaning always the last generation), we shall have to find our gentleman in the literature of those days. How does he impress us? Fine enough indeed, as to frills and ruffles, powders, perfumes, periwigs and all the furbelows of a dandified idleness. Doubtless he practised a very ponderous and sesquipedalian politeness, quite gratifying if you were one of his "set," but if you were only an ordinary honest fellow

engaged in some trade or vocation you would find his manners much practised to the purpose of impressing you, at once, with your insignificance and his superiority. We shall find that "gentleman" and "aristocrat," words of no natural affinity, were in those good days most sadly confounded.

Old-Time Morals

IN the matter of morals as well as manners, the old-timer comes far short of measuring up to the gentleman of the "New School." Gambling and drunkenness are now frankly reprobated, are no longer in the repertoire of a gentleman's accomplishments. But the gambling and drinking adventures of the "old-schooler" are told to this day with circumstance and much embroidery, to embellish his heroic character. Tradition has made endearing foibles of his vices, and covered his rakishness with the glamour of romance. It is always claimed and always allowed for the old-schooler that he treated women with a more excellent courtesy than is anywhere accorded to her now. I think this claim is poorly attested. What courtesy he practised was distinctly reserved for such as he was pleased to regard as "ladies," that term being in those good days, as it is now in most of Europe, distinctly a caste term. The women of the lesser caste had little to hope for from the chivalrous regard of the old-time gentleman. The vigilance with which even the young ladies of his own class were chaperoned and duennaed is a commentary worth mentioning in passing.

The Age of Chivalry

IT is a familiar complaint of the backward-looker that the age of chivalry is gone, and it is a sentiment accepted for the most part without demur. Of course chivalry as an armed institution is gone—and it's a good riddance. No imponderable and potiron-plated Knight Errant is licensed to run at large and inflict his brutal truculence on harmless people disposed to mind their own affairs. No fair but unfortunate gentlewoman languisheth in the donjon-keep of the wicked baron's castle. Modern chivalry has done away with the wicked baron, and the picturesque Knight Errant has wended on into the limbo of romantic literature to be the darling of the novel-writer, or to wind gracefully through some stately poem with his gorgeous trappings and caparisons and all the epic splendor of his age. Ancient chivalry, an institution restricted to a narrow circle, has made way for modern chivalry, which is a universal sentiment. The gentleman of the old school was an aristocrat and a caste-worshiper. The gentleman of the new school is a democrat and a believer in the brotherhood of man.

Nothing can better mark the growth and evolution of chivalry from an armed institution into an enlightened sentiment than a comparison of the position of woman in society at the two epochs. In the first she was the veriest slave and vassal, with such liberties only as her lord allowed. Now she is marching breast and breast with man in the van of his conquering armies of peace and prosperity—treated as an equal and a good fellow whose mettle has been tried and whose spurs are well won.

The gentleman of the new school treats a woman just as well as he would a man, and on the broad basis of her individual merit. He has reached a hand to help her into a place of usefulness and importance where she may be a real person.

A Gentleman of Leisure

THE gentleman of the old school regarded work as a shame and esteemed idleness as a virtue. The gentleman of the new school knows idleness to be a vice and the father thereof, and he has suffered woman to see the truth of this, too.

The reverence for backward-looking which today induces so many to accept the gentleman of the old school as especially worthy to be extolled, animated each remoter generation with a greater potency, so that following admiration in its backward flight we come finally to the old-schooler's true and appropriate prototype. Here we find indeed a gentleman of some pith and moment, whose claim to superiority was palpable and solid. He seized upon some tall hill on the King's Highway and built thereon his moated castle that he might levy with violence a tribute on all who passed, or might issue on occasion, like an eagle from his craggy fastness, to ravage whatever was weak and defenseless in his neighborhood.

How the generation which followed him must have grieved for his going, and seen in the passing of this puissant cutthroat a genuine loss to polite society!

Gentlemen Common

IT has not occurred to the backward-looker that the true reason for the conspicuousness of the old-schooler was his rarity. Now when a courtesy much more admirable and enlightened than any he ever dreamed of, is the rule rather than the exception; when any woman may go abroad and count confidently on the chivalry of the grocer's clerk and the butcher's boy; to be a gentleman confers upon a man no especial renown or remarkable distinction. But these plain truths as well as all progress and improvement are behind the backward-looker. He does not see them. He declares that the past alone is

admirable. He mouths and mumbles over it continually, and chief among his musty and moth-eaten darlings is this "gentleman of the old school."

*

The man who thinks out what he wants to do, and then works and works hard, will win, and no others do, or ever have, or can—God will not have it so.

*

Business

By A. G. Wagner



BUSINESS is an exchange of things and service: getting and giving, buying and selling, supply satisfying demand—a man-made arrangement whereby scarcity is relieved by abundance. This causes activity, motion, and is a constant endeavor towards equilibrium, during which there are fluctuations and readjustments. Like all else, commercial transactions must be based on the laws of nature. And an equivalent for all gotten, or all given, has to be maintained. For it is in the nature of things that there is always a compensating circumstance, whatever the changes or transformations. Something for nothing is not in the constitution of things.

Business institutions organized and conducted according to the laws as observed in the orderly processes of the universe prosper and survive; while those that take a less broad view are doomed to dissolution.

The Laws of Compensation

AND so we find that in business, no less than elsewhere, we had best conform to what we find inheres in the nature of things. The laws of nature are immutable and inevitable, and to conform to them is well. What the power is that animates this old universe of ours, I do not know. But that it is and works for harmony and good, I can discern. There is action and reaction, which are opposite and equal. Nothing is ever lost, nor is there any real gain. Transformation and redistribution take place all about us. It is in the nature of things.

To expect to derive from business more than an equivalent of that which we put into it, is a delusion. Be it money or service, there is a compensating circumstance for all that we give or get.

It is an ill-instructed mind that thinks it can circumvent natural processes. Ignorance and greed too often lead men to attempt to get something for nothing. It can not be done.

We all pay in the end. And it is a fine thing that it is so.

Panics Are Useful

WHENEVER there is a maladjustment—something gotten for nothing given—no return for service rendered—there develops a condition we call a depression or a panic. These periodic disturbances in the course of business, called panics, are good, useful and necessary. For how else could our attention be called to the fact that we are trying to do things by impossible methods? It is just like it is with physical health. A headache or a bellyache is Nature's warning to us that we have transgressed her laws. And that can not be done with impunity. The results are inevitable and always according to the causes.

At times we think we see apparent and temporary "success" coming from business methods not in accord with the laws of cause and effect. But if we follow these cases up we find that in the end they are "failures," which they are bound to be if the universal system is one of harmony, which it surely is. Much is done under the guise of "business," as it also is in politics and religion, that is contrary to Nature's decrees. We delude ourselves when we think that a change of names alters the case.

Waste in Business

ALL things must, and do, come under cosmic laws, and it is wise to learn just what they are. At present the prevailing rule of business seems to be, to get as much as possible for as little as possible. There can be no satisfaction in this plan—no more for the getter than for the giver. For it violates every law of equity and justice and, above all, is contrary to the laws of Nature. What is thus opposed to that which is in the constitution of things can not endure, and at best survives only temporarily. Modern business institutions are conducted under conditions which entail much unnecessary waste. Hindrances by way of legal enactments with concomitant expense to evade same, coercive measures adopted by labor organizations, as well as sundry "hold-ups" practised on merchants, under implied threats, by societies with subscription-lists, all add to the expense it takes to conduct a commercial venture. We pay for all in the end. For this added cost is, and has to be, added to the price of what we buy. Exorbitant and unjust demands are, for instance, often made and enforced on transportation companies. They must be regained and are added to the rates. And we all pay. Generally we blame the managers of business enterprises for doing that which we force them into doing. Far be it from claiming that these "captains of industry" are without fault or blame,

but much of their doings is superimposed and compulsory. All these things are a clear waste of human energy, given or extracted without rendering an equivalent in return—a feeding of parasites, as it were—which ought to teach us to eliminate more of this useless expense.

Something For Nothing

THE buyer in trying to get something for nothing, cheats himself.

A farmer wants a piano. In trade he offers a horse, worth say forty dollars. He demands for it one hundred dollars. Mr. Piano man, ready and prepared for the game, and anxious to make the exchange, adds one hundred dollars to the price of his instrument, and when the trade is made the farmer has paid forty dollars more for his piano than he would have done under more equitable methods. Or, in other words, he gets nothing at all for his horse. Often the difference between the market-price and the fictitious valuation is much larger. And such transactions, being contrary to the "laws of compensation," and not in harmony with the universal truth that action and reaction are equal though opposite, bring about periodic depressions, during which things are again adjusted to make them more stable. We delude ourselves, though, in thinking that the remedy is in legal enactments. On the contrary, these very "laws" made by man are the hindrances and restraints that prevent man from making exchanges in normal ways.

The Only Remedy

ABNORMAL, artificial institutions are bound to fail as substitutes for the course of nature. At best, they are merely the meddling with what can not be improved or changed. And we will eventually all see that adaptations to these orderly processes of the universe and the elimination of that which is not in correspondence with them, is the only system that will give us peace and happiness or that can endure. I am fully aware that these ideas are commonly dubbed as "ideal" and "theoretic," and that the few promulgating them are looked upon as "dreamers." But no other theories are as practical or as natural. We need to wake up from our infatuation with restraints and shackles. For it is they that cause our discontent, misery and crime. Banish Fear and install Faith—not only faith in the course of nature, but also in the inherent decency of man, which is surely in the nature of him. Basing our ideas on fear-thought, and that man is base at heart ("conceived in sin and born in iniquity"), we have arrived at the fallacious conclusions upon which we now act. The result is not good. And a better effect can only be attained by basing business ethics on saner ideas. I think so.

The Professions

By Andrew Carnegie



THE tendency of all professions, it would seem, must be to make what is known as the professional mind clear, but narrow. Now, what may be claimed for business as a career is that the man in business is called upon to deal with an ever-changing variety of questions. He must have an all-around judgment based upon knowledge of many subjects. It is not sufficient for the great merchant and business man of our day that he know his country well, its physical conditions, its resources, statistics, crops, waterways, its finances, in short, all conditions which affect not only the present, but which give him data upon which he can predict, with some degree of certainty, the future.

The Qualifications of the Merchant

THE merchant whose operations extend to various countries must also know these countries, and also the chief things pertaining to them. His view must be world-wide; nothing can happen of moment which has not its bearing upon his action—political complications at Constantinople; the appearance of the cholera in the East; monsoon in India; the supply of gold at Cripple Creek; the appearance of the Colorado beetles or the fall of a ministry; the danger of war; the likelihood of arbitration compelling settlement—nothing can happen in any part of the world which he has not to consider. He must possess one of the rarest qualities—be an excellent judge of men—he often employs thousands, and knows how to bring the best out of various characters; he must have the gift of organization—another rare gift—must have executive ability; must be able to decide promptly and wisely.

The Specialist and the Merchant

NOW, none of these rare qualities is so absolutely essential to the specialist in any branch or profession. He follows a career, therefore, which tends not only to sharpen his wits, but to enlarge his powers, different, also, from any other career, in that it tends not to specialization and the working of the mind within narrow grooves, but tends to develop in a man capacity to judge upon wide data. No professional life embraces so many problems, none other requires so wide a view of affairs in general. I think, therefore, that it may justly be said, for the business career, that it must widen and develop the intellectual powers of its devotee.

The Man Who Believes in Himself

By Bert Moses



THE alluring thing about advertising is the uncertainty of it. ¶ And if it leads to the rocks of destruction, the supreme joy of the voyage is well worth the price.

It is safe to say, I think, that every man born in America—at least every man in whose veins the red corpuscle leaps at the mere thought of living—has stored in his cosmos a scheme, or plan, or venture, that if carried out will turn a flood of gold into his lap.

It is easy to make money on paper.

Colonel Sellers is a common type, and when Mark Twain made that character immortal, he got his material from you and from me. ¶ Of all the thousands who have traveled this bewitching highway over which the lure leads, and stormed the walls behind which the treasure lies, those who succeeded in scaling the heights are as few as the men you are willing to have sign your name to checks and to contracts.

Success a Matter of Chance

✱ DON'T suppose many men will agree with me when I say that success is largely a matter of chance, or you can call it luck if you like. Birth itself is a matter of chance, and we have to accept the parents that Fate assigns us, and we have to take the intellect and environment that go with the assignment.

You can not take water out of a pitcher unless you first put water into it, nor can you extract intelligence from a brain that possesses it not. The successful advertiser succeeds in business just as Caesar succeeded in war, and Shakespeare succeeded in literature.

Look for the reason, and you can find only this: Caesar was Caesar, and Shakespeare was Shakespeare.

You and I and Bill Jones might go to West Point fifty years, and read all the war history of all time, and we would never be Caesars. We could study at Harvard and Yale till we passed the dead-line established by Osler, and the world would not write our names so high on the records as it has written that of the Bard of Avon.

The Science of Advertising

WHEN an agency comes to you and says advertising is an exact science, and that success is a mere matter of product, plan and procedure, you may safely sneeze, and

comment on crop prospects and weather conditions.

I am told that reports of large salaries paid to advertisement-writers by agencies are merely allegorical and largely tinted with dope, the stories being circulated for the edification of kitchen help and Pullman porters.

If you will analyze these stories, you will see how they fail to hold together.

Any writer who is worth fifty thousand dollars a year to some one else, and who sells his services, is a self-confessed fool, for he ought to be worth ten times that amount to himself.

¶ If he can make millionaires of other people, and gets only fifty thousand dollars a year out of it, he is the sublimest figure of self-sacrifice in all history.

Arnold Winkelried collapses like a punctured tire.

It might as well be confessed, and I think all successful advertisers will so testify, that advertising is a gamble, and that generally speaking the cards are stacked against you.

¶ I am talking now, of course, of great accomplishments.

The tens of thousands of men who succeed in a limited way, and constitute the bubbles that Omar Khayyam tells us about, are not at issue.

The Architect of Your Own Fortune

✱ IF you have dreams of riches, wake up and analyze those dreams.

Consult your friends about them.

Take all the advice you can get.

Listen, consider, weigh, analyze, sift, eliminate, and in the finality use your own commonsense. But before you start, look your own self over.

Is your confidence in the outcome supreme?

¶ Have you faith plus, and in your veins does the blood flow hot and fast?

Are you willing to put your life and money for three or five or ten years into the venture before you get the cash moving the right way?

Are you strong enough to wave friends and family and near associates aside when they call you fool, and beg you to stop your mad pursuit of fame and gold?

It is up to you, my dear friend, and the agency with upholstered furniture and hand-decorated salaries, and offices scattered all around the world can not do you half so much good as you can do yourself.

Co-operation Necessary

LET this proposition stand where people can see it:

No advertising agency ever made a great success through its own efforts alone.

Every great success for which an agency has received credit came about through the vital force of the advertiser behind the agency.

¶ You can get good out of an agency in one way alone, and that is this:

Make it follow your wishes, use your copy, adopt your ideas, and imbibe your enthusiasm. No one can possibly be so interested in your success as you yourself are, and you must accept the task of carving your own fortune out of the rock where so many before you have failed.

Great is the agency. Great is advertising.

Greatest of all is the man whom Fate selects to lead, and to sweep aside precedents, and to push on to the top in spite of all barriers and obstacles placed in the pathway by those already entrenched there. ¶ I salute the advertiser who succeeds, not because of the agency or other outside assistance, but in spite of them. ¶ I uncover before that person who has an intellect, and knows how to use it—above all, the man who believes in himself so much that he has the courage to Be Himself.

Sharp practise among people finds an outcrop in public affairs.

What Would You Do?

By John Cavanagh



HERE are a few questions for the thoughtful consideration of every retail dealer in hats:

What would you do if your employees should, not once but often, stop work for an hour at a time in the busiest part of the day and gather together to discuss matters concerning their own private interests, allowing your customers either to wait or go out of the store as they saw fit?

What would you do if you were not permitted to hire or discharge an employee without the consent of some man who has not one dollar at stake in your business?

What would you do if this invisible power should put a limit on the amount of sales your best clerk could make in one day, based on the ability of the poorest salesman in your employ?

What would you do if you were not allowed to have anything to say about the dressing of your windows, the arrangement of your stock or the pricing of your merchandise, but were compelled to follow the dictation of a self-constituted meddler?

Tying Up Business

WHAT would you do if the same outsider should compel your clerks to drop whatever they were doing—even an incomplete sale for a large amount—and send the customer away because the clock struck a certain hour?

¶ What would you do if your employees frequently left your store in a body for some trifling cause, announcing that they would return in twenty-four hours, in the meantime completely crippling your business?

What would you do if your clerks insisted that you should not buy hats larger than certain dimensions, regardless of your customers' wishes, because it was too much work to handle them?

What will you do when the representative of this method of doing business calls on you to dictate what hats you shall sell?

Crofut & Knapp's Experience

THE Crofut & Knapp Company is a member of the Associated Hat Manufacturers—a national association. This association entered into written agreements with the United Hatters of North America. After these written agreements had been repeatedly violated, the Associated Hat Manufacturers decided by a unanimous vote to discontinue the use of the union-label. Through this vote our factory was closed by the order of the officers of the United Hatters of North America to the men to stop work. At a later meeting of the Associated Hat Manufacturers it was decided that the shops of all of the members should be opened on February Ninth, on the "open-shop" plan, and it was in accord with this vote that we opened our factory on that date.

For many years we have felt that the development of our business was retarded, and its very life jeopardized, by the arbitrary action in numerous instances of the officers of the local hatters' association. ¶ These instances, the general character of which you are undoubtedly familiar with, it is needless for me to enumerate. When running under union domination we had three labor associations to deal with: the Finishers, the Trimmers and the Makers. Due doubtless to the fact that they are younger and less experienced in organization, the Trimmers were the most radical. I can not help but quote one instance which will perhaps be sufficient to serve as an example of the unjust and unfair use of power that must interfere with the progress of our business. We are forbidden to employ Italians or Hungarians or the descendants of such, on penalty of a strike. That is the law passed by this association proscribing certain nationalities. ¶ ¶

Many Financial Wrecks

MAKING a casual review of the hatting industry in South Norwalk, the Crofut & Knapp Company seems to be about the only concern that has been able to weather the changing conditions of the past thirty years. There was the firm of G. & W. H. Benedict, fine men and good hatters, but they went down. Adams

Brothers did an enormous business, but they were obliged to quit. Smith & Palmer had a large flourishing plant and extensive business, and ended in a wreck. Alden Solmans built up a large business, but was driven to the wall. Raymond & Comstock prospered and grew into an important place in the hat business, but finished their career with failure. Davenport & Andrews made progress for a period and were compelled to close. C. E. Doty & Company secured a large and seemingly good business, but had to abandon it and settle with creditors. Duncan & Baker, John W. Green, C. G. Smith & Company and Brown & Sherwood each closed up their business with nearly total loss. Ambler & Perry with a new and well-equipped factory soon gave up the business, losing many thousands of dollars. Holmes & Theile, Coffin & Hurlbutt, Bentwood Hat Company and Brown & McCanna started in the hat business and went by the board. Co-operative Hat Company No. 1 and Co-operative Hat Company No. 2, Coolidge & Trowbridge, L. Whittaker & Company and Finnegan, Britto & Kelly, each gave up the business, being unable to realize any profit. The Volk Hat Company, whose factory was one of the best in the trade, was obliged to wind up its business. The Otto Barthol Company, who had the reputation of making the finest hats in the rough that went on the market, were forced out of business, the demands of the union being granted until the profit on their hats was reduced to four cents each. Still another demand for advance was made, and the business was closed up. After closing up the business, the union came and offered to allow the work to be done for less money. Eight hours' work a day and half a day on Saturday was the union's schedule. When the same hat company asked permission to work an extra hour or two on Saturday, in order to get off the hurry orders, the union would not allow it.

Employees Lose All

HODSHON & COMPANY closed up their business because they could not manufacture hats here profitably under the conditions that the union required. They moved to Danbury. Not able to turn out thirty dozen in South Norwalk, they have been able under more favorable conditions to increase their business to several times that quantity. Mr. Hoyt, of Hoyt & Wolthausen, opened business in Danbury and is doing well, but could not do so here. Mr. Wolthausen went to Brockville and is running business successfully on the open-shop system. The Co-operative Hat Company was composed of good, conservative, practical hatters, some of whom were Crofut & Knapp's best employees. They conducted business for a season, one dropped out, then another dropped out. One of the Crofut & Knapp employees

when he quit the Co-operative concern said, "I put in a little seven hundred dollars that I had saved, and I have lost every dollar of it." Another one of Crofut & Knapp's faithful and capable employees, who had saved up several thousand dollars, took a large share of the Co-operative stock, took a position in the factory, loaned the company some two thousand dollars on notes, left a good proportion of her salary undrawn, and it is said, every dollar was lost.

This is the history of some twenty-five hatting concerns that have gone down during the past few years. Does the union view such a record with satisfaction and pride? It is only a few years ago that there were a dozen large hat factories and a few small ones at work in South Norwalk. There remain but five today. If there be any in this community who doubt these statements, who may think that our references concerning the methods of the union have been exaggerated, let them interview the J. C. Wilson Company or the Rough Hat Company or any hat-factory that at the present time is in operation.

The Union-Label

I WANT to say a few words about the union-label, the trade-mark of the Hatters' Union. In most instances a trade-mark distinguishes an article which is popular, because it represents quality and reputation attained by years of honest work. If this is the case, why are we willing to run our business without the trade-mark of the Hatters' Union? I reply, "Because the union-label in most instances stands for an inferior quality of workmanship, and tyranny, not only for the manufacturer, but for the men themselves."

What popularity this label enjoys is the result of the policy of the union in sending agents to visit the retail trade, requesting that no hats be sold by them without this mark, and in cases where this request is ignored, to threaten the dealer with the destruction of his business. Can methods of this kind bring permanent success to any proposition? I, personally, as well as every member of our firm, am in full sympathy with unions and, as we frequently took occasion to tell some of its members, the union had it in its power, by ordinary business foresight, to make the label an indispensable part of a good hat, but through the arbitrary methods of the officers of the organization, this great opportunity was lost.

In a word, if the union-label stood for the best workmanship, justice, competition, based on ability, and a fair recognition of the fact that one man's rights stop where another's begin, it would be a symbol which every American citizen would be proud to wear—not concealed under the leather, but emblazoned in the crown of his hat.

The Chains of Fate

By Nixon Waterman

HIS mother loved her drink, they say,
And his father craved his beer,
And they lived along in a thirsty way
For many a hungry year.
To them a baby boy was born
Who grew to be, full soon,
The wretch who shines the brassy signs
In front of the cheap saloon.

He might have been a shining light,
But it was n't in his blood;
It's hard for him to reason right
With a brain as thick as mud.
His mother mixed his milk with gin
And a hiccough with her croon,
And her child now shines the brassy signs
In front of the cheap saloon.

And yet I say he is quite as good
As the fairest souls of earth,
For he's done the very best he could,
This freak of blood and birth:
And I hope the Afterwhile will be
A pure and restful June
For the slave who shines the brassy signs
In front of the cheap saloon.

All wise men know that to help yourself is
to help humanity.

A Man's Real Measure

By W. C. Brann



HE place to take the true
measure of a man is not in
the darkest place or in the
amen corner, nor the cornfield,
but by his own fireside. There
he lays aside his mask and you
may learn whether he is an imp
or an angel, cur or king, hero
or humbug. I care not what the
world says of him—whether it
crowns him boss or pelts him
with bad eggs. I care not a
copper what his reputation or
religion may be: if his babies
dread his home-coming and his
better half swallows her heart every time she
has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a
fraud of the first water, even though he prays
night and morning until he is black in the face
and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal
hills. But if his children rush to the front
door to meet him and love's sunshine illu-
minates the face of his wife every time
she hears his footfall, you can take it for
granted that he is pure, for his home is a

heaven—and the humbug never gets that near
the great white throne of God. He may be a
rank atheist and red-flag anarchist, a Mormon
and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks
of five, and bet on the election; he may deal
'em from the bottom of the deck and drink
beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a
circular saw, and still be an infinitely better
man than the cowardly little humbug who is
all suavity in society but who makes home a
hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his
wife and children an ill nature he would inflict
on his fellow men but dares not. I can
forgive much in that fellow mortal who would
rather make men swear than women weep;
who would rather have the hate of the whole
world than the contempt of his wife; who
would rather call anger to the eyes of a king
than fear to the face of a child.

Heredity is that law of our being which
provides that a man shall resemble his grand-
father—or not, as the case may be.

The Slanderous Tongue

By Walt Mason



RS. GEORGE FREY, who lives
at Phillipsburg, New Jersey, is
engaged these days in hauling
her husband around in an open
buggy, and pointing to him with
pride, to the manifest confusion
of her neighbors, who have
created a strong demand for
sackcloth and ashes.

Fourteen years ago George Frey
disappeared from his home after
a quarrel with his wife. No trace
of him could be found by the
village constable or anybody
else. Then some industrious
gossip whispered his suspicion that the widow
had made away with her husband in some dark
and mysterious manner.

Phillipsburg is a sleepy old hamlet, and the
people were hungry for a sensation and scandal.
The suggestion that Mrs. Frey was a murderess
was eagerly accepted, and for weeks and
months the inhabitants neglected their own
proper business to discover some evidence
against her. They dug up every foot of her
farm, hoping to find her husband's body;
they took the well out of the ground, expect-
ing to discover his bones in it; they ripped the
house apart, and she had to put it together
again; they tore down all the stacks, and they
opened the family cow, thinking the wicked
woman might have concealed the man's
remains in it. When she made a boiling of
soft soap, they accused her of having used
her husband for soap-grease.

The Husband Returns

SO the woman was ostracized. Had she been a leper, wandering in the waste places, and ringing a bell, she could n't have been more shunned. To be seen conversing with her was sufficient to damn any man or woman in that community. The children were taught that her name was anathema, and pious people muttered prayers when she was mentioned. And after fourteen years her husband came back, and explained that he had left his home in a fit of anger, and had been in Chicago ever since. There he made a fortune, and now he wants his wife to go with him and live happy ever after. But the only use she has for him is to haul him around the town in her one-hoss shay, for exhibition purposes. There is a grand, free street-parade in Phillipsburg every morning, and the people who slandered this woman and made her life a sorrow and bitterness for fourteen long years are at last ashamed of themselves, and when they see the Frey chariot coming, with the husband on the front seat, they go into their cabins and lock the doors, and pull down the blinds.



The great books are those the authors had to write to get rid of; only immortal songs are those sung because the singer could not help it.



O Pshaw!

By E. F. Kinkead



F Shaw lived in the neighborhood of East Aurora, nothing would save him from the serious charge of being a successful advertiser. In the case of "The Passing of Blanco Posnet" he does n't deserve the international advertising that has come to him and his production. The management of the Abbey Theater, Dublin, did n't assume any too great a risk when they consented to its production. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in order to uphold in some degree England's censor, issued instructions stating that the play would be produced at the theater's peril, conveying the idea that, if it were offensive to the Dublin audience which saw its initial performance, he would take away the charter from the Abbey Theater. I believe His Lordship would not have allowed Blanco in town at all, were it not that he feared the criticism of the Dublin press, which was strongly in favor of a hearing for Shaw and his exiled play.

"The Passing of Blanco Posnet"

WELL, I said that Shaw did n't deserve all the advertising he received here and in the United States as a result of "Blanco Posnet," and it is an excellent thing for the bearded Bernard that his fame does n't rest on Blanco's passing, else it were passed all too soon. The scene is laid in the extreme Western part of the States in Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada; Shaw leaves the exact location to yourself. Blanco Posnet, a young dare-devil in the true Western sense, has been cheated out of his birthright by an older brother, and to square the account he takes a horse from the brother's stable; unfortunately, the horse belongs to the Sheriff of the place. Blanco gets well out of town—a distance of some twenty-five miles—when he is stopped by a woman whose child is sick unto death and the horse is given to her to save the child's life if possible by a quick trip to the nearest doctor's. The tale of Blanco's meeting with the broken-hearted mother is well told, but Blanco even when doing the act of mercy curses himself for his softness. He is watching with an intense interest a rainbow when the Sheriff's squad captures him and drags him back to Court. It's on this Court-room scene that the curtain rings up. We find a dozen Western maids peeling apples in the High Court, and while Bernard may have had a reason for placing girls occupied as they were in the Court-room I'm sure I did n't guess it.

The Status of the Horse-Thief

THE result of the preliminary gossip of these rapid-talking Western maids was to have the audience understand the gravity of horse-stealing in the Western country. All but one of the maids agreed that manslaughter was a virtue compared with horse-stealing; after ten minutes of mediocre dialogue the Court-room is ordered cleared, which is done amid the grumbling of the apple-paring females and the muttered curses of Mr. Blanco Posnet and the joyous yells of the Nevadan-Arizonan-New Mexican contingent, all too anxious to string up another horse-thief and fill his dangling carcass with lead.

The Sheriff humanely orders the Court cleared again, so that the parson may offer a few words of consolation to the prisoner; and in this scene the sentiment that Blanco gave utterance to met with the serious objection of one high and mighty censor of England, and Shaw showed his good sense in refusing to cut out what is really an essential part of his drama; and the sentiments are offensive to no one who knows anything of Western life. The parson is none other than Blanco's thieving brother, and his anxiety for the salvation of Blanco's soul is n't as strong as his desire

for the return of the Sheriff's horse; that Blanco listens to the prayers of the profit-preaching parson is n't his fault, and he does n't submit without hurling back a few honest sentiments regarding the value of prayers said by a man who 'll steal his brother's patrimony and sell whisky, and who has often been known to drink too much of his brand. "God will save you," the good parson tells his brother, and then Blanco launches into the discussion of the Deity that caused the English censor to use the ban: First, he tells this fraternal parson that he's no good—the town is rotten—rotten—that's Blanco's own choice adjective. Indeed, rotten is the only adjective he knows—the town is rotten—the Sheriff is rotten—the jury that tries him is rotten—the horse he stole is rotten, and if Blanco was an honest critic he'd say the play was rotten; but I was talking about the censored dialogue. Blanco informs the shifting brother that God is no good—He does n't play square, He's crooked—and up go the pious hands of the parson in holy horror, and he cries, "Don't be so sacrilegious," and Blanco retorts that even the Bible declares that "He comes like a thief in the night," and Posnet agrees with the Biblical authorities by declaring that "He does"—"like a horse thief"—that's about the extent of the blasphemy so infamously criticized by the English censor; then I wondered if the good man had ever seen the average American success. I'll venture this statement that not ten per cent of the New York productions of last season would pass his pious eye.

"I Want to Die Bad"

IT would really seem that England will stand for the sins against the Sixth so long as the Second Commandment is safe. To return again to the play. Blanco refuses all the spiritual comfort offered and asks the simple solace of dying game. "I want to die bad," he says, "and if you 'll stay by me to the end I'll succeed. Don't leave me to myself. When I'm alone a strange something comes over me, and I'm not bad; but you stay near me and I'll die bad and game." The Sheriff returns and the Jury is drawn. It looks pretty dark for Blanco, when his brother testifies as to Blanco's presence in his home, recalls the simultaneous disappearance of Blanco and the horse; the deputy sheriff recounts his capture, twenty-five miles from town; and Abby Evans, a woman of the street, swears that she saw Posnet ride out of town on the Sheriff's horse. Blanco has already earned Abby's enmity by telling her plainly what she is, and informing her incidentally that "she's rotten." She wants him hanged, the Jury wants him hanged; the Sheriff has already declared his intention of hanging him, but the entry of the poor woman to whom Blanco gave the horse saves the

situation and Blanco's neck. She returns the horse to the Sheriff and this relieves the good man's mind and he listens attentively to her story. She swears that Blanco was not the man from whom she received the horse, and now Blanco, who is his own lawyer, asks the Sheriff if he won't take the word of an honest mother against a prostitute's, and the Sheriff pauses a moment.

The Two Roads

HE declares, that he, the Jury and every man present know personally the character of Abby, and he admits that with this in mind the evidence is a bit more favorable to Posnet than he expected—but he needs more enlightenment—horse-stealing in these parts is a serious crime, even if the horse is returned. The bereaved mother—her child having died despite Blanco's sacrifice—looks steadily at Abby and she wilts before her pure gaze and of a sudden declares that she never saw Blanco leave town and that she lied when she said she did. Blanco now taunts her with "Softie." "He (God) got you as He did me." Of course Blanco goes free, and as court is adjourned he mounts a table and harangues the assembled mob. He tells them that while they think they're bad men they are n't all bad. "I wanted to be bad—tried hard to be bad, but He would n't let me. He won't let you. There's two roads—the big, wide one and the narrow, hilly one—I've tried one, now I'm for the other. There's two lives—the bad and the good—I know one—I'll now try the other," and Blanco's last utterance is, "Come out and have a drink"—proving that one may strive for goodness—the narrow path, the other life—and not be a strict prohibitionist. I don't think Blanco will do in New York—but I have been mistaken—you can't always tell what New York will do.

Keep in your heart 'a shrine to the ideal, and upon this altar let the fire never die.

The Chatter of a Death-Demon

By Stephen Crane

BLOOD—blood and torn grass—
Had marked the rise of his agony—
This line hunter,
The gray-green woods impassive
Had watched the threshing of his limbs.
A canoe with flashing paddle,
A girl with soft, searching eyes,
A call: "John!"

* * * * *
Come, arise, hunter!
Lift your gray face!
Can you not hear?
The chatter of a death-demon from a tree-top.

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1910

Four Famous American Songs

This is by far the most beautiful, interesting and valuable calendar we have ever published.

Each of the four large sheets (9½x15 inches) illustrates in color the homes and childhood scenes of the authors of the four most famous American songs, giving a portrait, autograph and biography of the author, the history of the song, words of the song, and on the reverse side a full piano-music score with the words ♫ ♫ ♫

One of these Calendars should be in every home



It is an authentic picture history of songs dear to every American heart. Sent postpaid for Ten Cents in coin or stamps. Or—One cap from a jar of Swift's Beef Extract ♫ Or—Ten Wool Soap Wrappers. (In Canada, Ten Cents additional is required on account of duty.)

When ordering for the household, remember

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard

are always to be depended upon for excellence and are the most economical from the standpoint of quality and satisfaction. When you write for the calendar address ♫ ♫ ♫

Swift & Company, 4160 Packer's Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal, Dickson School of
Memory. The Largest and Most
Successful School of Mental
Training in the World.

"How to Remember"

A Valuable Book on Memory Training
absolutely free to readers of THE FRA

If you want a perfect memory, you can have it. For a perfect memory, like perfect health, can be acquired. Here is a book that tells you exactly how to get it. The author, Prof. Dickson, is America's foremost authority on mental training. His book is clear, specific and intensely interesting. He explains how you can easily and quickly acquire those retentive and analytical faculties, which contribute so much to all social, political and business success. He offers you a valuable opportunity to investigate the benefit of memory training for yourself—without assuming any risk, obligation or expense.

Simply sign and mail the coupon below—or send a letter or postal—and this book will come forward to you at once, absolutely free and postage prepaid.

Who is Prof. Dickson?

Prof. Dickson is backed by reputation and experience as a teacher, extending over twenty years in the leading Universities and Schools of the day.

Personal contact with thousands of pupils impressed him with the fact that each one was hampered by the same deficiency—a marked absence of proper powers of Attention, Concentration, Retention, Self-Control, Memory, etc.

He was one of the first educators to discover the universal and primary need of the cultivation of these faculties, preliminary to the attempted acquisition of knowledge.

He was the pioneer in the application of the newly discovered principle that no matter what course of training the student intended to take up later, these drills of the faculties of memory were absolutely necessary as preliminary training. His students learned so much more easily and so thoroughly retained their acquired knowledge, that his method attracted world-wide attention. The result was the foundation of the Dickson School of Memory.

What Prof. Dickson Has Done

The fame of this school and its unique methods has spread over the country and successful graduates fill every walk of business and professional activity. While the weakest minds can be strengthened, it must not be imagined that this method is applicable only to this class. Many of the most intellectual men of the day have availed themselves of Memory Training. W. T. Harris, former U. S. Commissioner of Education—the late Col. Robert Ingersoll, Mark Twain, and thousands of like minds have testified to the great benefit to be derived from Memory Training.

How He Can Help You

Thousands of successful men in all walks of life gratefully testify that they owe the consummation of their highest ambitions to his teachings, and he surely can help you—no matter who or what or where you are. He teaches you:

- How to remember names and faces of people you meet.
- How to focus your mind instantly, to use effectively the points of a business proposition.
- How to recall small but vital points of business without burdening the memory.
- How to commit a speech or toast to memory quickly, and deliver it unhesitatingly in public or private.
- How to think on your feet and make an extemporaneous speech.
- How to converse at social gatherings in a natural, interesting way that wins friends.
- How to overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness, etc.
- How to control your thinking faculties.
- How to apply concentration to the subject at hand.
- How to acquire the habit of easy, logical thinking.
- How to memorize for studies, examinations, etc.

Fill out coupon, tear out, mail TO-DAY, or send postal.

MY BOOK
FREE

"HOW
TO
REMEMBER"
Write to-day

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

St-te _____



Memory the Basis
of All Knowledge
Stop forgetting
THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Dickson Memory School
963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me free, "How to Remember."

chasms can be filled, but the human heart—"The proverb is something musty."

—Marie White

DIE when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.
—Abraham Lincoln.

THE history of all dogmatic and "revealed" religions is, in truth, but a history of man's endeavors to discover or invent some plan or scheme or method whereby he may shirk his personal responsibility, or shift it to other shoulders than his own, or in some manner escape the natural consequences of its conscious and intentional evasion or violation.

Literature and oratory are arsenals that supply the people their armament of reasons.

In my intercourse with my fellow men I have found the best friends of the immortal hope among those who are students of justice—they are persons living in the presence of the soul.—David Swing.

Business is better than it has been for five years. Are you getting your share? If not, advertise in THE FRA

TEACHING LIFE

Education of the boy should be a step in the Evolution of the Man. There are grown men today, commonly accepted as "Educated," who can not harness a horse nor hang a garden-gate. **Q**The Manual-Training Idea as presently applied, teaches a boy to construct a cup and ball on a turning-lathe, but leaves him helpless with a hammer and nails. He would likely split the plank and punish his thumb. **Q**At THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, La Porte, Indiana, they are molding plastic boy-clay into Executive Men of Tomorrow. Dr. Rumely, the President, receives only a few youngsters, in order that the exacting discipline of larger institutions may be unnecessary. Here Theoretical Knowledge is linked with Actual Experience and worked out in the indoor and outdoor class routine. **Q**The Interlaken People have prepared an artistic and bookish catalog descriptive of their school and methods. **Q**Dr. Rumely will mail one to you on request. Address

DR. RUMELY

INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

LA PORTE, INDIANA

WOMAN, would you hold the love of a man? Then is your work cut out for you from day to day. You must go on the supposition that no victory of love, be it ever so complete, assures more than one day's possession in peace, for with the dawning of the next the same task awaits you to be accomplished each time in a new way and with infinite variety of means. But on this account need no man smirk, for with him and the heart he would hold it is ever the same. Vast

MY friend Elbert Hubbard is in favor of taxing all church property on the ground that it is unfair to tax one part of a community for the privileges of another class; unfair he would say to tax ninety million Americans to make up for the taxes donated to thirty million church members in America. The argument that taxation without representation is unjust is good.

But I am not ready to indorse Fra Hubbard's proposition. Not yet. If anything I am in favor of a tax to support the churches and be done with it. ¶ Today I have been besieged by a dozen little girls begging for a church. Yesterday I was asked to contribute to

the building of a house of worship for the A. M. E. Zion brothers. The day before it was a committee from the tongue-and-needle league of the Episolvorth union.

Every day comes some one asking for alms for the great God Almighty.

If the state will put a tax of so much per annum on every poll for church maintenance and call off the promiscuous solicitors of contributions I'm willing.

And I'm glad that they don't tax the churches,

The world is divided into three classes: those who read THE FRA, those who won't read THE FRA, and those who can't read THE FRA

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

*For the
"World's Best Books"*

As a guide for the selection of a home library, we have published a unique booklet, containing lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books," for children and adults, as selected by such authorities as Hamilton W. Mabie, John Ruskin, Canon Farrar, Dr. Eliot, Sir John Lubbock, etc. A copy will be mailed you free on request. Address Dept. U.

Exercise your individual preference, not only in the selection of books for your library, but also in the choice of bookcases. **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases are made in styles, finishes and sizes to harmonize with your furnishings and to fit every space.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

combine the acknowledged standard of excellence in sectional construction with the latest mechanical improvements—are built on the quality-plan, to give lasting satisfaction—are sold at uniform prices by 1,500 authorized agencies, for immediate delivery.

Look for the **Globe-Wernicke** trade-mark. It is your guarantee of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates at any future time.

The attractive **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcase here illustrated, with locker unit, two book units, top and base, in Quarter-sawn Oak, Golden, Antique, Weathered, Antwerp or Early English finish—only \$18.75. In other styles as low as \$11.75 east of Mont., Wyo., Colo. and N. M. Prices uniform and freight prepaid everywhere.

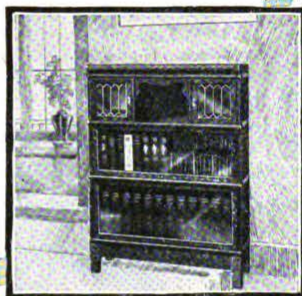
Write for Illustrated Catalogue

containing 25 original designs for home libraries—describing the distinct styles and finishes. Mailed free, with name of nearest agency. Address Dept. U.

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New York, 380-382 Broadway.
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Develop Your Forces

¶ Power is gained by the control and direction of the **Emotional Nature**. ¶ How to gain and develop power for **Success** is told in a booklet called **Round Pegs in Square Holes**, by **ELIZABETH TOWNE**

¶ No matter what your environment, you can build **Character**, and **Character** is a magnet which attracts **Success**. ¶ **Round Pegs in Square Holes** instructs how to use all one's energies and powers to the best possible advantage in living, loving and working. How to gain the most from your present environment and grow into better conditions. How to meet circumstances and conditions to the best advantage for **Success**. ¶ **Send only 6 cents**, stamps, for a copy of **Round Pegs in Square Holes**. Address

WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Department Seventy-two, Holyoke, Massachusetts

for if they did, there'd surely be a dozen little children with red tags and punch cards, tugging at my coat tails tomorrow, begging for pennies to pay the tax.—The Independent, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Sharp practise and double-dealing among the people find an outcrop in public affairs.

Not in accumulation but in the approval of others lies satisfaction.—A. G. Wagner.

PARIS GARTERS NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

They fit so well you forget They're there
Be sure you get this box

Tailored to fit the leg
25 and 50¢

At dealers or direct from the makers
A. STEIN & COMPANY, 140 CENTER AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

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A SIX-PER-CENT Bond secured by Long Island real estate purchased under the direction of the Dean Alvord Company, to be held for appreciation without development. Bondholders take half the profit through the medium of a Fifty-per-cent stock bonus. ¶ Plan of operation follows that of other very successful syndicates under the same management. ¶ Interesting circular on request

SWARTWOUT & APPENZELLAR
Members New York Stock Exchange
FORTY-FOUR PINE STREET, NEW YORK

Around the World But Never Out of Ink

You Feel Safe
When Writing a
Check With

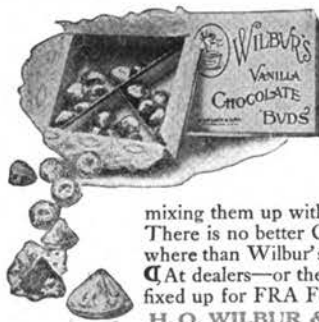
BLAIR'S RED ROBIN AND BLACK BIRD
INK PENCILS, THE PATENT DROP-NEEDLE
KEEPS THE POINT CLEAR.

THE SMOOTHEST
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN THE WORLD

Are Ink-Tight
In the Pocket
Others Leak Thru
Vent at Back End

Note.—Blair's are the only practical Ink-Pencils. Take no chances on a substitute. Owing to U. S. and British Patents they can not be imitated. For Correspondence, Manifold, Ruling and Stenography. No leaky air-tube, they fill easier. Hold 50 per cent more ink, and permit the use of Blair's Safety Ink-Making Cartridges, 10c. extra. Saving cost of check-punch, \$5.00. Point will last for years. Soon saves cost. **PRICES:** Plain, \$1.00; Chased, \$1.25; Chased and Gold-Mounted, \$1.50; Red Cases, 3½ inches, \$1.25; Large Barrel, 4 or 5 inches, \$1.50; by insured mail, 8c. more. Ordinary ink can be used.

Blair's Fountain-Pen Co., 6 John St., Suite 299, New York; 15 Bishopsgate St., without London, E. C.—Get Agency



THE Wilbur Folks, of Philadelphia, make Chocolate Confections assiduously. Now in Philadelphia there is a well-preserved old custom of improving the good and mornixing the mediocre. So H. O. Wilbur & Sons concentrate their Candy efforts on one kind of Candy, a diminutive Bud of delightful Chocolate.

¶ Wilbur's Buds are so satisfactory that the Wilburs don't bother about mixing them up with a few dozen different varieties of Candy. In a box of Buds they put just Buds. There is no better Candy in the box than the piece you select—and there is no better Candy anywhere than Wilbur's. If you doubt this, it's because you have never eaten Wilbur's Chocolate Buds. ¶ At dealers—or they will send a pound box for \$1.00. A very special sample package has been fixed up for FRA Folks. It will be mailed for *Thirty Cents*.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

Evolution of the Christmas Present



¶For one thousand nine hundred and eight years kindly folk have searched diligently for some sort of suitable Christmas Offering. ¶Among the earliest of these gifts such selections as frankincense, myrrh and sweet-scented woods were given preference by Wise Men. Modern years have witnessed a tendency of Holiday

donors to seek something more and more useful, something imperishable, something he or she will use always and often.

¶This year the New **INDESTRUCTO TRUNK** has filled these requirements and solved the problem of "What?"

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

are such a decided departure from the old-style tin and pine-slat variety, that they almost deserve a different name. Indestructo Trunks are made of the toughest "processed" Veneer Wood and are impermeable to wet, wind or weather. Full Brass trimmings are riveted closely to the body—no nails. All corners are rounded and reinforced. The bottom stands on steel-shod runners. These trunks are strong enough to withstand all the punishing, batter and bounce, jolts, hooks and jabs of depot, transfer and hotel huskies.

The Maker Guarantees Against Mishandling, and Insures Them Against Destruction

Whether by Fire, Accident, Wreck, Collision, Carelessness or Neglect. The circular Trade-Mark label makes it impossible to lose your Trunk and warns porters to "go aisy." A serial number identifies your property, and prevents its going astray. ¶Indestructos are made in many models and sizes, and are sold by most dealers.

Write for Catalog and Booklet.

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO., Station D, Mishawaka, Ind.



Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

We Use Cross Paper-Feeders And One Roycrofter Runs Two Presses



HAT is to say, he lays the blanks on the feed-board and later removes and piles up the printed sheets from two presses grinding smoothly away. Between "lifts" he reads the forthcoming Good Stuff and freely criticizes it with the head pressman and the stock-keeper.

These figures are conservative, but we estimate that the Cross Paper-Feeders reduce operating expenses in our printery over forty per cent. There isn't any waste of water-marked stock. The register always squares up exactly. And the Cross never balks at overtime emergencies. None of the CROSS FEEDERS in use at The Roycroft have ever asked for a vacation, and they all ride on the Crystal Chariot.

If you need a reliable, simple, adjustable Feeder in your business it will profit you to communicate with the Cross-Feeder Folks.

DEXTER FOLDER COMPANY. Sole Selling-Agents
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 315 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO 185 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON
645 BATTERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 403 ELLICOTT SQUARE, BUFFALO
Southern Agent: DODSON PRINTER'S SUPPLY COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA



HEN Dr. B. Franklin of Philadelphia approached the mother of Mistress Debby Read, asking permission to wed her daughter, he met with several serious rebuffs. The old lady flatly declined to consider his proposals at all. Urged by both interested parties to give a reason for her refusals, she answered that Poor Richard's prospects were banked on a hazardous enterprise. There were already two printing-offices in America, and Franklin proposed to start a third. His future mother-in-law was doubtful if it would be a paying proposition.

When I was a Printer's Devil, the Devil a printer was I. But I remember that time when the first joint of my right forefinger was slick and raw from folding folios off a bottomless pile of the "Weekly Cloudburst." One day the boy who worked next to me said that the boss had bought a new DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE and that we would all be fired when it got working. I did 'nt kick. I knew where I could get a job at \$3.75 a week. Besides, my finger hurt.

But that DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE did 'nt cause any lay-offs. On the contrary, its quicker, better work boomed business. Next year the boss bought three more Machines and hired a dozen more hands to furnish work enough to keep them busy.

Upstairs over my head as I write this, six of these folding-machines are rapidly and accurately and silently folding the Magazine in which this advertisement is printed. And two boys are busy clearing a space to be occupied by the New DEXTER I ordered day before yesterday.

William Morris said, "Blessed is that man who has found his Work." I am inclined to say, "Blessed is that man who has found a machine to do his work." And as I write this I have the DEXTER FOLDING-MACHINE in mind.

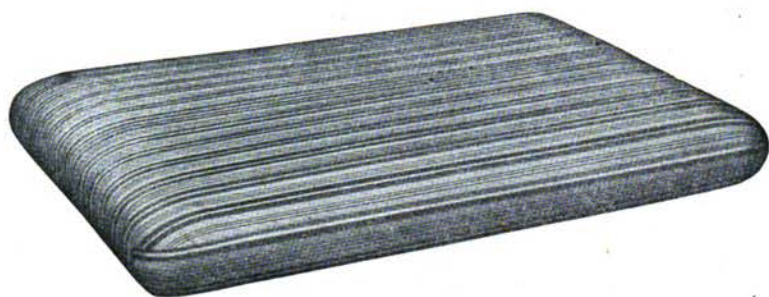
DEXTER FOLDER COMPANY

200 Fifth Avenue, New York 315 Dearborn Street, Chicago 185 Summer Street, Boston
645 Battery Street, San Francisco 403 Ellicott Square, Buffalo
Southern Agent: DODSON PRINTER'S SUPPLY COMPANY, Atlanta, Georgia

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

One of the differences between De Luxe Rooms at The Roycroft Inn and the Other Kind, is that the Choice Chambers are fitted out with Sealy Mattresses. Sad-eyed folks who grumpily complain of Insomnia are deftly steered toward a Sealy. Mother Grant, our French Chef, testily states that the Insomniati, when Sealyized, come down to breakfast at 10:45. And Bunny Cotton, the "Call-me" kid, has a set of sore knuckles from rapping the panels of the Sealy Sleepers' Rooms.

SEALY MATTRESS



Not Tufted

Guaranteed 20 Years

Observe that the Sealy Mattress is made in a single piece. It is NOT tufted. This means a uniform resiliency—no hard, unyielding spots. Made from only the finest White Cotton. Ask your dealer, or write to the makers for a bright little book of mattress facts ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas, U. S. A.

STREISSGUTH-PETRAN

ENGRAVING CO.



QUALITY MAKERS

No. 5
WELLS ST.

MILWAUKEE

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

WAVERLY ORCHARD UNITS

Tap a Reservoir of Riches



Enable you to become a part owner with us in our Commercial Orchards and share in the profits. Just now it's our Waverly Orchard.

Waverly Orchard

Commercial Apple Orchards

in the Spokane Country pay enormous profits. Through us you may become identified with the Industry and thus increase your income

There are two prime sources of natural wealth: the farm and the mine. Things of value must be either garnered from the earth, or dug out of it. The Glorious, Golden Northwest of America offers both sources teeming with an abundance greater than the world has ever dreamed. The Westerner of yesterday, born east of the Mississippi, was attracted towards the setting sun by visions of precious ores and virgin metals. The second generation has only recently awakened to the marvelous fruition of Nature above the ground. THE APPLE INDUSTRY OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON pays profits that make

We are the largest Commercial Orchard Operators in the Northwest and are developing a number of Orchard Properties under our "UNIT SYSTEM OF OWNERSHIP." Recently we unitized our famous WAVERLY ORCHARD—located at Waverly, Washington, 30 miles from Spokane, the home of the National Apple Show. THE WAVERLY ORCHARD contains 138 acres, one-half of which is now in bearing. The Orchard is divided into 276 parts, called Units, which are sold on small monthly payments, making their purchase easily within your reach. Your payments will earn interest for you from the start at the rate of 7 per cent per annum. In addition thereto, you will also receive your pro-rata share of the net annual profits in excess of this amount. Only 75 of these Waverly Orchard Units are available to Readers of THE FRA. Immediately upon receipt of the attached Coupon, I will send you full particulars, together with our new Booklet, entitled "THE APPLE AND THE DOLLAR," also a Waverly Orchard Photo, with my compliments. Use the Coupon.

Eastern business dividends look like savings-bank interest. An immediate exchange for legal tender grows on trees. There is an ever-increasing demand for the Big, Red Apple of the Northwest, a demand greater than the supply may ever meet. Washington Winter Apples fetch more per box than other apples bring by the barrel. The difference lies in the apple. To prevent big speculators from grabbing and controlling the crops of the finest Orchard Lands of America, Washington Folks are endeavoring to evenly apportion their Eden among the smaller investors.

A JUDICIOUS INVESTMENT

A DIVIDEND PAYER

A. G. Hanauer, Vice-President
HANAUER-GRAVES COMPANY
Cor. First Ave. and Stevens, Spokane, Washington

REFERENCES: { Old National Bank, Spokane
Traders National Bank, Spokane
Spokane & Eastern Trust Co., Spokane
Union Trust Company, Spokane

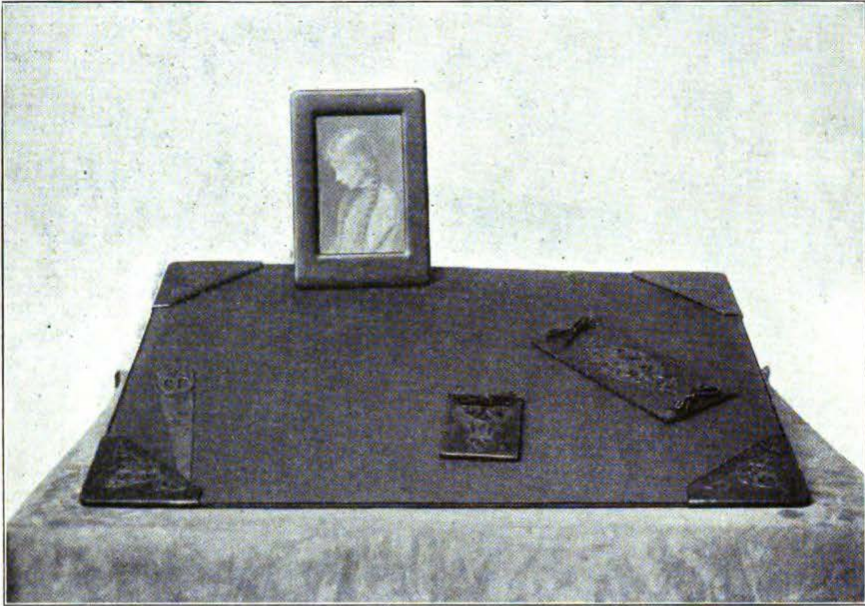
CLIP AND MAIL RIGHT NOW—WHILE YOU THINK OF IT

HANAUER-GRAVES COMPANY, Spokane, Washington
I am interested in your Waverly Orchard Unit. Write me fully concerning your Plan.

Name _____
Street _____
Town _____ State _____
FRA _____

HANAUER-GRAVES CO., SPOKANE

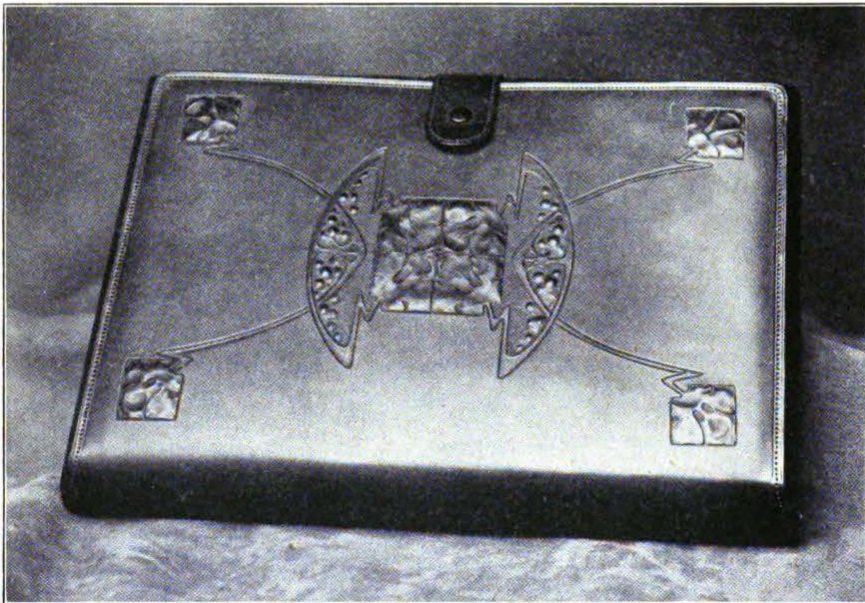
Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



MODELED-LEATHER DESK-ACCESSORIES

DESK-SETS WITH BLOTTER AND PEN-WIPER
 (a) 12x16 inches, in conventional snowdrop, oak and
 clover designs \$ 2.50 16x22 inches \$3.00
 (c) 12x16½ inches, wheat design 6.00 15½x23½ inches, 7.50
 (e) 12x16½ inches, in conventional design, ooze-calf
 back and turned edge 7.50 15½x23½ inches 9.00

Separate blotters in all designs \$.50, 1.50, 2.00
 Separate pen-wipers, all designs25, .50 1.00
 Very special desk-sets, hand-colored leather, of seven
 pieces, including stationery-rack, ink-base with cut-glass
 ink-well, desk-pad, penholder, blotter, stamp-box and
 brush-cup20.00



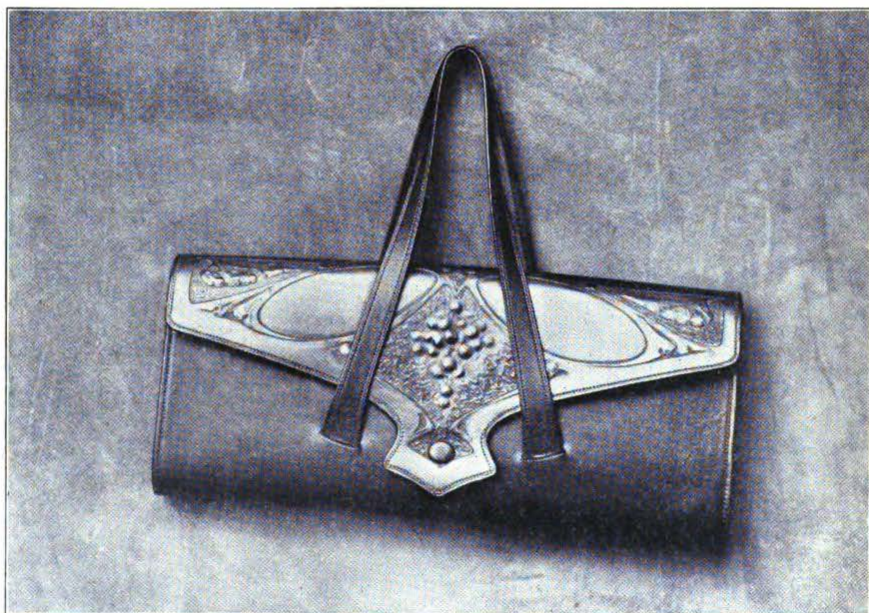
WRITING-CASES AND PORTFOLIOS

Complete and beautiful writing-case for travelers, with compartments and pockets for paper, pens, pencils, stamps and elastic bands, Air-tight ink-bottle and lap blotter-pad. Made of the finest calf, modeled in ornamental design, compact, useful, desirable \$15.00



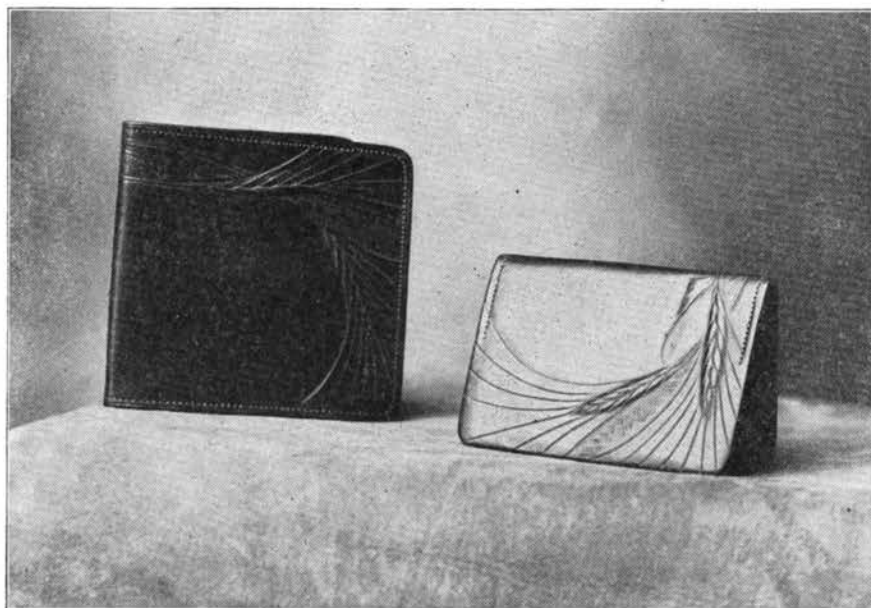
MODELED-LEATHER GLOVE-CASES

Nasturtium design, ooze-calf lining, turned edge, case 13 1-2 inches long \$15.00



MUSIC SATCHELS AND ROLLS

Conventional design, leather-lined, 14 3-4x6 1-2 inches	\$ 7.50
Grape design, trimmed edge, ooze-calf lining, 14 3-4x6 1-2 inches	15.00
Conventional design, leather-lined Music-Rolls	4.00 and 6.00
With hand-turned edges	10.00



Bill-Book

Wheat design, combination pass-case, card-case and bill-fold, with bill-pocket and four flat card-pockets, silk-lined . . . \$7.50

Card-Case

No. 3—Wheat design, gusset pockets and turned edge:
 (a) $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches, Silk-lined . . . \$2.50
 (b) $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches, Leather-lined . . . 3.00
 (c) $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, Silk-lined . . . 3.00
 (d) $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, Leather-lined . . . 4.00



Old-Style Modeled-Leather Bellows, \$20.00



Modeled-Leather Baskets

- (a) Fleur-de-lis design, like the one here shown . . . \$12.00
(b) Oak design, round, leather-lined 40.00

TO SUCCEED: SUBDUE YOURSELF—DEVOTE YOURSELF

Wanted!

A MAN or
A WOMAN who
Is a Businessman!

THE FRA
Magazine is Going
To The Front

We Want
A Million
Subscriptions

We Need Ability
and Energy

Class B Is Full and
The Kindergarten
Is Chuck-a-bloc

Will Pay Up To
\$10,000 a Year,
And Then Some



THE ROYCROFTERS have several workers who possess the enthusiasm which makes for initiative. But just now we need Cosmic Caloric in the Circulation Department of THE FRA.

¶ This Magazine is going to the front on a high tide, quite beyond our fondest hopes.

¶ Its tone of affirmation is the dominant note of the times.

¶ The thinkers who do things, and the doers who think are with us.

¶ THE FRA stands for Head, Hand, Heart, Health and Happiness—Beauty, Utility, Sanity, Success, Friendship, Reciprocity and Sweet Reasonableness.

¶ Instead of a mere hundred thousand subscribers there is no reason why we should not have a million.

¶ We have the writers, the artists, the printers, the plant.

¶ There are no bonds on our establishment and our souls are not mortgaged. What we need just now is the Ability and Energy to present the matter to the people in a way to secure the subscriptions that are awaiting the psychic hunch.

¶ So we want a Man, or a Woman, one with the Salesman's Itch, who is big enough to fade into the cause and abandon himself to it. Only those with experience need apply. Class B is full, and the kindergarten is chuck-a-bloc. Pay up to \$10,000.00 a year, and then some if you earn it. And somebody can, and will. State experience and qualifications.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

DIAMOND GIFTS

20% Down, 10% a Month

The few Christmas gift suggestions illustrated on this page will serve to show how really low our prices are. You can buy all your Christmas presents from us on credit and have nearly a year to pay for them. Our 64-year reputation for reliability is your guarantee of quality. Choose by number from the illustrations on this page, or send to large illustrated catalog number 86. We accept all articles prepaid, with privilege of examination. If your home jeweler can duplicate any diamond or piece of jewelry at the same price, we will take it back and return your money. Send for catalog number 86 to-day.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1843

but got nothing but sympathetic interest, invitations to dinners and offers of Knighthood.—G. Bernard Shaw.

✱ **I** do not keep step with my companion it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music he hears, however measured or however far away.—Thoreau.

Making the Man Who Can



Elizabeth Towne

To be a Boss-er instead of a Boss-ee; to rope and hog-tie real success; to do—not the other fellow, but the very best work of which you are capable: this is the desire of all the elect. And to this end our brand-new book, *Making the Man Who Can*, throws into the mind of the reader some powerful "vibes" of the right sort. ☛ Those who know, affirm that this book by Wallace D. Wattles touches just the right spot, and that it is a sure fattener of the bank-account and the pay-envelope.

CONTENTS:—The Business Attitude—Becoming What You Want to Be—Promoting Yourself—The Advancing Thought—The Law of Opulence—To Transmute Competition—Man and Money—Talk That Builds.

The book is a dainty affair, printed on laid paper in large, clear type, initial letters at beginning of chapters, bound in rhododendron.

THE NAUTILUS

Is a magazine of progress—the leading advanced-thought magazine. Edited by Elizabeth Towne. Regular contributors—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin Markham, W. R. C. Latson, M. D., et al. Read our great new serial, just commencing, "The City Shadow," by Sinclair Lewis. NAUTILUS sells for \$1.00 a year.

SPECIAL TO THE FAITHFUL—If cautious, send say Fifty Cents for six months' subscription to NAUTILUS and a copy of *Making the Man Who Can*. The really elect will want to send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS, with twelve back numbers and a copy of *Making the Man Who Can* included—all for only \$1.00. Let the rush begin! ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 65, Holyoke, Mass.

✱ **B**SERVE, also, a maiden's conversation. Does she argue with you and dispute your opinion? Nothing doing, son ☛ A girl in love, for the time being at least, is the meekest thing on earth and afraid to pipe lest she scare him off; also, she regards him, likewise temporarily, as an oracle. After marriage—

—but that is another story.—Dorothy Dix.

✱ **Y**OUR Lord and Master, politely called the governing classes, because, although they can not govern, they won't let any one else govern, are continuously inciting the masses and their leaders to violence and disorder by constituting themselves a permanent object-lesson in uselessness to themselves and everybody else ☛ Nobody ever succeeded in teaching them anything, but any criminal can intimidate them. Carlyle, Ruskin and Dickens appealed to their consciences with angel pens,

Sam Alschuler tells us that he was once obliged to give a lady client this advice: You can't start an action for divorce, and a breach-of-promise suit at the same time.

✱ **P**ETER COOPER is the type of rich man who benefits the world: the brain that made the money had the good judgment to invest it for the public good.—Andrew Carnegie.

The world is divided into three classes: those who read THE FRA, those who won't read THE FRA, and those who can't read THE FRA

✱ F the young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man. ✱ Consider the wonders, the mysteries connected with the recent developments in that most spiritual of all agents—electricity, with its unknown, and perhaps even unguessed-of powers. He must be a dull and prosaic young man who, being connected with electricity in any of its forms, is not lifted from humdrum business to the region of the mysterious. ✱ Business is not all dollars; these are but the shell—the kernel lies within, and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature. There was in the reign of militarism and barbarous force, much contempt for the man engaged in trade. ✱ How completely has all this been changed! But, indeed, the feeling has been comparatively recent in its origin, for if we look further back we will find that the oldest families in the world are proud of nothing but the part they played in business. The woosack and the galley still flourish in their coat-of-arms.—Andrew Carnegie.

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
2 lb and 5 lb Boxes! Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee! By Grocers Everywhere!

EAT GERALDSON'S FIGS

Folks who Fletcherize argue that man should eat but little here below, but eat that little long. Mighty few dispute this, but there are one or two Natural Electuaries, like Geraldson's Figs for example, that you could n't eat too much if you tried.

GERALDSON'S FIGS

Geraldson grows figs in his Foothill Orchard for Fig-Eaters Particular—not for Humanity in general. When you buy Figs you get just Figs, but when you order from Geraldson you get GERALDSON'S FIGS. They are better and cost no more. For they come direct from the tree to your table.

GERALDSON'S OFFER

6 pounds, anywhere in United States, prepaid for \$1.00
10 pounds, anywhere in United States, collect for \$1.00
100 pounds, two cases, by freight collect for \$9.00
100 pounds, two cases, prepaid for \$12.00. Anywhere in United States

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY
NEW CASTLE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Mother nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal portion.

✱
C ALVINISM was one and the same thing in Geneva, in Scotland, in Old and New England. If there was a wedding they had a sermon; if a war, or smallpox, or a comet, or a deacon died, still a sermon. Nature was a pulpit; the presbytery, a tyrant; and in many a house the poor children found seven sabbaths in a week.—Emerson.

Business is better than it has been for five years. Are you getting your share? If not, advertise in THE FRA

Music Culture at The Roycroft



Forest Cheney, Roycroft Director of Music

Music has taken its place, in the world of education and culture, as one of the most important factors in the development of the higher qualities natural to man. It is the youngest and most potent of all the arts, and its influence has done more to civilize the human race than any other medium of expression. Desire is an instinct of the soul, the consciousness of the action of forces working within us, the generator of moods and emotions. Music has its origin in the soul's longing for expression. It appeals directly to the inner consciousness, and bears the same relation to the external world that life does to the form. It is a language of moods and emotions, out of which develop actions. The right study and practise of the musical art is both ethical and hygienic and is conducive to the development of refined emotions and self-control.

No man can listen to good music and not feel its uplifting and refining influence. Its power is too subtle to be measured. True culture is an asset of unpurchasable value in society. To become accomplished in any fine art, is to acquire a wealth that is rated above the purchasing power of money. As an accomplishment, music ranks above all other arts, in its power to give pleasure to both listener and performer. It is the purpose of The Roycrofters to foster and cultivate an atmosphere that shall have a helpful and refining influence, and to give to those who possess musical gifts an opportunity to study and develop, under the direction of a master musician. Professor Cheney enjoys an international reputation, not only as a concert violinist of the highest order, but also for his undoubted ability as an instructor, writer, critic and director.

Forest Cheney has become the lion of San Francisco by reason of his truly marvelous violin playing.—San Francisco Examiner.

The star of the evening was Forest Cheney, violinist, who received a perfect ovation. He came almost unheralded and without any reputation, but he had barely played a few notes of "Fantasie Caprice," by Vieuxtemps, when he had demonstrated he was a master of his art, and able to bring out the sweetest and most sublime music from his favorite instrument. When he acknowledged the persistent applause of the audience, he bowed and bowed, but they were not satisfied with this, and when he returned it was to wind around them a perfect musical halo, as he executed a simple little lullaby of his own composition.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

Mr. Cheney's ambition is to elevate the standard of music to the highest plane of excellence.—New York Tribune.

Forest Cheney, the famed violin virtuoso, demonstrated the power of the violin, by holding spell-bound an audience which had gathered at the Park Theater. The violin and its master, absolutely unheralded, changed a chattering, laughing audience into a breathless, bewildered group of listeners. It is well known in musical circles that Forest Cheney is not only a great violin virtuoso, but is also the most enthusiastic of that school of musicians who are striving to elevate the popular standard of music to the highest standard of excellence. Mr. Cheney is certainly a most wonderful and accomplished artist.—Tribune-Republican, Meadville, Pa.

Beginning November First, Professor Cheney will receive pupils for private instruction at his studio at Emerson Hall. Rates: Per lesson of forty-five minutes each, Three Dollars; per term of twenty lessons, Sixty Dollars. Special recitals will be given during the season. All music students admitted free to lectures, musicales and entertainments given at The Roycroft.

The best accommodations can be secured by students desiring board and room, at Emerson Hall. The food is wholesome and healthful, rooms furnished Roycroftie, which is all one could desire. Large bathrooms on each floor, with hot and cold water. Steam heat throughout. Rates per week, Ten Dollars. For additional information, address FOREST CHENEY, THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

A Man Worth Looking At Twice

LONDON, by common consent of the civilized world, for generations has been the Mecca for men's styles in clothes. To describe a suit as English was to give it a character—a letter of introduction. A man who was known to have his clothes made in London was a man worth looking at twice.

This attitude has not changed. London is still the dictator—but today Londoners are wearing American clothes, made in America by Stein-Bloch.

This is a revolution in methods, but not in taste. It only indicates that the Englishman has been quick to recognize the decisive superiority of Stein-Bloch clothes in distinction of style and ease of fit. They have obtained at last what they have long been seeking—clothes at reasonable prices, *ready for immediate service and deeply imbued with the thoroughbred character that well-dressed Englishmen demand.*

These Stein-Bloch clothes are at *your* disposal—ready to be examined and tried on before the glass of your best clothier—in your own home town. Go there and try them on.

Write for "Smartness," which shows their styles and explains the reason why you should insist on the Stein-Bloch label. It means 55 years of Knowing How.



Look for this Label. It means 55 years
of Knowing How.



THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops
Rochester, N. Y.

New York
Fifth Avenue Bldg.

London
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
Oxford St., West

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

I want to tell you why the Maxwell offers the greatest value for \$1,500. The reasons below must be clear to every thinking person. Won't you please read why?

Benj. Briscoe PRES.



Four Cylinder 30 H.P. Roadster

This roadster for the first time meets two great requirements. It is convertible from a two-passenger roadster, as shown above, to the now so popular "pony-tonneau" type. We furnish a detachable tonneau, which can be taken on or off in a few minutes. Equipment same as touring-car.

\$1,500

This for
\$250 Less

A car even better than our four-cylinder 30-H. P. of last season at \$1,750. A car even better than the model which ran 10,000 miles over country roads without stopping its engine. A car even better than the MAXWELL that was driven by Mrs. John R. Ramsey and her three women companions from New York to San Francisco. A car even better than the MAXWELLS which won first and second places in class D of this year's Glidden Tour. In short, a car that combines MAXWELL reliability with style and luxury.

Where We
Have Added Value

We have increased the power of the engine 17%—although we rate it 30 as last season. We give you 34x4-inch tires—this means economy. We have changed the rear-spring suspension from semi-elliptic to $\frac{3}{4}$ scroll—this means comfort. We have lengthened the wheel-base 4 inches—the body is longer, the rear seat wider. These changes add to the easy-riding qualities of the car. The magnificent new body gives it style—yet you save \$250 on a better car.

This \$250 Saving
is Cost Reduction

Our plants have been enlarged—that's why. The number of cars that we built, doubled. We have added new automatic machines, some costing as high as \$20,000. This equipment and production has reduced manufacturing expenses to a minimum, while our selling and overhead remain the same—that saving goes to you.

SALE OF MAXWELL CARS TO DATE	
SOLD TO JULY 31, '09	17,000
SOLD DURING AUGUST, '09	678
MAXWELLS IN USE TODAY	18,278
WATCH THE FIGURES GROW	

MAXWELL-BRISCOE
Main Office
RUBY STREET

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA



An even better car for \$1,500 than we could build last season for \$1,750. Longer wheel-base, larger wheels, more powerful engine, a big, roomy, stylish body. We give you without extra charge a magneto, gas-lamps and generator—over \$150 worth of extras that you pay for in other cars.

and Even Better

What Do Owners Say?

The real test of an automobile is the verdict of the man who owns one. MAXWELL owners tell us that no car is so economical to keep. Read what this one says—it is a sample of what over 18,270 owners say about the MAXWELL.

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.,
Gentlemen:

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 6

You will be interested to know that my Maxwell has been driven at least 20,000 miles over all kinds of roads, and it is a pleasure to give it my enthusiastic approval.

This applies to its wearing qualities and general reliability, no less than to its strength of construction and simplicity of mechanism.

Yours truly,
J. W. WIESENFELD

Don't Be Disappointed

The demand for MAXWELLS has in the past exceeded the supply. Our dealers know that no other car offers as much for \$1,500. That's why every dealer has asked us to increase his allotment. May we send you our illustrated catalogue and name of the nearest dealer who can fill your order promptly?

We Also Make

Model "Q" 4-cylinder 22-H. P. runabout, sliding-gear transmission, 3 speeds forward. Magneto equipped, price standard runabout \$850. Three styles of body. Our model "A.A.," 12-H. P. runabout at \$550 is the greatest value ever produced. Costs less to own than a horse and buggy—costs no more to buy.

MOTOR COMPANY


and Factory
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

OTHER MAXWELL FACTORIES


New Castle, Ind. Providence, R. I.
Pawtucket, R. I. Kingsland Point, N. Y.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA


The Elgin Ideal




Here's why the Elgin Watch always stays Superior: because the Elgin Ideal to produce the Best is never slacked nor satisfied. The Elgin Institution perpetually hums with a galvanic desire to turn out a *finer* piece of work. ¶ If there were any known way to make a better watch than the Elgin, be sure the Elgin folks would be using it. They keep the same keen lookout for expert watchmakers that the Government does for bank-note engravers. Every man with a mind schooled in minute mechanisms *must* have studied the Elgin movement. ¶ And so the finest Watch Brains on the Planet Earth gravitate easily to the Elgin Shops. No matter what tongue he speaks or State he hails from,—the fellow with Watch Ideas is at home in Elgin, Illinois. Skilled fingers and delicate machinery have a common language.



The Elgin Watch



which you buy today represents not only a hundred Good Ideas *adopted*, but a thousand Impractical Ideas *rejected*. Each Elgin brings you the benefits of forty-two years spent in efforts to Improve. ¶ Careful experiments are constantly being made by these men. Each scheme proposed is Time-tried and Trial-proven. If it fails to work the World never knows it was tried—the Elgin Folks sell only The Perfect Ones. ¶ The Elgin Watch stands up to the minute in mechanical progress as well as split-second accuracy. ¶ The forty-two-year Test of Public Favor has found the Elgin True.



Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

By the time this Magazine reaches you, our New

Book-Catalog

will be ready for mailing. Probably the best of its kind we have ever issued. A three-color work, illustrated with reproductions of Photographs of Subjects.

¶ In it you'll find a list of The Roycroft Classics in Bindings of Variety and Quality. And by the way, a twenty-minute reading of this Catalog will give you a fair education in Book-Craft.

¶ The clear, forceful descriptions, and honestly posed pictures of books, tend to acquaint you with the Volume, to make it REAL to you. You will not fail to recognize a Roycroft Book when it arrives.

¶ Don't neglect your opportunities by delaying—be wise and send for the Book-Catalog today. It's FREE.

¶ Also let us send you our New Modeled-Leather Book, gratis for the asking.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Portable Wisdom



HE Proverb, Orphic, Epigram or Motto is a six-cylinder truth, self-lubricating, on ball-bearings.

It should contain Biff, Besom, Beeswax and Jamake. Fra Elbertus writes epigrams for rest and recreation. The Roycroft boys print some of the best on charcoal paper, and The Roycroft girls illumine these by hand. A few of the workers, like Fra Baldini and Sister Asparagus, letter mottoes complete, after the manner of the Monks of Old, who worked with pen and brush in the Scriptoriums. We have compiled a *Motto-Book* of three hundred mottoes done in The Roycroft Scriptorium, with various reproductions of original designs. ¶ This book is a regular little storehouse of wisdom for the collector and designer, or the cognoscenti who crave choice and unique decorations for office, school, den, library, studio, parlor, guest-room or booby-hutch. ¶

The Roycroft Motto-Book
will be sent you for Ten Cents—stamps or silver

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York



The Old Education, or Memorizing Any Old Thing
vs.
Earning Your Living and Making Yourself Useful

THE FRA



NOT FOR MUMMIES

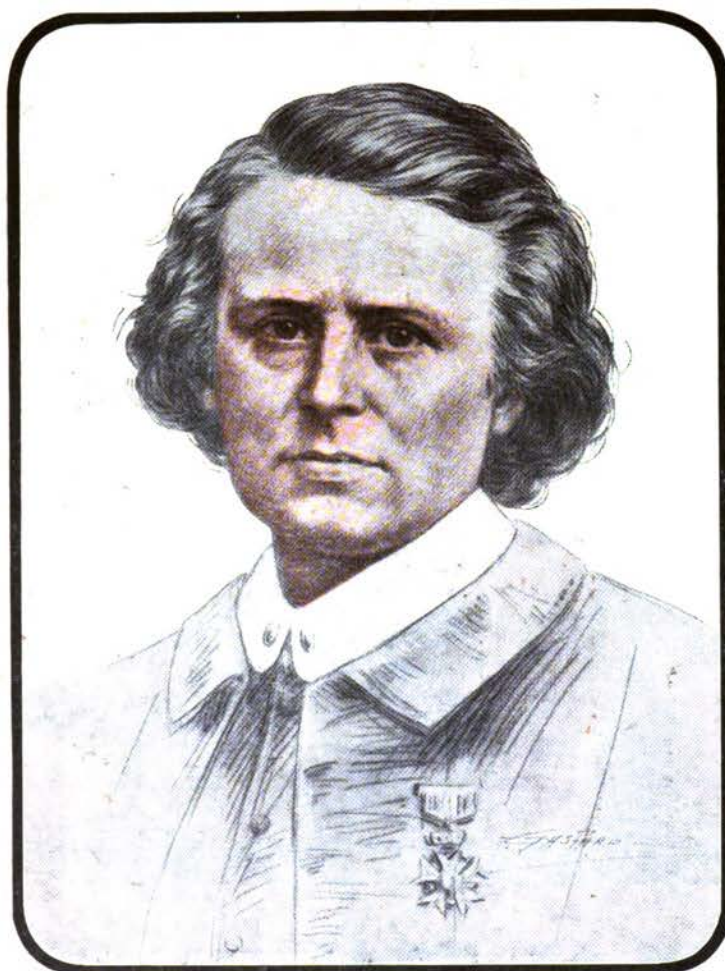
■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. IV

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

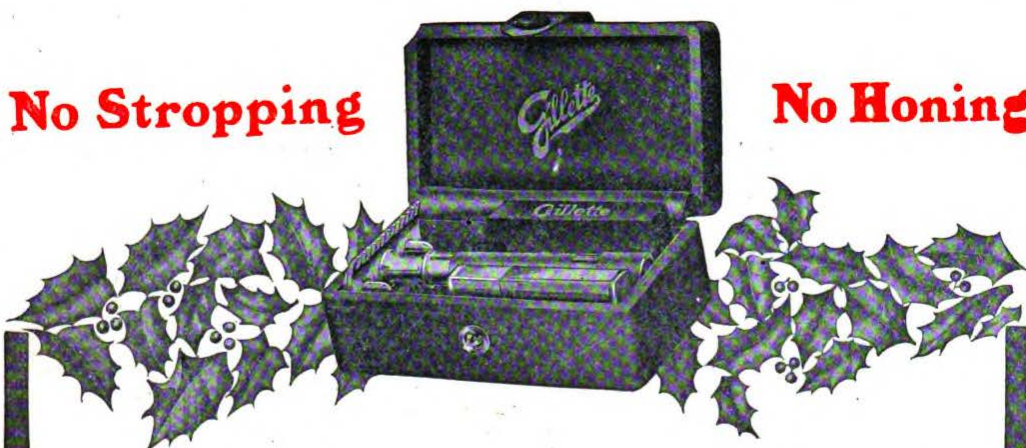


YOU SENT FOR ME JUST IN TIME!

Read "The Doctors," Elbert Hubbard's Latest Book

No Stropping

No Honing



Let His Present be a GILLETTE



FTEN there occur unexpected emergencies when a man really ought to be shaved and happens not to be. At seven-thirty p. m., somebody proposes the Theater, and it develops that every one wants to go. "But I am not shaved," protests the head of the house. That spoils the fun—unless there is a Gillette handy. ¶ With a Gillette on his dressing-table 'tis a little matter of five minutes or less. A man can shave himself in a hurry with the Gillette. It's a Safety. It's *The Safety*. The user runs no chance of face mutilation. ¶ Lots of men *Know* the virtues of the Gillette. They have seen *Proof* of Gillette Efficiency. They have talked about it at the club, in the office or going into the city. The subject of shaving is a frequent one, and when brought up, the Gillette pops into the conversation by Divine Right. ¶ Yet, through a strange perversity of Masculine Conservatism, a few men cling to the old-style Razor. Just a Bad Habit and hard to break. The salvation of such a man must be accomplished by a woman. She must take the Initiative and buy him a Gillette. He will welcome the gift and be glad that his allegiance to the Old Razor may be broken off. Besides, it pleases a man to feel that his personal needs have been anticipated.

Every Christmas Marks a Gillette Epoch

Thousands of Gillette enthusiasts have been enrolled in this very way. And in this season of gift-giving the Gillette stands as a pre-eminent present. It is something that a man uses intimately every day with increasing satisfaction. It saves his money, husbands his time, and lasts him a lifetime. ¶ Made in 14-Karat gold plate and triple silver plate.

Standard Set (full leather case)	- - - - -	\$5.00
Standard Set (in neat metal case)	- - - - -	\$5.00
New Pocket Edition	- - - - -	\$5.00 to \$7.50
Combination Sets	- - - - -	\$6.50 to \$50.00

The Gillette Case, Complete, Vest-Pocket Size, is made in gold, silver or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. The Razor-Handle and Blade-Box each triple silver-plated or 14-Karat gold-plated—and the blades are fine. Price \$5.00 and \$7.50. **ON SALE EVERYWHERE.** ¶ You should know Gillette Shaving-Brush—a new brush of Gillette Quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber—and Gillette Shaving-Stick, a shaving-soap worthy of the Gillette Safety-Razor.

Gillette Sales Company

549 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London, 17 Holborn Viaduct

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

This Beautiful Art Calendar Free

No other art calendar was ever so beautiful as the 1910 Armour calendar entitled "The Debutante." In this calendar Penrhyn Stanlaws, C. Allan Gilbert and James Montgomery Flagg have done their very best color work.

You have never seen girls more attractive. The drawings are not mere ideals—they are true to life. Each page of the calendar looks like an "original."

The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches. There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

How to Get One

Send the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or paper certificate under the cap, with four cents to cover cost of mailing, to Armour & Co., Dept. DP, Chicago. Or send us 25 cents in stamps. We'll send you a calendar by return mail.

Individual Picture Offer

We have a few of these drawings, size 10½x16½, printed on extra heavy paper, with calendar dates and all printing eliminated, which we will send prepaid for 25 cents each. Or we'll send the four separate drawings of this size and the calendar all for \$1, express prepaid. These separate plates are ideal for framing.

Why This Offer is Made

We want you to know the hundred uses for a good extract of beef—not in the sick-room, but *in the kitchen.*

Armour's Extract of Beef

We are willing to give you the calendar simply to get you to use one jar. For you'll never be without the extract once you know what it means.

Add it to soups and to gravies. See what your people say. Impart it to "left-overs"—see how it freshens them. Make stews from the parts of meat that you now throw away. Note how good they are. But be sure you get *Armour's*.

Extracts costing a trifle less go but one-fourth as far. Just try one jar of Armour's. Learn at least one of its hundred uses.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



Copyrighted 1909
Armour & Company
Chicago

Penrhyn Stanlaws



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Armour & Company
Chicago

Get these four beautiful drawings in the Armour calendar with the top from your first jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, and four cents for mailing.

Address Armour & Co., Chicago, Dept. DP.

Save the library-slips in Extract of Beef jars. They get you magazines free.

X ONCE knew an old money-loaner who had been in the business from his youth. He had inherited a little wad which he loaned and a creed which he kept. He believed in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures from cover to cover. The Adam story, Job, the Song of Solomon and Ecclesiastes were as directly written by the finger of God as were the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, all being done by direct divine dictation verbatim et literatim, world without end, amen. Question the truth of it

as much as he used in his bank. Not a breath more. What measures the power of your automobile? The capacity of the gasoline-tank? The smoke under the wagon? Not that. The power units that go into the pull, and nothing more. Surplus gasoline and surplus smoke never helped any load uphill.—The Sharpshooter.

The only reform that really reforms is at work all the time, and that is a growing demand for better men and better women.—Dr. J.H. Tilden.

Education is evolution and the recipe is: Work.
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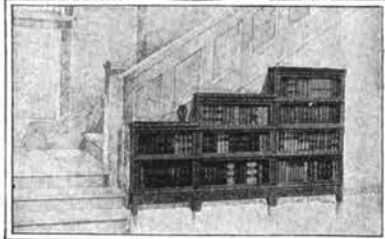
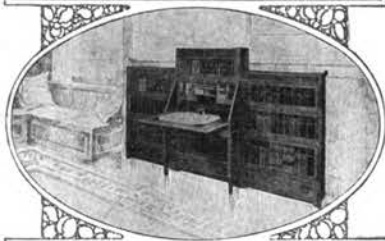
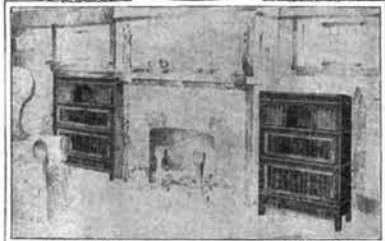
and he would fly into a holy rage, which he counted unto himself for superior righteousness, and thereby considered himself a defender of the faith. But when he held a mortgage that gave him power to devour a widow's house for a quarter of its value, he sat up to the table and devoured with a keen relish. One day when the note of a brother church member became delinquent he grabbed the fat collateral that secured it and no plea for mercy could loosen his grip, though the grip squeezed all the stuffing out of his brother's Death was the only thing that ever unhooked his fingers from the bag, and then his heirs got it. How much religion did this man have? Just

THE merry-making on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day dates back beyond the time of Queen Anne. One of the most popular styles of celebration was for the head of the house to assemble the family around a large oaken growler of spiced booze. After each member became thoroughly soused the word that passed among them was the old Saxon phrase, "wass hael" (to your health!). The poorer classes crowded the downtown ale-houses and as the hour grew late they passed into the Sunday room and continued the festivities till the sun appeared over the brow of the hill, when they reeled home. In our own country today the same manner of ob-

servance obtains in no small degree, all stiffness of age, profession and rank loosening up. Many of us look back over the years gone by and sum up all that we have stood for, all that we have licked up, things that we have done or neglected in that regretted time and resolve to hit the straight and narrow trail and save a little money for food.—Abe Martin.

I am the acme of things accomplished and the encloser of things to be.—Walt Whitman.

Education is an acquirement, not a gift.
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The widespread use of books for Christmas gifts has prompted us to publish lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books," for children and adults, as selected by such authorities as Hamilton W. Mabie, John Ruskin, Canon Farrar, Dr. Eliot, Sir John Lubbock, etc. Sent free on request.

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—Forest Cheney.

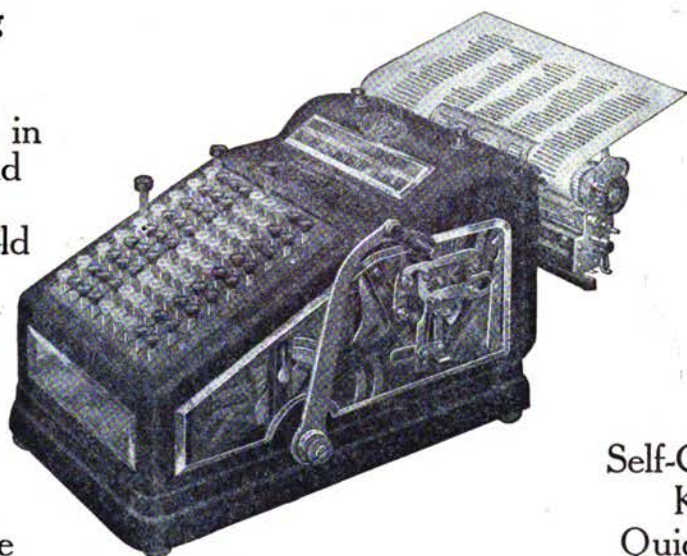
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On your piano at once expresses high quality to your friends. Then why not purchase a well-known piano when it costs little if any more to do so? **JESSE FRENCH** has been in the piano business SINCE 1875, and is still at it—the head of the Krell-French Piano Company, who will be glad to supply your most ambitious as well as your most humble desires in the way of a piano. *Over Twenty Styles.* You certainly will find *yours* in that number.

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THE original essence of Protestantism was protest against clerical authority—against the claim of Pope and priests to the right and power to interpret the Scriptures, and to impose their interpretation in the form of dogma upon the laity. It was a revolt against ecclesiastical autocracy—a declaration of the right of the individual to think for himself and to come to his own conclusions. Its essence was the principle that the honest convictions of the individual are, so far as he himself is concerned,

lessly logical. On the other hand, Protestantism founded on the denial of infallibility in any human agency and yet imposing standards of Biblical interpretation and religious beliefs is obviously illogical. In so far as it hampers individual freedom of thought and expression in its congregations, so far it returns toward the place it set out from—so far it nullifies the force of the original protest.—St. John "Sun."

Keep an even temper, no matter what happens.

A College Education—we supply everything but the Bulldog and the Cigarettes

the right and the truth. Obviously, then, Protestant churches arrogate to themselves the same authority against which they revolted when they in turn set up fixed standards of dogma and hiss "Heresy!" at those who venture to disagree. And these so-called higher critics themselves play the Pope when they set up their criticism as a thing of authority and call upon their less learned brethren to bow down and worship it.

There is no tenable middle ground between the absolute spiritual authority claimed by the Roman Catholic Church and the full admission of the sovereignty of the individual understanding. Catholicism at least is fault-

THE petty tyrant—we all know him. He is usually a hard worker. Having “made good” working under some one else, he is put in charge of a small department. Then the czar microbes in his blood get busy. He has a malignant memory. If any employee in his department dares go over him to a superior, this offense is never forgotten and it is never forgiven. The men and women under him whisper and look sideways. They flatter and fawn upon him. He has an insatiable thirst for more authority. He does not realize that government which is founded upon force must live by force. The strongest management in any business is that based upon good will and free trade in ideas. It is just as great a mistake to over-manage as it is to under-manage. The petty tyrant never evolves into bigger things. In building a Chinese wall around his department, he at the same time builds it around himself. The man who insists upon bounds and limitations, keeps himself in at the same time he is keeping the other fellow out.—The Gimlet.

Use your friends by being of use to them.

The Roycroft Fraternity—an In-Absentia University.
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Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

My creed: Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead.

THE new religion will make but slow progress, so far as outward organization goes. It will, however, progressively modify the creeds and religious practises of all the existing churches and change their symbolism and their teachings concerning the conduct of life.—Charles W. Eliot.



JONES

DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

THE FARM

¶If you need something to stimulate your jaded appetite, the appetizing odor and delicious flavor of our milk-fed little-pig sausages will awaken your cosmic consciousness and give you new interest in mundane matters.

¶We make our sausages differently—therefore, different. Some people would say we were too particular, perhaps, but we don't think so.

¶Making good sausages is a matter of conscience with us. ♣ When people tell us we make the best sausages they ever tasted and pay their good money for more and expect the same sort, we can't disappoint them; so we go right on sausage-making in the same old-fashioned, painstaking way. You see, down here on the Farm there is n't so much need for hurry. We can turn out enough each day by the Old Farm method for that day's orders, get things cleaned up again ready for tomorrow all spick and span and still have time to enjoy life—and that's what we do.

¶We and our neighbors hereabouts raise the chunkiest, healthiest milk-fed little squealers that were ever turned into sausages: and when this selected pork—loins and shoulders only—is mixed with home-ground spices according to an old recipe of ours, the result is sausage that is n't equaled anywhere. We would like you to **call at your grocer's** for our sausages, or, if he does not sell them, send us his name and accept our

—TRIAL OFFER—

4 lbs. \$1.00 Express Prepaid; \$1.40 West of Kansas and South of Tennessee. We also cure Hams and Bacon which are just as good in their way as our sausages, and we make a TRIAL OFFER, 16 lbs. (weight exclusive of packing) for \$3.00 anywhere East of Colorado or North of Alabama; \$3.75 outside this territory. Remit as suits you best.

¶Don't fail to send for the Farm Booklet, which tells all about us and the things we make, with some Tried and Tested recipes for cooking them. Write for it now.

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm

P. O. Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

Clubs for studying THE FRA and following up all allusions and references are starting everywhere. The Roycrofters tell you how

The newspapers of the country have published the general advance in watch prices since the passage of the Payne Tariff Bill

This is to announce that the prices of the high-grade Ingersoll-Trenton and the low-priced Ingersoll watches have not advanced and will not.

Although our output is over 12,000 watches daily—more than four times that of any other product—we did not join in the petition presented jointly by practically every other American watch-factory asking for higher "protection" when the revision was under consideration by the Ways and Means Committee of Congress.

Those factories got the higher tariff they asked for. Now they have raised their prices. We ask no tariff favors. It costs us no more to make watches than formerly, and we deem it business wisdom and fair play to the public to adhere to the prices and the policy of delivering the utmost values possible which have built up the stupendous sales our watches now enjoy.

Our prices have always been published broadcast and marked on every watch-box. Others have no standard price, they sell at different prices in different stores so you can not estimate their recent increase.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

\$5 in solid nickel case

\$7 in 10-year gold-filled case

\$9 in 20-year gold-filled case

The "I-T" is patterned after and embodies every essential feature of the most expensive American movements. Its movement is of the bridge-model construction reserved by others for their highly-jeweled product. No other popular-priced watch is made in this type.

It has seven ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels, protecting the points of principal wear and will give Twenty Years of Service.

It has the compensating balance-wheel, automatically adjusting itself to changes of temperature; the micrometric regulator, permitting most precise adjustment, and every other characteristic of the best watches.

It is an exceedingly close timer. Very few watches can equal it. In appearance it has no superior at any price. People are accustomed to paying far more without getting so good a watch.

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The "I-T" watch can be handled only by Jewelers competent to regulate and repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. It is new now. Jewelers who have not yet put it in stock or those who demand exorbitant profits, as well as those whom we consider irresponsible as sales agents, may recommend something else.

But in your own interest simply insist upon examining the "I-T" side by side with what is offered. Many jewelers display the "I-T" in their windows.

If not locally obtainable sent prepaid by us. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction which every man should understand; mailed FREE with names of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

New York Times, Sept. 21

WATCH PRICES UP; TARIFF AIDS TRUST

Big Manufacturers All Over the Country Advance Rates by About 7 Per Cent.

IMPORT TRADE TO SUFFER

Increase in Amount of Duty Means More Business for Large Concerns but Hurts the Small Dealers.

Special to The New York Times.
WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 20.—The price of watches all over the country has been increased about 7 per cent. The Waltham Watch Company 16-day full-in line with the other manufacturers, and put into effect the higher rates.

Two days ago it was announced at Chicago that two of the largest Western watchmaking concerns had advanced rates. To-day the Eastern companies followed suit, the Waltham company acting in conjunction with other concerns of the East.

The advance affects both watches and watch cases. The high-grade watches

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 18

PRICE OF WATCHES UP WITH TARIFF

Elgin and Waltham Companies Announce Increases Following "Revision."

COMPLAINT BY JOBBERS

See "Harmony" in Action of the Wholesalers, Who Deny They Violate Trust Law.

Because of the "revised tariff," according to jobbers and consumers, American-made watches are to cost more. At least the Elgin and Waltham companies, who are commonly understood to carry on their affairs with great harmony of action, have sent out announcements to jobbers, advising them of advances in prices ranging from 5 to 10 per cent, and the jobbers think the advance had been justified simply because the Payne tariff, which watch manufacturers

PRICE OF WATCHES ADVANCED.
Waltham, Mass., Sept. 20.—In conjunction with other Eastern watch manufacturers, the Waltham Watch Company today advanced the price of watches and cases. The advance is understood to average about 7 per cent. The action by the Eastern manufacturers follows an advance by leading Western manufacturers last week. The prevailing high price of materials is given as the reason for the advance.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Frankel Bldg., New York

⚡ If you are afraid of an Idea,
avoid THE FRA Fraternity Folks



Maurice Hewlett

The
New Serial
in
Scribner's
Magazine

beginning
in

January
1910

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by

Maurice Hewlett

THE author is one of the foremost and most widely read and admired writers of today. This story possesses all of his fascinating qualities of poetry and romance and the interest of character revelation, together with a strikingly original point of view that will attract and hold the attention from the very beginning. It is a modern story, a view of life as the author sees it today, and its truth, beauty of style and fearlessness, with a characteristic note of unconventionality and *humanness*, will make it one of the most remarkable serials the Magazine has ever published.

✱ LOVE you for what you are, but I love you yet more for what you are going to be. ✱ I love you not so much for your realities as for your ideals. I pray for your desires that they may be great, rather than for your satisfactions, which may be so hazardingly little. ✱ A satisfied flower is one whose petals are about to fall. The most beautiful rose is one hardly more than a bud wherein the pangs and ecstasies of desire are working for larger and finer growth. ✱ Not always shall you be what you are now. ✱ You are going forward toward something great. I am on the way with you and therefore I love you.—Chas. Sandburg.

✱ ALLUS argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute—
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject fer his neighbor's talk,
And critic-minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go fer him!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

✱
Music is a secondary love manifestation.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do.

✱
TO walk staunchly by the best light one has, to be strict and sincere with one's self, not to be of the number of those who say and do not, to be in earnest—this is the discipline by which alone man is enabled to rescue his life from thralldom to the passing moment, to ennoble it and make it eternal.

—Matthew Arnold.

Have you a Chapter of The Roycroft Fraternity in your vicinity?
If not, write us for the gratis booklet, A FRA SUGGESTION

AFFAIRS are now too great in business to breed petty jealousies. There is now allied with the desire for gain the desire for progress, invention, improved methods, scientific development, and pride of success in these important matters; so that the dividend which the business man seeks and receives to-day is not alone in dollars. He receives with the dollar something better: a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business which he makes his life-work.—Carnegie.

WHAT is regarded as the quaintest oath still in use is that

taken by the high-court judges in the Isle of Man, the terms of which are as follows: "By this book and the contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heaven above and the earth beneath in six days and six nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

Voltaire

Famous St. Hubert Guild Edition

The Only Complete Edition ever published in English. New translations by William F. Fleming. This edition contains the celebrated *Tobias Smollett* notes taken from the famous Eighteenth Century translation, specially edited and revised for this work. It also contains a masterly critique and biography of Voltaire by Rt. Hon. John Morley, M. P.

YOU ALL KNOW VOLTAIRE

Justice Seabury, sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his work in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs.

VOLTAIRE was exiled from his country, yet rose again and again on the crest of popular and fashionable favoritism, and had the leaders of the Courts of France, England and Germany for devoted worshippers. VOLTAIRE was the foremost of Philosophers, the most eminent of Historians, the most brilliant of Wits, the most subtle of Satirists, a terror to tyranny, a champion of suffering, a lovely and loving and amorous poet, a most perceptive traveler, a very Shakespeare in drama and, as a teller of stories, the drollest and richest that the world has ever known.

So numerous are his subjects, so many his styles, so sound his reasoning, so beautiful his fancy and so gay his humor, that his writings are most instructive, intensely interesting and a pleasure for every mood of the human mind.

VOLTAIRE'S works, one and all, are masterpieces. Vast, incomprehensible as is human life, every phase of the known and every speculation as to the unknown is to be found in his wonderful writings.

As a man of letters and master of style he is supreme.

VOLTAIRE is commended by all authorities, many placing him above Shakespeare. He is so great, his writings so profound, yet of such deep interest, as to be above discussion.

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This edition is printed from new, large type, very readable, on a special antique finished paper, illustrated from exquisite old French designs, which form in themselves a rare gallery of famous historical characters. The work contains over 100 photogravure illustrations, 45 being colored by hand, forming a collection of gems by the world's most famous artists. These 43 De Luxe Volumes with Index are handsomely and durably bound in Red English Buckram, the volumes are stamped upon the back in gold, with gold tops and silk head-bands, and each volume contains an illuminated Title Page.

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of the fish. So help me, God and the contents of this book."

NO friend of mine takes his ease in my chair, I have no chair, no church, no philosophy, I lead no man to a dinner-table, library or exchange, But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll.—Walt Whitman.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

Evolution of the Christmas Present



¶ For one thousand nine hundred eight years kindly folks have searched diligently for some sort of suitable Christmas Offering. ¶ Among the earliest of these gifts such selections as frankincense, myrrh and sweet-scented woods were given preference by Wise Men. Modern years have witnessed a tendency of Holiday

donors to seek something more and more useful, something imperishable, something he or she will use always and often.

¶ This year the New INDESTRUCTO TRUNK has filled these requirements and solved the problem of "What?"

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

are such a decided departure from the old-style tin and pine-slat variety, that they almost deserve a different name. Indestructo Trunks are made of the toughest "processed" Veneer Wood and are impermeable to wet, wind or weather. Full Brass trimmings are riveted closely to the body—no nails. All corners are rounded and reinforced. The bottom stands on steel-shod runners. These trunks are strong enough to withstand all the punishing, batter and bounce, jolts, hooks and jabs of depot, transfer and hotel huskies.

The Maker Guarantees Against Mishandling,
and Insures Against Destruction

Whether by Fire, Accident, Wreck, Collision, Carelessness or Neglect. The circular Trade-Mark label makes it impossible to lose your Trunk and warns porters to "go aisy." A serial number identifies your property, and prevents its going astray. ¶ Indestructos are made in many models and sizes, and are sold by most dealers.

Write for Catalog and Booklet

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO., Station D, Mishawaka, Ind.



Do you want health, happiness, strength, competence?
Or do you prefer a patent-leather pedagogic shine?

THE CAUSE AND CORRECTION OF "ACID MOUTH"

Man eats. And so also does woman. But they don't swallow all they chew up, any more than they eat to the last particle all the provender on their plates.

A few hours later things begin to happen. The minute particles of food clinging to the teeth and "gums" and palate begin to decompose. Acid is born.

Now your teeth—any tooth is only as strong as the thinnest spot in its enamel. And once and for all be it understood that a crack or a hole in this enamel or outer tegument of a tooth never heals or grows together.

It can be plugged with gold, silver or cement, and sealed with blood and tears. But Nature wastes not her time repairing the Individual who neglects his teeth.

So this Acid can cut into the body of the tooth only when some one has been guilty of Contributory Negligence. And once Mouth Acid begins its fine work, it stops not in the Oral Cavity.

It Infects and Affects and Defects the whole Constitution.

Q You've met those persons who suffer from the "Bad-Breath Disease," haven't you? Well!

Look at their teeth sometime!

Acid and Alkali are chemical neutrals.

When they meet, they nullify the effect of each other, and the battle-ground is left Aseptic and Clean.

To combat the Food Acid, and save the teeth, Nature secretes an Alkali saliva. In the Oral Cavity (which is just another name for Mouth) of every person there is a constant struggle going on.

This Alkali, if there is enough of it, checks the Bacteria-breeding effect of an Acid Mouth. But a modern tendency to fast eating and imperfect chewing, seldom gives the saliva a chance.

ACID IN THE MOUTH MEANS DISORDER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

THE ONLY DENTIFRICE MADE PURPOSELY TO RESIST THIS ACID IS

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco is a counteractant. It promotes the Antiseptic flow of Alkali Saliva and combats the Acid in front and on the flank. Also it Cleans the Teeth. Pebeco was originated in Hamburg, Germany, by a German who was seeking to perfect a Hygienic Tooth-Paste, which would be a Standard for Dentists and Physicians to recommend. The Pebeco made in America is from the identical Formula employed in the P. Beiersdorf & Company Laboratories in the Old Country. The Teutons didn't color Pebeco artificially nor flavor it to make it more of a "breath-perfume" than a cleansing agent. Neither do we. Pebeco stands for a Service. And you may test its virtues FREE.



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XN the commission plan is combined the efficiency of the monarchy and the safety of the republic. The monarchy is an efficient government, because there is concentrated in the monarch all the power and authority of the government. When the czar wants a thing done, he orders it done; immediately it is accomplished. But monarchy is deficient because it does not give the people any means of defending their rights. On the other hand, the republic, with its diffused authority and responsibility, gives the people reasonable means of defending their rights, but is cumbersome and inefficient as an instrument of government. The thing to be desired is a governmental system which is as efficient as a monarchy and which safeguards popular rights at least as well as a republic. This we have in the commission plan. The important thing is to concentrate authority so as to get efficiency, and to furnish by initiative, referendum and recall a means of popular defense against abuse of that authority.—John Z. White.

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Because in the last Little While the Center of the Buying Class has shifted. Yesterday the Automobilist was the Popsy Pleasure-Seeker who could Afford It. Today he is the Business Man, whose Auto is a part of his Affairs.

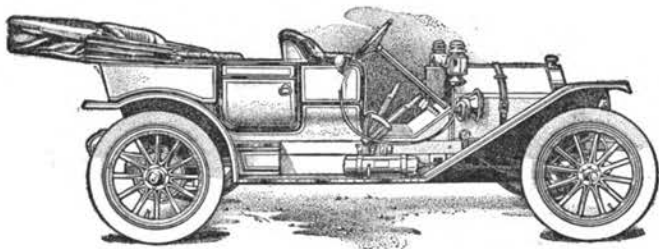
The Man wanting an Auto because it would make him "Distinguished" was willing to pay any price within his reach. But here we are entering an Era where a Reliable Car is a Necessary Factor in Workaday Life.

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FOR XMAS

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No. 40. Price \$20.00. Barrel and cap covered with solid 18K. gold. Artistic design in deeply carved relief-work. Comes in plush or morocco box. A gift De Luxe for gentleman or lady.

No. 15. Price \$7.00. Barrel covered with tinted pearl slabs held by gold bands; cap covered with gold filigree. Space for owner's name.

No. 46. Price \$10.00. Especially beautiful in design. Intended particularly as a lady's pen. 18K. gold-filled filigree design; corrugated tinted pearl slabs; space for owner's name.

No. 42 1-2 Price \$4.50. Neat, simple, elegant. Middle gold band has space for owner's name.

No. 41. Price \$8.50. Gentleman's large-sized barrel, covered with 18K. gold-filled filigree design. Space for owner's name.

In business, in club-work, in classroom, on the streets, thoughts come surging with live steam behind them. And the minute the safety-valve pops, the Parker is ready: no delay in wiping off the barrel before using—no smearing of your fingers or soiling of your linen. It's because of the modern ink-feed, the Lucky Curve, that the Parker is so dependable.

This curved ink-feed is exclusively a Parker feature; other fountain-pens have straight ink-feeds. Ink sticks in straight ink-feeds until the air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of your body forces it out into the cap, where it disagreeably surprises you when you remove

the cap to write. But the curved ink-feed of the Parker is self-draining. It gives free passage to expanding air. It makes the Parker never-failing—makes it, above all others, the *cleanly* fountain-pen—the dependable work-tool.

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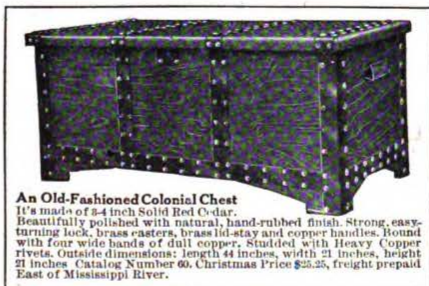


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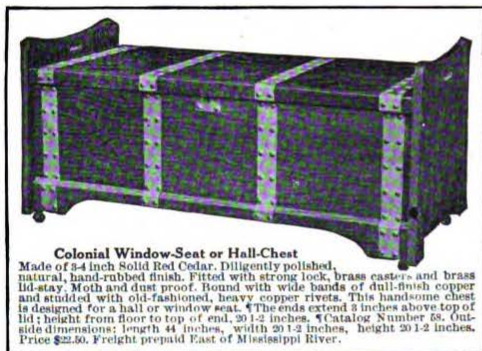


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Are the Only Quality Chests on the Market



Colonial Window-Seat or Hall-Chest

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Genuine Cedar Chests are difficult to purchase anywhere. ¶ And if perchance you find one, the Price is Generally More than you Thought. ¶ Because the **PIEDMONT FURNITURE** is made in Large Quantities for the National Supply—and because it is sold direct through Advertising—it is much superior to furniture selling for two and three times as much.

*Send now for Catalog of
Chests of all Styles and
Prices. Free to the Elect.*

Piedmont Red-Cedar Chest Company
Department 92, Statesville, North Carolina

XT is through the portal of the moral meaning of crucial political controversies that female citizenship is destined to come finally into its electoral heritage. It is possible that we men, puffed up in our own conceit and purblind to our own and the general welfare, might succeed in continuing to deprive ourselves indefinitely of the service in our community affairs of that prudence, that conservatism, that patience, and that loyalty which we gladly recognize as the main guarantees of domestic happiness and contentment, and the chief

justice, for fairness, for right. The moral aspect of the question will prove irresistible and will pave the way for its economic acceptance, and when once the barriers of our self-sufficiency shall have fallen before this supreme assault, we shall soon remember them but dimly, like some other outgrown superstitions, and find it scarcely credible that they once existed.

—Charles A. Towne.

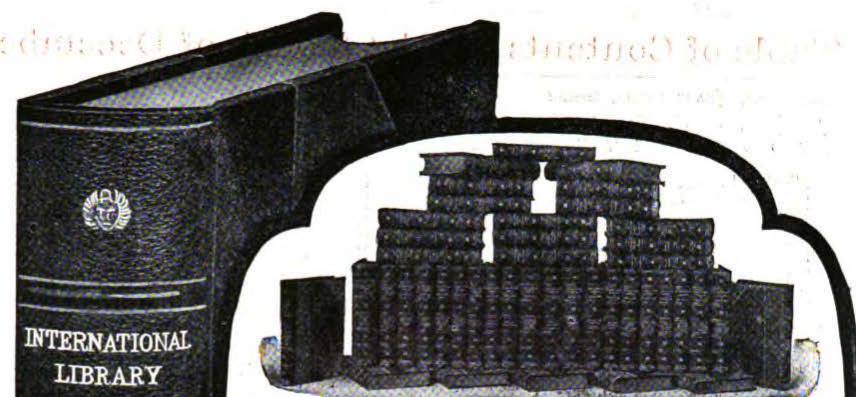
Work for yourself by working for the good of all.

reliance of domestic economy; but we shall not be able much longer to resist the importunities of that service proffered in the language of sentiment with the sanctions of morality and justice.

Vainly has woman asked for a voice in the representative enactment of the laws that govern her; in the levy of the taxes that she pays; in the expenditure of the money she helps to earn. Men have turned deaf ears to the plain business common sense of the request for the ballot, both on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of women that own property and on behalf of the millions of women that toil. But the argument has become a plea for

MOST people seem to draw a definite line between the religious and the secular. The clergy and the body of ecclesiastical attaches are supposed to have in charge the things religious. It is their business seven days of the week. As for the rest of us, if we are not altogether irreligious, it is our business one day of the week; or to speak more accurately, two morning hours out of the one lay of the week. The rest of the time we may give to secular things. This is an old-time way of cataloging the departments of life. But it is false and wholly vicious. The line is imaginary and never existed. There is no such thing in life as religion apart from every-day living. A man may carry a Saratoga trunkful of religious beliefs under his hat. If they don't show forth in his attitude toward his fellow man, he might as well carry a trunkful of last year's birds' nests.—"The Sharpshooter."

GEORGE WASHINGTON never meddled in the municipal affairs of Cleveland, Ohio, nor doubled-crossed a country postmaster; he never bothered his head about the birth-rate or called up an Associated Press



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representative every time the papers failed to contain something about him. Washington was a great general, too, on the side, and crossed the Delaware in a skiff and occasionally shot a little game for the house unaccompanied.—Abe Martin.

✱

I believe that no man can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear and that the universe is planned for good.

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THE FURNITURE-CATALOG

THE LEATHER-BOOK

Holiday week for us, usually, carries an undertone of bass growls and shrill falsettos from lost souls who failed to order their Roycroft goods for presents until the day before Christmas. And then expected us to get the Choice Things to them by Christmas Morning. And the moral is as given: ORDER EARLY.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 4

DECEMBER

No. 3

Send the flowers when the man gets well, instead of when he does n't

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Two Dollars and Forty Cents

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

What to Do!

WHAT to do—what to do!

An astronomer in St. Louis promises us that the world is coming to an end in three weeks. ¶ We are to be side-swiped by Halley's Comet.

The man from Missouri proves it from Scripture.

What to do—what to do!

A comet is a phosphorescent streak of light moving on an electric current, in a vacuum, and has no more actual existence than a rainbow. It is an effect, not a thing; an appearance, not a substance.

But let that pass—the man may be right.

So pack your battered souls in your ghostly

grips and check them for Tophet. ¶ It is good in this man from Missouri to show us in time, for we can secure our asbestos Stein-Bloch smart suits and then give us over to the joys of the flesh for the classic term of three weeks. ¶ Here, tapster, what ho! a scuttle of suds! And let joy be unconfined for twenty-one days! ¶ What to do—what to do!

A Possible Jeremiad

PERHAPS this prophecy that the world is coming to an end is a variant of that tendency strong in the muddy nut of Calamity Jake. ¶ Jake always sees lions in the way. He does not know that to open an umbrella suddenly on the King of Beasts is to see him beat it for the bush. ¶ You never get near enough to a lion to jab him. Lions that are not chained are cowards set on a high clutch. ¶ For a score of years they called you crazy,

eh! And several of these you had, in pity, to pilot to the booby-hutch.

They prophesied you were soon to bust, did n't they? And then you loaned them money which you never again saw.

Do you remember Milesian Mike, who roared portents of red ruin soon to be, and told of the day when the owls would hoot through your belfry!

But the bust bat was in the belfry of Buggy Mike. The wildcat he saw was merely a louse on his eyebrow.

For twenty years, folks have been climbing out of The Roycroft Shop to escape the crash. Yet every year we have had more subscribers, better books, an increased bank-balance and an increase of love.

Nevertheless, as before suggested, you never can tell. ¶What to do—what to do!

A Good Old World

LET 'er go, Professor, "The Wind That Shakes the Barley"—thank you!

Our time is short, but then we have had our day in court; also, our term in jail. But it has been a fair old world and we have had all the justice we deserved and all the good we could fletcherize.

We have had many blessings—railroad-passes, free lunches, theater-tickets, tickets-of-leave, pawn-tickets, "Little Journeys," and THE FRA. In philosophy the world has had Socrates; in science, Aristotle; in art, Michelangelo; in harmonics, Beethoven; in war, Napoleon; in statesmanship, Lincoln; in politics, Tom Platt; in finance, Tom Lawson; in literature, Bill Reedy; in theology, Dr. Albertson; in religion, Mrs. Eddy. ¶What to do—what to do!

Indeed, we have been blessed. We have had music by the Winnipeg Band, pie by Mother Grant, spiels by Byron King, palaver by Parkhurst, songs by Jean Kerr, advice by Dr. Hillis, biddies by Biddick, sculpture by Paul Bartlett, stories by Ali Baba, pictures by Aleck Fournier, portraits by Gaspard, back-slack by Felix.

What to do—What to do!

An Inspiration Comes

WE have had explosions by Bwana Tumbo that knocked business galley west, just as Halley his Comet is now to ram-shack our superstructure.

Ah, an idea comes to me! Why did Bwana Tumbo hie him to Africa?

I think I know. He went to escape the side-

swipe. Bully, Bwana! This time you have missed telescoping your tumbo, being on the "Outlook" and also on the lookout—a bum pleasantry, but better than Bwana deserves—or, it may be, can supply.

What to do—what to do!

A Little More Hyson

AS intimated, most of us have had a run for our hard-earned.

Yes, Campie, fill them up again, and here, daughters, Tum, Tootsie and Terese, come close while I fight off fear and keep gooseflesh at bay by pouring into your shell-like the Number Six jolly.

Who's afraid of Halley his Comet, dam his tail!

Let's live and love while we may.

It is true that about all the great men who have ever existed have been misunderstood, and therefore condemned.

Yet they had their fling, and from their reserved seats now they must cry, "What did we tell you!"

What to do—what to do!

The Decision

IN the meantime, while decision vibrates nervously, Wherix, old peacherino, replenish the Hyson—two lumps will do—tanks, and yet again tanks! You know me, Wherix. I'll be around and settle after Halley his Comet has been reported past the meeting-place.

That idea comes back! I know what to do. It's us for Toronto, children. Tum, Tootsie, Toodles, Terese, Iola, Ongeline, Beulah, Lucy, Rella and Alleen, with Alice in the rumble, prim and proper, to lend respectability to the expedition! Make for your bloomers, girls, make for your bloomers, all!

As before intimated, Professor, let 'er go and keep 'er going. Let the catgut scream, punish the ivories, open up your allegretto, push on the pizzacatto, and never stop your devilish discord until Mrs. Black is back.

Who's afraid?

Crank up that Maxwell, Bert, and look you to your acetylene. Good-by, proud world, I'm going some.

Honk, honk—we're off!

Civilization should be ball-bearing, rubber-tired, and run in oil, like an Ideal Engine—safe, effective, and noiseless. A clutching and grasping theology has too long been the sand in the bearings.

The Murder of Ferrer



AT sunrise on the morning of October Thirteenth, Nineteen Hundred Nine, at Barcelona, Francisco Ferrer was shot, by order of a court-martial appointed by the Spanish Government. ❖ ❖

The trial had been speedy and secret. ❖ ❖

The charge was the simple one of treason.

No charge of violence or of leading an insurrection was proved. It was simply that Ferrer's published articles and speeches had incited to riot. ❖ Thomas Jefferson fixed in our Constitution that treason should not in the United States consist in anything you might say or print, but solely in what you might do.

In Spain, as in all monarchical countries, the idea of lese-majeste prevails, and to criticize the king, in either his office or his person, may be punishable by death.

This is even so in England, but happily the English have a sense of humor, and public opinion would never allow there this tyranny over the individual.

There is quite as much liberty of speech in Great Britain as in the United States, for Public Opinion rules.

And the consensus of Public Opinion in every civilized country, even Russia, is one of horror at the death of Professor Ferrer.

Spain today stands indicted at the bar of Public Opinion, and her punishment is the execration, contempt and pity of the thinking men of the world.

Even the Pope went into his chamber and refused to touch food on the day following Ferrer's death.

Count Tolstoy telegraphed a hundred words of deepest pain and regret to King Alphonso.

¶ Men of valor, scientists, poets, decorated by the King of Spain, sent back their stars.

¶ Scholars by the score wrote to the Academy of Science, at Madrid, asking that their names be stricken from its rolls.

The newspapers in Spain are silent—they have to be—save for the few hypocritical and studied editorials in defense of the Government. The Conservative Party, which is the Clerical Party, argues that Ferrer struck at the very heart of

the Church and of the Government in his writings, and they print extracts to prove their point.

They say that all nations have the right, and it is their duty, to destroy the avowed enemies of the State and of religion.

This is the good old argument of dogmatism, that the State is right—"The King can do no wrong"—and religion is a holy thing handed down to us by God Almighty, and to criticize it is to merit death. "A traitor to God and a traitor to his Country," is a Sixteenth-century cry. ❖ ❖

They Killed the Best

BRUNO, Copernicus, Galileo, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Latimer and the rest of the men known as "martyrs," died because they put their own thoughts above the thought of entrenched authority.

When Ferrer was sentenced to die, he could not and did not believe that the order of execution would be carried out.

Ferrer was essentially a non-resistant, he was a man of peace, his weapons were ideas, and his shield was the armor of truth.

He Lived Out His Life in the Light

HIS life was lived in the sunlight. No charges of conspiracy were proved. The secret conclave and the stealthy plot were to him unthinkable.

He lectured, he wrote, he established manual-training schools. He quoted Tolstoy, John Ruskin, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Booker T. Washington, William Morris. He established ninety-six schools for the handicrafts, claiming that the youth of Spain—boys and girls—should be taught to be useful.

He was a rich man and he used his wealth without stint in the cause of the plain people.

¶ He said that idleness was a crime, and that our souls could be saved only by human service, and not by prayer. He declined to allow priests to introduce religion into these schools. ¶ He believed in a religion of service, not of services.

He declared that kings and queens should be revered only as they possess competence, love and pity, and not because chance has thrown them into this position of power. He condemned conscription, and the appropriation of money for war; and especially did he deprecate the making of war by one nation on another beneath its intelligence. He condemned the use of strong drink, and always and forever

his appeal was for Economy, Temperance, Industry, Beauty and Use.

Naturally in all these things he criticized the Grand Dukes—or the hereditary reigning class—and he smote the prelates who lived fat on the labor of the people, offering prizes that were not theirs to give, and issuing threats they could not execute.

That is to say, Ferrer supplied the proofs for his own condemnation. Could Emerson or Whitman have stood up and pleaded not guilty?

From the point of view of the Clerics, this man deserved death.

An excuse came when a mob uprose against the established order.

As if a riot should occur in Chicago and the police would seize Clarence Darrow, Horace Traubel, Bolton Hall, Charles Ferguson and William Marion Reedy and throw them into the donjon-keep, and apply the Third Degree. Ah, yes, the Third Degree, that little cross-section of the Spanish Inquisition which we still retain and use here in America, the land of the partially free and the brave more or less. For shame—merciful Christ! for shame!

So Ferrer smiled when they passed sentence of death upon him. He thought the world had gone beyond that. He was sure they were only trying to frighten him.

But outside the walls, his daughter knew the temper of the Clerics. She hastened to Rome, saw the Pope in person, and begged him to interfere and save her father.

The Pope, too, felt sure that Spain would realize the weight of Public Opinion and not go back to a medieval procedure. So he simply sent a mild telegram to King Alphonso, suggesting clemency.

The daughter saw the King and he allayed her fears with hypocritical promises.

The day of execution came, and Ferrer heard the iron-shod feet of soldiers coming to his cell. ¶ They ordered him to prepare for death.

For a moment nerves gave way, and this gray-haired teacher of sixty collapsed.

But it was only for a moment.

He refused the services of the priest in attendance. He even asked them not to raise the crucifix over his head. He declined the strong drink, and said, "I die sober and I die sane. I ask for no forgiveness, and I make no apologies!"

He Died Like a Man

¶ E was led forth to the place of execution. His request that he might face the firing-line was refused.

His eyes were bandaged, and he was turned to the wall, his back to the soldiers.

His last words were, "Long live the Modern School!"

The order to fire was given, and Ferrer fell.

¶ What was a man but a moment before was now a mutilated and torn mass of flesh, blood and bones, tumbled in a heap.

Did this dispose of Francisco Ferrer?

Oh, no, you can not get rid of a man of ideas by killing him. His spirit abides, and his soul goes marching on.

Spain thought to kill Ferrer. What she did was to arouse the world of Public Opinion on the divine right of free speech.

The death of a man—any man—is a little thing, but the effects of that death, and the lesson of it, may be burned into the hearts of millions, may sear the pages of history, and shake the thrones of tyrants until they shall topple and be swallowed up by the sea.



The serene point of view is obtainable only by holding the spirit in equipoise; by letting slip the shackles of hurry; by anchoring fast to the one greatest thing, "Peace."



The Great Northwest



THE sources of wealth are four.

¶ These are the farm, the forest, the mine and the sea.

The factory follows, using the raw stock from one or all of the sources just named.

But in securing this wealth from its natural source three necessary factors enter.

These factors are labor, capital and enterprise. ✱ Labor alone, undirected by intelligence, is nil, and capital comes in and grub-

stakes both. The State of Washington has about one-fourth more square miles than the State of New York. Its line of sea-coast, however, is much greater than is that of New York. Columbia River, compared with the Hudson, traverses double the distance.

In mineral wealth Washington is immensely rich. In coal-deposits, her bituminous supply

is untouched and almost limitless in quantity. Washington has the farm, the forest, the mine and the sea.

But Washington lacks the labor, the enterprise and the capital needed to make her wealth fully available. She has tapped only a tithe of her resources. Her population is barely a million inhabitants, against New York's eight millions.

In order to give her wealth to the world, Washington must have men—the capital she can, in great measure, create.

Conservative estimates show that she could support a population of ten million people.

Washington affords a natural trading-place where America and the Orient meet. Five transcontinental railroad-lines now have their Western termini at Seattle, against two for any other city.

Seward's Folly—Alaska

BUT beyond this, Washington, being our extreme Northwestern State, is of necessity the natural and easy market for Alaska—a possession which, it is well to explain, belongs to the United States of America.

The Territory of Alaska is as large as all of New England, with the State of New York added for good measure.

During the forty years that we have owned Alaska, she has turned in to the United States, in furs, fish, gold, silver and copper, about three hundred million dollars.

We bought Alaska from Russia, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven, for seven million two hundred thousand dollars.

The purchase was engineered by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, who was harshly criticized at the time by many newspapers, including the New York "Tribune," a paper that throughout its life has occasionally applied the brakes to American enterprise.

Seward stood by his guns, however. He quoted the opinion of Lincoln to the effect that the mineral resources of Alaska were greater than those of Pennsylvania, New York and New England combined.

Rumor has it that Lincoln sent a man to Alaska, and the man spent three years in prospecting, and then gave in his report to Seward, who, acting on what he believed was reliable information, bought the territory, although your Uncle Samuel was desperately in debt at the time.

The years have proved the truth of Seward's

vision. Alaska is now producing wealth at the rate of twenty-five million dollars a year, and her resources as yet are practically untapped.

When Lincoln mentioned Pennsylvania in comparison with Alaska he had in mind the coal-fields. It is now positively known that the Alaskan deposits of soft coal are greater than those of West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Also, the Alaskan anthracite coal-beds are more than five times as great as those of Pennsylvania were one hundred years ago.

Outside of Pennsylvania our only high-grade anthracite can come from Alaska.

The Gateway to Alaska

AND the point is this: Alaska looks to the State of Washington as an entrance to the markets of America.

Washington is the gateway to Alaska, the pivotal point, the coign of vantage. In dealing with Alaska you have to pay tribute to the State of Washington, which State by the way should have been either Seward or Lincoln, for George Washington knew nothing of this country and Seward and Lincoln did.

But as names count for little, we will let that pass.

If any one particular event was commemorated at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition it was the purchase of Alaska by William H. Seward.

Co-operation of the Empire State

IN this achievement the Empire State gets a reflected glory. The Seward residence at Auburn was reproduced on the Exposition Grounds by the State of New York, and the Honorable Benjamin M. Wilcox and his wife occupied the mansion and kept open house. To meet Senator and Mrs. Wilcox under these conditions was a satisfaction to all New York State visitors. How much credit is due to Senator Wilcox for the great success of the Fair I will not attempt to say, but that he gave a helping hand in a hundred ways I can testify. Not only did the Senator and Mrs. Wilcox entertain New Yorkers, but they helped lubricate the wheels of existence for a vast number of people.

Seward's picture was to be seen on every hand, and his fine, lean, lithe face and form were cast in bronze, and the monument is now, thanks to Senator Wilcox, the gift of New York to the University of Washington. The Seward mansion also reverts to the University and is to be used as the executive

offices of the institution. And the beauty of it is that these courtesies of New York are fully appreciated by the people of the Northwest. ❀

And in friendly cementing power Senator Wilcox has been a prime factor. His strength, courtesy and kindness have endeared him to the whole Northwest. ❀

We grow through expression—if you know things there is a strong desire to express them. It is Nature's way of deepening our impressions—this thing of recounting them. ❀ And happy, indeed, are you if you know a soul with whom you can converse at your best. ❀

The Other Side



IN the little misunderstanding between Forester Pinchot and Secretary Ballinger, many good people in the East believed that Pinchot stood for the conservation of national resources, and Ballinger wanted either to destroy them or to give them away to the octopus for a mess of political pottage.

The cry of "Conservation!" had become such a shibboleth that he who attempted even to explain it was in danger of being dubbed a Galilean.

To criticize Pinchot meant that you stood for tree destruction; while to endorse Ballinger was to run the risk of siding with grab, graft, guff and gasoline. So the "Essay on Silence" was memorized and quoted.

Gradually the truth has come to the surface, now that the tumult and the shouting have died away.

And the truth seems to be about like this: Ballinger is for conservation, too—but conservation within the law. He thinks that there can be a conservation that is illegal and unwise. He says that the forests exist for man, and not man for the forests. Ballinger places the needs of man now alive, above the requirements of posterity unconceived. Ballinger regards the family of man, wife and six children as greater than a forest, and the laughter of children as more musical than the song of a cascade. Ballinger is thinking of the present

needs of his State, and its men, women and children now here; Pinchot considers the future. Therefore, Ballinger wants to open up the country to settlers.

Both in the Right

BOTH parties are right, and it takes both to express the truth.

Pinchot, looking a hundred years ahead, says, "In order to preserve the forests, you must put a legal barb-wire fence around them and warn the settler off, also muzzle the octopus and manacle his tentacles."

Ballinger thinks the water-power rights should be sold at a fair figure to men who will use them. He says a waterfall utilized for heat, light and power means a city of manufactures—work for hundreds and thousands—prosperity, homes, education, art and all that constitutes civilization. ❀ Ballinger believes that a forest-preserve with no settlers near is a waste of natural resources, and not a conservation. He clinches his argument by showing that the great destructive forest-fires that occasionally sweep over whole districts in the Northwest are in the preserves, and not in the districts where the settlers have made their homes. ❀

The settlers are the conservators.

They use the water-power to put out the fires, and they make the country safe from robbers and marauders. The appointed rangers of a reserve in this country are not numerous enough to put out the fires, neither do they have the direct personal interest in the welfare of the country that the settler has.

The Settler's Cause

BALLINGER pins his faith to the homemaker, and says that to bar the settler out is to keep civilization eternally at bay, wild-eyed, savage and hungry.

As it is now, twenty-seven per cent of the State of Washington is a "preserve," from which the settler is barred. To open this land up, or alternate sections of it, would make it worth while to build railroads through it, and thus give even the government lands a value they do not now possess. ❀

Let it here be stated that there is no such thing as a primeval forest. There are primeval rocks, but no primeval trees. Trees, like men, live their lives and fall to the earth. A forest where no trees are ever harvested is not a desirable possession. When a tree in this vast forest is ripe it should be utilized, for be it

known that this is a land where trees are plentiful and where they grow very fast.

The People With Ballinger

THE people of the Northwest are with Ballinger. You hear his praises sounded on every side. They say he knows the needs of the people.

To open up the country to settlers will give a market for the timber, and it will tend to conserve and give value to the rest.

The soil of the timber-land in Washington is unlike that of the Adirondacks. It is fertile and has a positive value for farming purposes. A fruit yield of a thousand dollars an acre in the Northwest is not unusual, while to state such a thing about New York and Pennsylvania would quickly put the speaker into the Ananias Club or the Sapphira Circle. Conservation, carried to the Pinchot limit, means shutting the settler out of a considerable portion of the State. And it also means the discouragement of capital by making water-power non-available, and consequently, railroads useless, through lack of settlers and manufactories. The argument is that vast tracts of valuable land held by the State are exactly on a par with vast tracts held by individuals—both make for stagnation.

Wise Conservation

CONSERVATION is a good thing up to a certain point. Carried beyond this, you get a diminishing return. Should all of America have been made a forest-preserve there would be no America. The waste of timber was not without recompense. The question between Pinchot and Ballinger is what is a wise conservation and what not. The railroads will build only where the settler is allowed to follow. They haul him in and they bring him out; they carry him his needs, and they take his product to market. Moreover, if he is prosperous, he goes in and out, backward and forward, and so do his sisters, his cousins, his uncles and his aunts. Prosperous people travel. Therefore, wise railroad men look well to the prosperity and the happiness of the people along their lines.

No instance can be named of a State becoming great excepting as its natural resources are utilized by the people. A State is great only as its people are educated to appreciate the beauty and worth of its resources. Ballinger objects to long-distance theorists in the East dictating

the esthetics and economics of the West. He believes that the settlers here will fully realize the necessity of a wise and prudent conservation.

Pinchot's Great Work

THAT Pinchot is sincere in his efforts no one doubts.

Pinchot is an honest man.

But he is a specialist. He is like the farmer who loved his pigs so well he would never either kill or sell one.

Yet Pinchot has done a great and good work. He has aroused the nation to the needs of tree-planting and forest conservation, to a degree that no other living man has. If he has swung too far over and pinned his love to the lofty pines, forgetful of the excellence and value of the lowly and more modest apple, it is because he is a naturalist and not a pomologist.

But such men help to hold the balance true. Pinchot is a poet and a forester. And all honor to him.

But Ballinger is a lawyer, a farmer, a florist, a pomologist, a lumberman, an economist, and a humanist. Incidentally, Pinchot has given Ballinger a valuable correspondence course in forestry.

When an institution grows so great that it has no soul—simply a financial head and a board of directors—dry rot sets in and disintegration in a loose wrapper is at the door.

Quit Scrapping!



IN discussing the question of health, and noting the effect of mind on matter, a Chicago man said to me, "If I have a scrap with my wife I either have a cold in the head or a touch of sciatica." On questioning him a little by the right oblique, I found that for the cold in the head my friend used a nasal atomizer; and for sciatica he rubbed on Bullwhacker's Liniment, and took small doses of Manganate of Potash, Benzoate of Soda, or something just as good. This on advice of his family physician. It's a funny world, my lords, since wise men know everything but the obvious. We work

from the complex to the simple. The absolutely plain goes unobserved. ¶ I gave my friend a prescription that would keep him well.

He did n't appreciate my advice. First, because it cost him nothing. Second, he would have to fill the prescription himself. Third, he understood it, since it was not written in bad Latin.

The advice was simply this: Quit Scrapping!

To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need, but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in the potter's field. But wait, and the world will yet want the thing it needs, and your bones may then become Sacred Relics.

A Brother to the Trees



HERE is an honest farmer in East Aurora who has over ten thousand dollars in the bank.

¶ All farmers in East Aurora are honest, but not all farmers in East Aurora have ten thousand dollars in the bank. In fact, this is the only farmer in New York State, of whom I know, who has ten thousand dollars in the bank. This man placed the money there thirty years ago, the funds being secured, mostly, from the sale of logs and lumber that he sold off his broad acres.

This farmer, and his father before him, owned a very large tract of pine forest, and they cut the timber off all of it, except ten acres that covered the shores of a beautiful little lake, near the village.

This pine grove was the only bit of primeval pine forest left in this part of the country. It was as charming a piece of the handiwork of God as one ever saw.

To walk out there on a summer's day, recline on the soft pine-needles, watch the gently swaying branches overhead, breathe the aromatic flavor of the pines, and listen to the lullaby of the breeze, was a blessing and a benediction.

You felt glad you were alive, and your heart was lifted in a prayer of thankfulness.

But the folks got to using this grove as a picnic-ground.

Lovers lingered there.

Family parties took their supper in baskets

almost every summer day, and played and laughed and sang among the trees.

The children waded in the little lake, and threw pebbles into the water.

The man who owned the land did n't like the way folks used his grove, and he bought a bulldog and put up the sign, "No Trespassing, on Penalty of the Law."

One day a man came along and said to the honest farmer who owned the grove, "Them 'ere pine-trees is about right to cut, and I'll give you two hundred dollars cash for 'em just as they stand—it's now or never, take it or leave it."

Now, the farmer had ten thousand dollars in the bank, he was owing no money, he owned six hundred acres of land that brought him all the income he needed, but the offer of two hundred cash was more than he could stand.

¶ He sold the beautiful pine-trees, the last of their race.

The man who bought them moved in his portable sawmill, and cut them down.

And no one even wanted to go there after that. For there were only the big stumps, the piles of brush, the sawdust and the lumber.

The bulldog was out of a job, being no longer needed to keep the children and the folks away. ¶ The logs were sawed up and the lumber placed in piles ready to ship.

It was in the Autumn and everything was dry. And God caused the winds to blow, and tumble-weeds rolled in big piles up against the lumber, and in some mysterious way fire came and in a single night all that lumber was reduced to ashes—that is to say, was burned.

Now, the party who owned the portable sawmill had not paid the honest farmer, claiming he could not pay him until he got his money for the lumber.

And the lumber being burned the sawmill man vamoosed, and the farmer got no money.

¶ And, behold, one Ali Baba, a blasphemous man with chin whiskers, who lives in East Aurora, when he heard that the lumber was burned, said, "I 'm dam glad of it."

As for myself, I never swear, but when Ali Baba made that remark I simply added, "So am I."

¶ Today there quivers and quavers about the streets of this village that honest old farmer, yammering because he lost his two hundred dollars. He never says a word about the grove.

¶ But the beautiful pine-trees are gone—gone forever.

Nature's Type of Man

GENUINE men are scarce. "There are only a few of us," grunted Ursa Major to Boswell when the subject of honest men was up for discussion.

Most men are sheepmen, who go through life jumping over imaginary barriers because some great Bell-wether in the past was said to have leaped just so. Our opinions, like the cut of our clothes, are borrowed.

Then beside the sheepmen we have the porcine person, who demands much and gives little. These are the Grabheimers from Grabville, who at the last grab only great gobs of oblivion and gout of silence. ¶ Once in the Minnesota woods I saw a greenhorn being initiated into the mysteries of the cross-cut saw. Very naturally, he pushed when he should have pulled.

The old timber-cruiser was very patient, but finally Lumber Jack passed out this one: "I say, young feller, I don't mind you riding on this yer saw, if you would only git your feet off the ground so they would n't drag."

And what do you know about the folks who ride through life on the backs of the toilers? "There goes a man," said Abraham Lincoln to Seward, and he pointed to an unknown figure with shirt open at the neck, flowing beard and hair prematurely white, who stalked slowly by.

The man was Walt Whitman. ¶ Emerson once, in a moment of despair, writing to Carlyle, the hero-hunter, cried out, "I have never seen a man!" ¶ In the next letter he partially takes it back and explains that he has never seen a man as big and fine and generous and as competent as the man he can imagine. "In order to get a really great man you have to take a score of men, leave out all the faults, add all the virtues and mix," he explains.

And then Emerson goes off into a gentle rhapsody about a man he has just discovered. This new and strange man is a master of woodcraft; he loves the birds and trees and flowers, and even reverences the wasps and spiders. He knows the call of all the strange creeping and winged things that make the nights vocal, and the day joyous.

"He is the only man I ever saw who realizes that God is in every burning bush of Autumn, and who senses his kinship to the trees, and who knows that the same divine life that plays through man, manifests itself in the tree, thus forming a common brotherhood."

This rich find of Emerson's, this hired man whose observing eyes saw so much that no one else perceived, and who could perform such miracles with his jack-knife for the children, was Henry Thoreau.

And Thomas Carlyle writes back from his sound-proof room in smoky London, "The strange man of whom you tell, who knows his sacred relationship to the trees, wins my devout obeisance, and almost tempts me to cross the stormy Atlantic to grasp his hand and look into his honest eyes."

Tree-Butchers

FOR two hundred years the destruction of trees was the chief intent of man in America. And so recklessly and completely did ax and torch do their work that, in certain sections, millions of acres have been rendered practically uninhabitable.

These waste places are grimly called with fitting force, "slashings."

The entire racial instinct has been one of enmity, or at least indifference, toward the tree—enmity with the man of energy, and indifference with the lazy man! When we thought that trees should be trimmed we chose the local village "setter"—the doer of odd jobs—the most ignorant, dissipated, depraved, unlovely and unlovable man in the place. I suppose the idea was that if he fell out of a tree and broke his neck it would be small loss to the community. If there was any time left after rolling out the garbage-barrels, we told this jack of all trades and master of none, to trim the trees.

And that he trimmed the trees, the aspect of most village streets can testify.

He cut off the tops under the popular hallucination that it would make the tree "spread." And why spread was more desirable than height no one knew. Perhaps the hangman's needs were yet with us in a rudimentary way.

He certainly fulfilled the Bible injunction, according to the colored brother, and did those things which he ought not, and left undone the things he should have done.

I can well remember when men and boys would cut down some mighty oak, that had been over two hundred years in growing, just to catch an innocent possum that had taken refuge in its branches. When this great tree, that had defied the storms of centuries, would fall to the ground with thunderous crash, we would lift a savage yell of exultant

triumph. I have seen a fire started in black walnut, birch, beech and elm trees to smoke out and kill a swarm of bees. Not only did these "first citizens" kill the swarm of bees, but they killed the tree as well.

This miasma of ignorance, and the impulse to destroy, spread like a fog over our entire land. The pulpit was absolutely dumb on the subject, and is yet. School-teachers taught as they had been taught. The books were silent. ¶ The woods were the places where lurked the enemies of man—savages, wildcats, bears, snakes, bees and all the things that were supposed to strike, scratch, sting and bite. ¶ I was over thirty years of age when I once saw a man painting the wounded places on a tree whose limbs he had cut off, and I stopped and asked him why. I was stained with the ignorance and heedlessness of the times, just like anybody else.

The Genesis of Nature Love

✱ N the beginning of his career man is repressed and suppressed by Nature. Fear haunts his footsteps. The shadows of the forests are filled with the unknown. To get out into the open—out into the clearing—where he can see, is his desire.

And in the great order of things, this is well, for the impulse to see and know leads to all that is good.

But here we find that great primal fear of the forest—the place of hiding.

It was the monkey that took to the plains, that stood upright and observed, and learned to run, that evolved into a man.

Out on the plains the man recovers from his fright, and looks around. He finds a few trees, and near them is a bubbling spring of water. He is refreshed by the water, and the shade is grateful.

Then it dawns upon him by slow degrees that trees and water always go together, that society is only possible where these things exist. Surely that Texas man was right: water, trees and society are all that hell lacks of being paradise. Man contrives to divert the water of streams, and plants trees. These trees grow, just in proportion as they are wisely watered and cultivated. And here is a thing that man does not know until way along in the game, that is, that in cultivating the trees he cultivates himself. ¶ But man notes this, that where trees grow, showers come, too, from the skies, for water and foliage mutually attract.

So from a state of fear of the forest, man learns to love the tree. From being depressed by Nature, he co-operates with her.

He perceives that man himself is a part of Nature and under the domain of the same great Natural Laws that control the tree. ¶ The last lesson is that in a great degree we can not only co-operate with Nature, but we can also control her. So from being a victim man becomes a Master.

This discovery of unity and oneness, and next the Mastership, is the work of those rare souls, men of great faith, great originality, individuality, and power of initiative, whom for lack of a better term we call geniuses. It is easy to say, "We are a part of all we see, and hear and feel," when many others are saying the same.

But how was it when men sang, "This world is but a desert drear, Heaven is my home"?

¶ The genius is the man who stands at the pivotal point and flings into the teeth of entrenched prejudice his own thought, pitting himself against the ignorance of the past. With no uncertain tone and without apology he lifts up his voice and cries aloud, "They have said unto you in olden time * * *, but I say unto you!" And again, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

The Father of Tree-Surgery

✱ T is a great man who can introduce us to the divinities that surround us, and make us realize our sacred relationships. I met such a man some months ago.

His life and work so appealed to me that I grew suspicious of myself, and refused to write of him until I knew him better. That is to say, the very excess of my regard for this man made me go slow. In the past the man with a surface-show has occasionally caused me to ebulliate and then stand in the undertow and apologize for my rashness and unfounded zeal. You remember all the complimentary things I said about What's-his-name? He was n't worth it, was he? He could not live up to the mark I set for him.

The Messianic Instinct is in us all. Like Carlyle and Emerson we are hero-worshippers. And our expectancy of meeting the exceptional person constantly leads us astray.

And this is no tragedy, either, provided we are not led so far afield that we are lost in a miasmatic mental swamp, and turn us misanthropes.

It is a terrible thing to lose faith in mankind. And it is a glorious and refreshing thing to meet a person who restores our faith in humanity and enables us to forget the fools who have done us dirt.

A year has passed since I first heard of this man of power whom I would discover to all Roycroftia and the lands that lie beyond. "Now, there was a man sent from God, and his name was John." This man's name is John—John Davey. He is sixty years old, but looks forty, and at times acts twenty. In figure he is slight and slender, but in strength he is like the silken cord that held the god Thor—it stretched but never broke.

The Clara Barton of Trees

JOHAN DAVEY is the Tree-Man, or the Tree-Doctor, or the Father of Tree-Surgery. I like to call him the Tree's Brother. No man I ever saw so mixed him with the elements—no man I ever knew was so blended with the leaves—no man I ever knew possessed such a sympathy for waving, swaying saplings as this man.

His life is all so bound up in trees and the birds that live in their branches, that he would forget his own needs, if some one did not look after him with the same loving care that he bestows on the trees. Fortunately, John Davey has a very practical wife and they have four sons and one daughter, all tree-folks, who realize that it is not quite time to adopt the Elisha habit of life, and bank on the ravens.

John Davey is a genius, for a genius is one who has the faculty of abandonment to an idea, or a cause. He is a genius without a taint of degeneration—a genius with the innocence of childhood, and the intellect of a man.

John Davey does not know he is a Pantheist, but that is what he is.

Neither did Charles Darwin know that he was revolutionizing religion when he wrote "The Origin of Species," but he was.

Josiah Wedgwood, grandfather of Darwin, did n't know that he was evolving the sleeping art sense of England, when he began to make beautiful vases, but he was. ¶ John Wesley did not leave the Episcopal Church until he was eighty, and then not of his own accord, and he died innocent of the fact that he had ushered in an age known as the Great Awakening, which was the actual, initial impulse that ripened into the American Revolution.

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty, Wesley rode

horseback up to Burslem, a town given over to the making of strong drink and jugs. As he jogged through this barbaric place he saw a flower-garden. John Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, stopped and made the acquaintance of the owner. That night John Wesley wrote in his journal: "His name is J. Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower-garden, and his soul is near to God." ¶

John Davey has been a preacher—he is a preacher now—and he is as earnest as Wesley. He loves beauty with the same passion shown by Josiah Wedgwood, and his devotion to science is strictly Darwinian. John Davey is the Clara Barton of trees. He is giving the world a new tree perspective.

How He Works

THE actions of men have two effects—primary and secondary.

Often the secondary effect is of more importance than that of the primary.

John Davey calls himself a tree-surgeon. His treatment of decayed trees is parallel to the work of a dentist on a decayed tooth. ¶ He arrests decay, and works for health.

This is Davey's primary work. The secondary result of his work is not its effect upon the tree and the owner of the tree, but the influence of his work on society.

This, to me, is the vital issue.

In carrying forward this work of looking after sick trees, Davey is assisted by several hundred young men, whom he has selected and educated for the business.

When you hear of a "Davey gang" being at work somewhere, go and see them.

They are a type. Bare of head and arm, brown, small or of medium size, silent, they work with a precision, an intelligence and an earnestness that is a delight to see.

If they use tobacco it is not during work-hours; if they frolic and play it is never at their employer's expense. Their zeal is the zeal of John Davey. "This one thing I do."

John Davey has created a new breed of men—athletes all—who climb trees like troglodytes, and yet have the sensibility of artists. They are big factors in reclaiming the earth for the joy of man.

As the years go by there will be more John Davey men, and every Davey man is a teacher—an educator. Thus widens the circle. "So far does that little candle throw its beams."

How He Came Into His Own

JOHN DAVEY does not remember a time when he was not familiar with trees. He was born in England. His parents were well-to-do people of the middle class. His father was a farmer, with a taste for botany and tree-culture.

Little John climbed trees before he wore trousers. The tree is a challenge to a boy—or a girl, for that matter. Little John climbed; and his father explained to him how the sap in the tree climbed, too. It was moved by the attractive power of the sun—it had a great desire to mount, move and climb. The sap was picked up by the thousands of tiny rootlets in the soil and sent aloft, up through the pores nearest the bark. This sap went clear to the leaves. In fact, it first formed the leaves, and then flowing through them in a network of little arteries, was oxygenized and returned, just under the bark, back to the little rootlets. There is no life without oxygen—either vegetable or animal life. The leaves are the lungs of the tree: the tree breathes through its leaves.

And there are some things which his father taught John Davey—things which many grown-ups do not yet know.

Little John worked with his father. He made himself useful in garden, conservatory, on the farm, in the orchard and the forest. He became a practical and a scientific forester and farmer. He had the eager, hungry, restless, receptive mind. He read, talked, debated, wrote. He became a school-teacher, and then a clergyman. And as if one world was not enough, he studied astronomy, made a map of the heavens, and gave lectures on the wonders of the sky. But all the time he worked at planting, pruning and caring for trees—the first love of all.

He discovered that many trees, especially along highways, were wounded by horses gnawing them, or wagons running against them. And in such cases Nature would put forth a strong effort to cover over the wounded place with bark. Often she would succeed, and sometimes it would happen that the bark would partially grow over a defective place and leave a spot of decay on the inside of the tree. The water would then gather there and the decay would increase until the tree would become hollow at the core. A hollow tree is always a weak tree, and when the storms come, such

are often laid low. ¶ Now, all decay is a form of life. A rotting tree will contain ants, bugs, spiders and beetles enough to amuse an entomologist for a month. Often there are mice, squirrels and owls, beside. Grant Allen estimated that he could find and classify a hundred different forms of animal life in a hollow tree—all busy disintegrating the tall monarch of the forest. Now, all decay in a live tree takes a considerable portion of the tree's strength to fight. ¶ Whenever you see a tree with dead branches, it means there is an imperfect circulation. Either the soil is deprived of moisture and nutriment or that tree has decayed spots in it somewhere.

A True Pioneer

JOHN DAVEY worked out the science of tree-surgery alone. Before his day no one had ever given the subject more than a desultory notice. All the tree-surgery in America traces a pedigree to this one man, five feet six, weight one hundred and thirty in the shade.

It was Davey who first told us that trees often get wounded, become sick, and the decayed spots in their roots, trunks or branches increase.

Then the tree becomes unsightly and it is condemned and cut down, or else the winds lay it low.

Aristotle wrote a book on trees, over three hundred years before Christ. Pliny, who lived in Rome when Paul lived there, wrote on trees. Linnaeus wrote much on trees, but none of these ever thought out a plan of stopping decay in individual trees.

About thirty years ago, Davey discovered that if you could thoroughly clean out a decayed spot, fill the cavity with cement and cap it over so as to keep out the wet, the tree would recover completely from the wound and often heal over the scar.

About thirty-six years ago, John Davey came to America, and located in the Buckeye State, where he was soon called into consultation to save, if possible, a grove of stately horsechestnut trees that were the pride of the community. Many of these trees were crotched, and when a storm of snow and sleet came some would split. To save them bands of iron had been put around them. Davey had long before learned that an iron band, cutting off circulation, would cause a disease of the tree, so he invented a scheme of his own for such trees. At the same time he lifted a warning

voice against the crotched tree. And so far as I know he was the first man in the world to describe a perfect tree as one having a straight central stalk or trunk, with arms or branches. But a tree with two central trunks branching and thus forming a crotch died an early and violent death. The two trunks were always in competition with each other, and sooner or later there would be a split and probably both would die.

My good friend and talented, C. A. Schenck, forester at Biltmore, Asheville, N.C., has written some fine things along this line. Schenck is a scientific forester and has done as much as any man in America to show us the need of planting our waste places and preserving our groves. The forester usually has many trees to select from and he weeds out the old and infirm. His business is selection.

But John Davey takes the tree which you can't spare—the old landmark, which the deeds are drawn from—the tree that has watched over the destinies of two, three or perhaps half a dozen generations, and by a thorough, loving and skilled treatment gives it a new lease of life.

Some Examples of His Work

UPON The Roycroft Farm we had a butternut-tree that stood out alone in the field. Uncle Billy Bushnell, now over eighty years of age, told me that he used to pick butternuts off that tree in his boyhood. And while Uncle Billy at times mistakes his imagination for memory, in this case there is no doubt that he tells the truth. He can remember how for over seventy years, boys would climb that tree for nuts. But for the past ten years there were many dead branches in the Old Butternut. We thought it was dying; and it really became an unsightly and pathetic figure. So one day I told one of the boys to go and get the cross-cut saw and cut the tree down.

He could n't find the saw, and the next day Ali Baba sent the young fellow to work in the Bindery. So the tree was saved, which shows the beauty of not always carrying the Message to Garcia, and doing a thing when you are told.

¶ It was only a week after that, that John Davey came along. He was looking at our trees. His eye fell on the old patriarch, with its appealing dead branches.

"Let me try my hand on that one," he asked.

¶ We knew he could not do it—he knew he could ❀ ❀

We let him have his way. His first move was to send two Daveyites up into that tree with orders to cut out all the dead limbs.

When this was done we saw there was really considerable of green left. It took nearly a thousand pounds of cement, and three square yards of zinc. But next spring, the tree, as if grateful for being relieved of the mass of dead matter, sent forth great clusters of green twigs and new branches.

There was an overgrown family of squirrels in this tree; and as they were driven out of house and home, we cut off several butts of hollow branches and made them artificial houses, which we hid here and there, away up amid the limbs. And now the squirrels are happy, and the tree is happy in its green old age. It will probably live for another hundred years. Long after John Davey and I have turned to dust, this tree will spread out its protecting arms in blessing.

The Art Preservative

JOHAN DAVEY'S heart is in his art. And his art is the art preservative. Davey is a result of the constructive desire of the times. He is a product—an answer to prayer, sent to fill a demand.

A few years ago, and the life of such a man would have been a tragedy, dark and dank as can be woven of the warp and woof of time. We know what has happened to the simple, direct, frank and honest men in the past. Imagine what would have happened a hundred years ago in New England if a man had preached the divine spirit of God manifesting itself in the trees. Aye, or what would they have done to such a preacher in the times of Torquemada or Archbishop Laud of England? Trees! Look you, trees are for faggots, and to use in building scaffolds. ❀ Also, their strong, outreaching limbs may be useful as an arm over which to throw a rope. ¶ In the suburbs of a certain American City is a beautiful old oak. Strong and sturdy is its stalk; its branches hang low and spread for fifty feet.

This noble old tree stands at the intersection of two fine boulevards. This tree has a name. It is known as "Hangman's Oak."

For two generations it was a place of the skull. The children, even yet, as they pass point out the place and recite its legends—legends told by servants and others who should know better than to perpetuate that

which should be forgotten. And no man has been found with force sufficient to christen this splendid oak with a fitting and beautiful name ❧❧

Thus has savage man at times not only smirched history, but he has fastened the stigma of disgrace even upon a tree.

When John Davey has his way, the gallows-tree will never again bear fruit. For as "the groves were God's first temples," they should be the last.

That saying of Stephen Girard's, "If I knew I would die tomorrow, I would plant a tree today," finds a loyal and loving response in the heart of John Davey, Brother to the Trees.

Maturity is not the acme of beauty, because in maturity there is nothing more to hope for—only the uncompleted fills the heart, for from it we construct the ideal.

The Spring in the Desert



OME years ago I made a horse-back prospecting trip through Arizona and New Mexico.

There were three of us in the party ❧❧

The guide was one Rattlesnake Pete. As we rode one long, hot, dusty day we became very thirsty. The horses were suffering, and the little water in our canteens was wet, but vile and sickening hot.

All day long we had journeyed. We were pretty nigh perishing, when lo! it was as the guide had foretold—just beyond we saw the waving green willows marking a spring. The horses sprang into a run, and out of our parched throats we lifted a shout of joy. We reached a cooling spring where the water gushed forth from under a great rock. But before we could drink, a man stepped from behind a rock. He had a Winchester in his hands and two pistols in his belt.

This man said he owned the spring.

His price for water was a dollar a bucket.

We did not argue—we purchased water and drank and gave to the animals.

Rattlesnake Pete remarked as we rode away, "Any man who jumps one of God Almighty's springs would sell water to his father in hell!"

❧ The next week Rattlesnake Pete went back

that way with his friend, Alkali Smith ❧ And the man at the spring died, and Pete and his friend buried him in the valley down below the spring, and over the grave they heaped a pile of stones. And then they set a stake in the middle of the stones, and on the stake are these words:

THE GENT UNDER THESE ERE STONES
THOT THE SPRING WAS HISN, BUT HE
WERE MISTAKEN.

The chief object of becoming a Governor or a United States Senator is that it gives you an introduction to the Chautauqua lecture platform ❧❧

Some Dental Dicta



ORACE FLETCHER is Professor of Vital Economics in the University of Hard Knocks. Also, he holds a similar chair in all of the leading universities of the world.

It is estimated that Fletcher is saving the world in its food supply over a quarter of a million dollars a day. Here is the way I figure it: Fletcher has two million students who got the idea directly from him or his books. By perfect mastication these students cut down their food supply fully one-third, or a saving of twelve and a half cents a day for each.

But the gain in fletcherizing is not so much in the saving of food as through the increased effectiveness of the individual. To have the courage to tackle problems and dispose of them is the rule with the man who fletcherizes. It kills the taste for strong drink and puts that tired feeling on the toboggan.

Fletcherize!

THE middle name of every dentist should be Fletcher.

Horace Fletcher will live in history as the first man who insisted that our teeth were given us for use.

He is the first man who told us that the failure to use the teeth properly is a sin.

He is the first man to say that a dietetic sinner is no more beautiful in the eyes of God than a boozier or any other sinner against the flesh.

❧ In the face of ridicule and stupidity Horace

Fletcher has held his course for twenty years. ¶ Now his name is honored wherever thinking men and women live, the round world over. ¶ Recently Mr. Fletcher spent a week at The Roycroft Shop. We chewed the subject of dietetics from A to Z, as we picked up potatoes in the field or climbed the hills 'cross lots.

Chew! Chew!

MR. FLETCHER gave three formal lectures in The Roycroft Chapel to the people of the town, spoke to the school-children, and made himself useful at the wood-pile. ¶

Not many men live up to what they preach. Horace Fletcher does. And by his life he proves the beauty of his theories. He is well, strong, amiable, intelligent, industrious, happy, and at sixty he is twenty per cent stronger than he was at forty.

An adult has an alimentary canal about thirty-two feet long, but the owner can control only the first three inches of it. After that all he can do is to set up an explosion.

To use your mouth as a civilized man should is a fine art—so insists Horace Fletcher.

He declares that the day of the dentist is at hand. Heretofore we have gone to the dentist only when we had to.

In future we will visit the dentist early in the game. He will be our best friend.

And we will pay him; for he it is who will teach us prophylaxis, or the science of prevention. ¶

Children's Dentistry

THE care of the teeth is an important factor in the care of the child. ¶ The mental and physical efficiency of school-children can be greatly aided by the proper care of the mouth and teeth. This is fully attested by experiments in Germany which cover a wide field. There dental infirmaries connected with the schools have been in operation long enough to demonstrate:

1—That the time expended in putting the teeth in order was far less than the time formerly lost from toothache and disability caused by diseased teeth.

2—That the cost of keeping the teeth in order was more than compensated for by better health and a consequent reduction in medical expenses. ¶

3—That the child became physically stronger, secured a higher average in his studies, was easier to control and was apparently happier.

A clean mouth and clean teeth furnish one of the best protections against disease. A child forced to swallow the discharges from an unclean mouth, and having nutrition interfered with by his inability to chew his food, is unable to resist disease.

The condition of the teeth is a telltale as to diet. They are the guards which stand at the gateway to the body, ready to divide the food into manageable portions, to bring peace of mind and healthful bodily activity. No greater killjoy exists than dyspepsia; no more vicious menace to life and efficiency obtains than a disordered condition of the process of nutrition. ¶ Cancer of the stomach is notoriously a disease of gross feeders. Eighty per cent of the cancers of the stomach arise from bolted food. If an ounce of prevention is ever worth a pound of cure, it is keeping the teeth in good condition. ¶

The Kind of Man

ADENTIST to be successful must be a surgeon, an artist, a sculptor and a mechanic. He must have the same mental grasp of the laws of physics, chemistry and biology as is needed by the physician. He must have the manipulative skill that is required by the surgeon in his most delicate work. He must be able to take advantage of the finest requirements of the mechanic, and must have the ability to carry out those mechanical operations on living tissue in such manner as to cause no irritation thereto. His workshop is a hole in the face about two inches in diameter; in that hole he has to perform all of his operations and the patient takes the work away with him.

In nine-tenths of the work done by the physician or surgeon, Nature is expected to complete what he leaves. The dentist has to do his work. His failures stand out where he can always see them. The doctor buries his. ¶ Many deaths of infants are due to the physician's ignorance of the terrible effects of interrupted dentition.

Most diseases are greatly aggravated by unsanitary oral conditions that the physician ignores completely, but that every dentist appreciates. I venture the assertion that half the diseases that take toll of mankind will be controlled when dentistry has succeeded in teaching people to keep their mouths clean, and their teeth in condition to masticate their food properly and vigorously.

The beauty, vigor and health of the human body and mind are greatly dependent on the possession of sound, useful, masticating apparatus. Is n't the man who is able to control this situation worthy of equal honor with the writer of prescriptions? Is n't he a bigger man? Does n't he deserve more credit? It takes him just as long to acquire his education. The dental course consists of three years of thirty-four weeks each, exclusive of holidays. He has to work from nine to five for six days every week. This course requires more hours' work than is covered by a three-year medical course. The dental student is grounded in the same fundamental subjects, such as anatomy, physiology, chemistry, histology, materia medica, pathology, bacteriology, etc., besides the many special subjects belonging solely to dentistry.

What Dentistry Has Done

DENTISTRY gave anesthesia to the world (Wells and Morton both being dentists), and a Cleveland dentist is today teaching the medical profession how prolonged anesthesia can be secured with almost perfect safety without the use of a dangerous chloroform or the sickening ether. The medical men, however, attempt to take the honor of anesthesia to themselves, just as they have claimed the honor of bacteriology, which was developed by Pasteur, an obscure chemist, whom the medical men were too supercilious to listen to for years.

Patience and Poise

THERE is another thing to which I want to direct your attention in connection with the dentist's shop. The man in his care is usually in a bad humor. He does not go to the dentist until he has to, as a rule, and as soon as he gets there he begins to fuss about countless other things he would rather be doing; as a result he gets peevish and will not sit still. The dentist has to show consideration. He must be tolerant. He has to do all the smiling, both for his patient and for himself. His best efforts are seldom appreciated. He is commonly regarded as a disagreeable necessity. His task is a thankless one; and because as a rule he is square and honest, and charges by the hour or by the operation, he does not make as much money as he ought to make. A surgeon can put up a bluff. He can make a mountain out of a mole-hill and charge the price for removing a tumor when he takes out a wart, and the patient will never be any the wiser. The most the

physician has to do is to look wise and let Nature take her course. Nature has precious little to do with the restoration of teeth in the human mouth.

When I say a dentist has to be an artist, I mean he must have a knowledge of color, which enables him to properly match missing teeth with those remaining. When I say he must be a sculptor, I mean he must have a knowledge of symmetry which will enable him to restore contours either in gold or silver or cement.

From the best information I can get, I do not believe that more than four per cent of the population of this great country of ours regularly patronize the dentist. Of course, I exclude the man who patronizes him only to the extent of having a tooth extracted when he can no longer stand the pain. I do not believe that more than four per cent of our people go to him regularly and take proper care of their teeth. I am not only selfish when I say that I wish means could be devised to bring another four per cent into line. If the masses of our people appreciated the importance of the subject, the task would be an easy one.

The dentists of the United States consume annually from seven to eight million dollars' worth of pure gold. By that I mean that they hammer that much gold into the mouths of their patients, or else put it there in the shape of gold crowns and bridge-work. It is rather startling to think that there is this much pure gold each and every year being absolutely wiped out of existence, which ultimately finds its way into the graveyard, where it can never be recovered. Gold that is turned into jewelry or money or is hid away will sooner or later—the most of it at any rate—find its way back into circulation, but the gold that is consumed by the dental profession absolutely disappears forever and always.

If you are inclined to think that seven or eight million dollars is an excessive amount, I would say that it is estimated there are forty thousand dentists in this country, and that twenty dollars' worth of gold for each of them I should regard as an extremely conservative estimate of what they will use. And in my opinion no better use can be made of the yellow metal.

Our happiest moments are when we forget self in useful effort.

The New Infidelity



If you start and move in a direct line, and keep moving, you will go around the world, and eventually come back to the place of beginning.

Life is a spiral, and all things move in circles; and yet if you ask the man he will tell you he is moving straight ahead, for his senses (very fallacious things) tell him so.

Drunkards make good temperance cranks; temperance cranks make drunkards—occasionally.

Ascetics turn libertine in an hour; and libertines, who have exhausted their capacity to sin, make zealous ascetics. Thus we see that the opposites of things are alike, and the things that are different are in fact often the same. Twenty-five years ago there existed a well-defined cult known as the Corner-Grocery Infidel. The type could always be told at once by his continually asking the questions, "Who did Cain marry?" and "If God is all-powerful, why does n't He kill the Devil?" Then the man grinned triumphantly. This man did nothing but deny. He doubted all day long and clamored through his nose for physical demonstration and ocular proof. He was full of sneers and gibes and jeers and sarcastic Ohs and ironical Ahs. And to his passion for doubt and denial, it must be admitted, he brought a degree of commonsense. His pertinacity was ever in evidence, his firmness was worthy of a better cause, and his life being free from flagrant faults, he surely, in a measure, won our respect; for all the year through he was consistent to his creed, and stubbornly refused to believe a thing he could not see.

His Legitimate Successor

BUT now the Corner-Grocery Infidel is no more—you may search for him, but you will search in vain, unless you look in the right place, and that is—the church. He is now a pillar of the church. He is in the Amen Corner, with all his pertinacity, his cold Thou-Shalt-Not morality, his stubbornness; and his quiver is as full of slings and stings and sneers and jeers and gibes as in the good old days. There is no change in him: he is neither better nor worse: the thing he now

doubts is Science, but that which he denies is, as before, Deity. He doubts both God's mercy and His intelligence.

He limits Providence and defines a rationalist as "One who believes he can be as wicked as he chooses and still go to Heaven." Should you say that God's spirit is manifest as much in the tree and the flower as in man, he dares you to prove it. And should you give it as your belief that God yet inspires His children, you are challenged to debate.

The Reverence of Science

IT is the Scientist who now takes off his shoes, knowing that the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

Science is reverent and speaks with lowered voice, for she has caught glimpses of mysteries undefinable, and to her have come thoughts that are beyond speech. Science cultivates the receptive heart and the hospitable mind, and her prayer is for more light, and to this prayer the answer is even now arriving.

Orthodoxy and Enlightenment

OF course, I know that there has ever been a tendency in the church to persecute the man who believed too much, and to cry anathema upon one who had faith plus. The men and women of transcendent soul and luminous spirit have ever had to make their way, not only against the public, but against the majority in the church; and usually the church has been their bitterest enemy and most clamorous detractor. In the church there has ever been a struggle between the cold, clammy spirit of materialism and the saints, poets, prophets and mystics. But the materialists have now ousted the saints as the cuckoo does the thrush. Materialism has won, and the day has come when the church must be awarded the palm; for the proud triumph is hers of holding a monopoly on disbelief, doubt and denial.

And when Dr. Edward Everett Hale, at the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes, called attention to the fact that the five great poets of America were all outside the pale of the orthodox church, he could truthfully have added—and so are all the poets, prophets, saints and seers of earth. They are in the camp of her whom the church has so long feared and fought—Science.

None but yourself shall you meet as you travel the pathway of life.

The Third Class



RE French women economical?

¶ Yes, dear, quite so. Last summer when I was in France I took a Classe Trois ticket from Rouen to Paris, in order that I might study the ways, habits and customs of the common people.

Another reason, trifling possibly, why I did not ride Classe Premier was because I had n't the money, but that is irrelevant to my story. ¶ Now, in France there

are no absurd rules about taking live stock into a passenger-car.

You can take anything into a Third-Class van that can be carried, led or pushed; in fact, these cars are run largely for the benefit of honest market-folks.

Well, at first I had the whole bloomin' van to myself, but by and by healthy market-women, the unbonneted, got in with big baskets that they rested on my knees.

When the train stopped at Serbonne a man entered with a goat, and I had to hold the rascally beast by the horns to keep him from butting me in the puss. And then a woman with a Greek waist followed, and crowded in most anywhere; and this woman carried in her arms three live geese.

As soon as the train started, this industrious lady began picking her geese, depositing the feathers in a capacious lap, intending evidently to carry them in her apron. Now you may not believe it, but with ten persons in a compartment built for eight, and a goat and the geese added for good measure, with an old man smoking a very black pipe, the air was not the best.

The Storm Breaks

SO I just reached over, gave a tug at a strap and down dropped the window.

¶ The wind came in with a gust, and the whole bushel of feathers in her ladyship's lap filled the air like a Maine snowstorm.

And then was I soundly scolded in a choice Breton dialect and threatened with arrest if I did n't pay for the feathers or collect them and give them back.

When we reached Paris I made my way to my apartments in the Rue de Faville. Madame, the Housekeeper, met me at the door, and

walking round me looked closely at my clothes and my long hair, for I always wear my hair a bit long, you know. "Certainement, Monsieur Philistine," said Madame, "Paris is better than Rouen, for here we have bedticks and pillow-cases, but in Rouen you simply sleep in a box full of feathers with all your clothes on—welcome!"

A man who formally accepts a creed is bonded to the past. All creeds and most laws tend to cripple progress.

Public Playgrounds



HERE is one feature of the City of Seattle that should be copied by every city and town in America.

In Seattle it is the settled policy of the people that a big, ample and sufficient playground must be attached to every public school.

Moreover, this playground must be supervised.

To supervise a playground is just as necessary as to supervise a schoolroom. ¶ Play is quite as necessary as study and work.

To work all the time will surely make Jack a dull boy—and if he studies all the time, the result will be the same.

Play gives capacity for work.

To direct wisely the play of children requires just as much patience, poise, insight and love as to teach them out of books.

Education means to educe—to bring out, to develop. And the entire intent of work and play is to bring out the latent powers of the person. And grown-ups should never forget how to play, if they would keep nerv. pros. at bay.

Who it was that taught the people of Seattle that play is just as beautiful, right and necessary as study I do not know. It was some one particular man or woman, I imagine, and anyway it has now become the settled sentiment of Seattle. So, recently, when a school in the suburbs was proposed that had no suitable place for a playground attached, there was a storm of protest that had its way.

An Ideal System

THE Seattle school playgrounds have swings, slides, a hand-ball court, vaulting-bars, and a baseball diamond.

The instructor moves among the children, taking part in their sports, encouraging the backward, discouraging the boy bully by a look or a word, showing the little ones how to play games, and making himself useful from bean-bag to football.

And in one ground where two instructors were used, one of these is a woman. One instructor was always present from seven in the morning until nine at night.

And the curious part to some might be that there were always children there, from early morning until the ringing of an electric bell at nine meant that all should go home and sleep.

Saturdays and Sunday, just the same, these playgrounds were covered with rollicking, frolicking, happy, healthy children.

Attached to each playground, and separated from the schoolhouse, were toilet-rooms which the children, under the gentle supervision brought to bear, respected and cared for. Then not only does each schoolhouse in Seattle have a playground, but each playground has a flower-garden, when at certain times the children work at caring for the greenery. In this work the Park System co-operates with the School Department, and the expense is apportioned.

Of course playgrounds and gardens cost money.

And so do schoolhouses.

It takes money to supervise and it takes money to teach. But the money spent for teachers no one regards as extravagance and waste. Neither should any sensible person ever protest about money that is spent for children's playgrounds. The most valuable asset of a country is its children. They are truly the hope of a nation. Is it money wasted to adopt plans that will evolve their minds, strengthen their bodies and add to their resisting power by adding to their happiness?

Seattle thinks not. The entire world of educators should think not. So the argument is this: Build no schoolhouse without a large and suitable playground, and also a garden. And then supervise both.

A man of means is not always one who means well.

Get Busy!



ONCE upon a time, some years ago, the main building of the Jackson Sanatorium at Dansville, New York, burned to the ground.

Two hundred people, many of them invalids, were huddled in the gray of a June morning, under the great forest-trees, watching the smoking ashes of what a few hours before had been "Our Home."

Dr. James Jackson, after the night of horror, was calling the roll of patients and servants. As the responses came in, the heart of the brave man grew lighter.

Finally all were accounted for except one person, Henry Layer, the bath-boy.

Inquiries were made—some one had seen him enter the blazing building just before the roof fell. Others thought they had seen him since—no one knew positively—but the idea that this most faithful of faithful attendants had thrown away his life in his anxious endeavor to see that no one was left in the doomed building fell like a pall on the company.

"Where, oh, where is Henry Layer?" went up the agonizing shout! And the only answer was the echo of the wailing cry.

By and by an old lady who was deaf said, "Why, Henry Layer, he is over there in the woods giving a patient massage treatment."

And so it was that Henry Layer, bath-man, who calls himself "Artist in Massage," and rightfully, had orders from the head physician to give a certain patient treatment at 6:45 a. m., by the clock every morning. And at 6:45 a. m., by the clock, Henry hunted out his man and led him gently but firmly, willy-nilly, off to a quiet spot, stripped him to the buff and gave the treatment that cures but not inebriates.

And what booted it that a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property blazed and smoked into nothingness—duty must be done!

The shivering, homeless ones on the hillside moved over to where the Artist in Massage worked, hand-polishing his man, and a ringing shout of laughter was raised that echoed through the grove and across the valley.

"If Henry can do his duty I guess we can do ours," said the good Dr. Jackson.

And before the breeze had blown away the smoke, plans were under way for the new Home that was to be fire-proof.

And there today can be found Henry Layer, Artist in Massage, giving treatment at 6:45 by the clock when ordered to—and will, though Gabriel blows his horn.

And the moral is this: All trials and tribulations flee away when faced by the man intent on doing his work. And beside doing his work, the loyal, simple and honest man gives other people courage to do their work, too. With all your getting, get busy.

In every big business or school, there is one man's mental attitude that animates the whole institution.

The Library Loafer



P to this time literature seems to have made no note of the Library Loafer. And now that winter is coming, and the steam is turned on to keep out the chill, and lest the worthy loafer deem himself slighted, I will here say a few words concerning him.

Wherever the Free Library exists there does he gather himself together. He is on hand early in the morning and remaineth until the lights are extinguished. He reads and reads and mouses over magazines, yet no one ever calleth him learned—no one ever refers or defers to him. Whether he expects knowledge to soak into his being by the handling of books and breathing the air of book-shelves, or whether he merely wishes to get warm, no one knoweth.

The Public Library is a beautiful and beneficent thing: but that one-half of the daily readers at Public Libraries are Library Loafers, the Librarian knoweth to the whitening of his head. The L. L. is harmless and would be unobjectionable were it not for the fact that he taints the air wherever he goes. He never bathes, and clean linen with him is an anomaly. You can always tell him by the odor—he smells like a Jury-Room.

And one is fain to believe that the L. L. sleeps with his day-clothes on in a beer-dive, so reeking is he with the fumes of the Eighth

Ward. His motto is (or should be) *Bocwis and boer-glaed*.

I have pictured the pure type of Library Loafer—the habitue that is too deferential to bounce and not good enough to encourage, and so is just tolerated. The cult shades off, however, by almost imperceptible degrees into men who have no occupation and are too lazy to find one, and who infest the Library and invest it with their odor in a forlorn hope that within the sacred walls wisdom will trickle into them or the spores of knowledge find lodgment on their garments.

These are the people who give the Librarian that fine scorn for his clientele, and cause him to bubble over with irony when you talk about educating the Masses.

Let Handy Andy of the kilts and bagpipers know that the shower-bath should go with the Library; and conveniently near should be a wood-pile, at which parties under suspicion could be referred, not for publication or profit, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Beware of the man who wears his future for a bustle.

Liberal Dogmatism



ANGASARIAN says a law should be passed making the teaching of hell and damnation a crime. That is where the good man lapses. The world is suffering now from too much law. In suggesting more legislation, Mangasarian reveals his humanity. He is imitating his enemies; just as the Puritans visited upon those who disagreed with them, all the atrocities which they themselves had suffered. In regard to theological error, as long as it is not enforced by law, let us be thankful and not ask for laws to prohibit it. As for negation, forget it, and get busy.

Mangasarian, I fear, stood under an umbrella when God rained humor. A good ha! ha! is better than law, as a jolt on the jaw, for the fears of your Pa. Smile, everybody! Ware dogmatic liberalism, and trust to the divine efficacy of the merry tee! he!

Men are great only as they are kind.

OUR COVER PAGE

ROSA BONHEUR

BY ALICE HUBBARD

There are no women artists.
Women can not create.



O said the oracles, and we thought it must be true. To be sure, there were pictures painted by women, poems written by women, there was music composed by women, work done by women—that is, it seemed to be fact, but in some way or other, we knew it could not be so, because it had been said ages ago that it could not. Woman could inspire art, of course; that was her mission.

Yet, as women evolved they did create, and men were compelled to recognize the results. ¶ So they criticized.

"Inferior work!"

"Fairly good—for a woman."

¶ "It can not be put into the same class with man's work."

¶ Women worked on, lived on, evolved.

THE Barbizon School of Painters in France suffered much fear lest a woman, Rosa Bonheur, should want to join them. But Rosa Bonheur had no need of the Barbizon School. She and her art were sufficient unto each other. She never even inquired who the Barbizons were; their fears were in vain. Probably they were disappointed. There are stories that her place at By was besieged by men who longed to know just what she kept in her color-box, and why she was sought out by people who wanted great pictures painted, by people with money to buy,

also by people with honors to confer. ¶ Finally it was universally conceded that Rosa Bonheur created, that she was a genius, though a woman.

She was born March Sixteenth, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-two. Her father was Oscar Raymond Bonheur, a painter who lived in Bordeaux and received the highest honors as an artist that his townsmen could give him. He had pupils, for where there is small sale for your product, you teach your art—not to keep from flooding the market, but to make a living.

Sophie Marques, a lovely and accomplished girl, came to M. Bonheur to take lessons, and—what happened happened. ¶ But Sophie's parents were well-to-do—rich, comparatively—and they had no joy in having their beautiful, talented daughter marry a poor painter. So they withdrew their mental, moral and financial support. If the young people would have their way, why, let them. There would be no money from M. Marques. But the marriage was already consummated. There was only one thing to do—live their lives; and this they did.

The painter and his wife lived on there at Bordeaux, teaching, working, thinking. Their first child was named Rosalie Marie. She was strong, active, impatient of restraint. She early hated study, but amused herself by making sketches on the stone walls of her father's studio.

Sheep, cattle and horses were Rosa's delight. On rainy days she cut, from long strips of paper, first a shepherd, next a dog, then cows, sheep, and lastly trees—always in this order.

ATTRACTED by the political excitement, and the hope of finding an appreciative public, M. Bonheur went to Paris in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-eight. After a year his family joined him. But there was no need of art in Paris then. The way to peace and a stable government was more in demand by all of France.

The poverty of Bordeaux seemed like luxury to the Bonheurs when compared with the poverty of Paris. ¶ The beautiful Sophie advertised for pupils to whom she might teach music.

Rosa had two brothers, Auguste and Isidore, and a little sister—there were six to provide for. The mother grew tired, oh, so tired, and died.

UCH sentiment has been expressed about the widow and the fatherless, and the inference is that when the father dies the calamity of all calamities has come to the family.

¶ But the truth is, that a widow can and usually does get along splendidly well. She finds ways of earning money herself, and for her children to earn. They work together for one purpose, and all become educated and usually capable, provided, of course, that the mother is capable. ¶ Let writers of pathos move us to tears—for they surely can—by depicting the pitiable helplessness of a widower and his motherless children. There is no home where there is no mother. ¶ Poor Oscar Raymond Bonheur, painter, alone in Paris with his four babies!

He parceled the children out—what else could he do? The baby was sent back to Bordeaux, the two boys were put

into a boarding-school, where the father taught to pay for their keep.

And Rosa, what to do with Rosa! She was finally placed with a good woman who had no idea of her needs. The child could not study, she was impetuous and impatient. All she would do was make pictures and model worthless things in clay. ¶ Only complaints came to the father about Rosa. The woman did n't want her any longer. M. Bonheur married a widow with two sons. It was a necessity—he must have a home. ¶ Rosa came home. The stepmother said that she must learn to be useful in some way. If she would not study, let her learn to sew.

She was apprenticed to a milliner—for a week—but the tragedy of this life was too severe, and so the father brought her home again. A serious conference followed, and as the result Rosa was placed in a girls' boarding-school, where the father taught painting to pay her tuition and board.

However, for Rosa it was only going from one sorrow to another. The books here were just as distasteful as they had been anywhere else. Beside, the other girls had rich parents, they wore silk dresses, had silver spoons. Rosa wore a calico dress, used an iron spoon, and had no spending-money. While the rest studied, Rosa made caricatures of the teachers and snapped them on the wall with bread pellets, above the heads of the victims.

¶ It would not do. She must go home, and home she went in bitter disgrace. The father and stepmother were helpless, and not knowing what to do, wisely did nothing. Just one thing did she learn in that school, the disadvantage of poverty; one purpose formed, that she would earn money. ¶ Rosa, full of remorse, sought refuge in her father's studio and used her time in imitating everything her father did, drawing and modeling. One

day she drew something that pleased her, and for the first time she found the meaning of Happiness. ¶ "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

¶ WHEN her ideas grew clear, and her work took form. ¶ The purposeless child had suddenly grown into a determined woman. Her father saw that she loved one thing, that she might be a genius in this one thing, so he gave her the most careful instruction of which he was capable. She was the best pupil he ever had, and he was her only teacher.

All the power of the restless child was liberated in her love for this new work.

Rosa went to the Louvre and painted from early morning until the doors closed at night. She never grew tired, and copied Italian, German, Dutch pictures, learning from all.

When she was sixteen, there was a market for her pictures and quite an income for the family—she was a wage-earner who could be relied upon. ¶ One day, just by chance, Rosa painted the picture of a goat. She was more than happy. This made her realize that she had a specific talent—animal painting. She yielded to the temptation to do what she loved most.

But how was she to get models? The Bonheurs lived away up six flights of stairs, in small rooms and few of them. The workroom was now overcrowded, for the two brothers and the little sister were at home and all were artists, working with the father and Rosa.

¶ Birds were flying free in the studio. There was just a little balcony out from the windows, giving a surface of about fifteen square feet unoccupied. Rosa and Isadore bought twin lambs whose mother had died, and fed them, first milk from a bottle, then with grass and grain. They each carried a lamb down the six flights daily to give it exercise, and in the process managed to get exer-

cise themselves. The lambs became sheep and outgrew Rosa, but for more than two years Isadore was elevator for their two pets.

However, two lambs on a balcony would never do for models for a real live painter! Rosa was up and away before the day began every morning—out into the country in sunshine and in rain.

This, even, was not enough. At the Abattoir du Roule the drovers were bringing to the butchers herds of cattle every day. ¶ There were, too, fine horses at the same market. ¶ There, seated on a bale of hay, surrounded by men and cattle, Rosa made her sketches, day after day and weeks together. Did the men disturb her in her work? Oh, no—they thought she was a painter lad. Her beautiful brown hair she wore close-cropped, parted on the side. She was tanned by sun and storm, and although below medium height she was strong and sturdy. She wore trousers, a blouse and a man's hat. The men merely looked at the young artist's pictures if they had time.

She even went into slaughterhouses and studied her subjects in every condition. ¶ Rosa Bonheur was a most thorough student and worked incessantly from the time she discovered herself, when she was fourteen years old, until her death.

It was a glorious, busy family! The father was their only teacher, and his four children all worked in art—Rosa the merriest and most forceful one of them all.

At nineteen, Rosa made her first public appearance in the Paris Salon exhibition, with two pictures, and she had favorable mention. The next year she attracted attention. Four years after, the father, two sons, and two daughters, all exhibited together.

Germaine, the youngest son of Raymond Bonheur, and son of the stepmother, was also a painter. In all there were five children who signed them-

selves, "Pupil of my father." Rosa was known in Paris and her influence gave the father the position of Director of the Government School of Design for Girls in Paris. The father died a year after and Rosa was given the place of Director, with her sister Juliette as resident teacher.

Her painting, "Plowing in Nivernais"—possibly her best—was exhibited when she was twenty-seven. This picture was bought by the French government and now hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery.

"The Horse-Fair," the picture which Americans know best, was exhibited first when the artist was thirty-one. She worked in preparatory study on this for a year and a half. With "The Horse-Fair," she exhibited "Haymaking in Auvergne." The award of the jury of this year entitled her to the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Rosa Bonheur was a genius—she happened to be a woman, with power to make opportunity. She was not working for honors, but honors were her due.

The Emperor must confer the honors. ✱ ✱

THE Emperor was Napoleon III, son of Hortense Beauharnais—by the way, grandson of Josephine, once Empress of a great Empire; and he was also nephew of the great and only Napoleon. ¶ Nemesis seems to have had a desire to make history show that the intent of The Great Power is to keep the scale of Justice balanced. At any rate, Josephine's grandson sat on the throne, and Napoleon's son had long before died in Austria, being nothing to France.

But Napoleon III said that you can't decorate a woman with the Cross of the Legion of Honor—that is to say, "I won't." And he would n't. The Emperor's reason was the same as is given now for not "allowing" women to vote. ¶ Nobody and no logic could

move the Emperor. ¶ However, twelve years later, he sent the Empress to By, near the Forest of Fontainebleau, to decorate Rosa Bonheur with the Cross of the Legion of Honor—one woman to carry to another the symbol of honor from a whole country. All this according to the law of evolution.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three, "The Horse-Fair" was exhibited in The Salon, Paris. The artist sent it in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five to Bordeaux, her native town, and offered to sell it there for twelve thousand francs. Others wanted to buy it and for more money, but she said, "I wish my picture to remain in France."

France was indifferent, and she finally sold it for forty thousand francs. After it had been exhibited throughout the world where art is appreciated, it was sold to William P. Wright, of New York City, for thirty thousand francs. A. T. Stewart made this picture one of his art treasures. In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, when the Stewart collection was sold at auction, Cornelius Vanderbilt bought "The Horse-Fair" for fifty-five thousand five hundred dollars, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of New York City, where it now is.

That the Emperor would not allow her to receive the honors due her when she was thirty-one, when honors are honors, did not disturb Rosa. Work was her joy, and the consciousness of having done superior work was incentive enough.

SHE had commissions for all the pictures she could paint at any price she asked. She bought an estate at By, for which she paid two thousand pounds, and surrounded herself with sheep, goats, gazelles, deer, horses, bulls, cows, dogs, squirrels, ferrets and birds. An eagle, lions, wild boars, a yak and monkeys were sent to her to paint.

And here she worked day after

day, year after year. She left her beloved France once, when she visited England and Scotland to paint their cattle and horses. ✱ ✱

Rosa Bonheur never married. She had one devoted little friend, Mademoiselle Micas, an artist, who lived with her at By. ✱ When the friend's health failed, Rosa took her to Nice from December to May each year, until she died in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. ✱ ✱

Even with this care, anxiety and sorrow, the great artist's work did not slacken, nor did her work ever weaken; it grew in strength.

RESIDENT Carnot visited her several times in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, and it was he who persuaded her to send pictures to the World's Fair in Chicago. ¶ "My exhibit there," she wrote, "was the occasion of my being named Officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor"—an honor that was dear to her heart.

The King of Belgium gave her the Leopold Cross of Honor. ¶ During the Franco-Prussian war, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy, the Prussian troops were stationed near the Forest of Fontainebleau. The Prince Imperial of Germany issued an order to the army to respect the property and studio of Rosa Bonheur. This, too, was dear to the heart of the artist. It meant to her that her work was valuable to the world. ✱ Rosa Bonheur lived like a peasant, in that she arose very early and worked the whole day through until late at night. She lived very simply, and had her sacred hours for painting. ✱ ✱

She died of congestion of the lungs, after a few days of illness, May Twenty-fifth, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine. At her own request, she lies buried in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, Paris.

It was a long and beautiful life, wholly consecrated to art.

Microbes

By Dr. J. H. Tilden



THE following was taken from the New York "Evening Journal," of July Eighteenth: "You will find on any street-corner somebody who 'does n't believe in microbes.' Many children die because ignorant parents think it is 'all nonsense to talk so much about germs and about invisible organisms destroying human life.'

"Men that ought to know better have a sort of theory that we die when our time comes, as they put it, and that all this fussing about disease-germs is wasted.

"Until very recently a man up at Middletown, New York, had the notion that the germ theory is all nonsense. He has n't that notion any more, for it killed him.

"The man was Theodore Wright, fifty years old. He lived in a district where the germ of anthrax had been killing cattle. He said it was all nonsense to talk about a germ, and he skinned the cows that had died.

"He was warned to be careful, and especially to keep the fresh hides of the dead cows away from any part of his body that might be scratched and allow the germ to enter.

"To show his great contempt of 'the germ theory,' this unfortunate, ignorant man wrapped one of the fresh hides around his neck and carried it into the barn.

"Through some slight wound in the neck the bacilli or germs of anthrax, invisible to the eye of a man who did not believe in science, got into his blood. His face and throat began to swell shortly, and he was dead in five days, after suffering great agony.

"Every human being, and especially mothers and fathers, should understand distinctly that the great enemy of man is the invisible microbe or bacillus, the germ of disease.

"These germs are infinitely more dangerous than tigers, or lions, or poisonous reptiles. They are in milk unfit to drink.

"They are carried on the spongy feet of flies that alight on the food, or on the faces of children. They are blown about in the wind of dirty streets—that alone accounts partly for the high death-rate among children in cities.

"It is n't necessary to become hysterically anxious, but it is necessary to be careful. Healthy children and grown people may take certain disease-germs into their systems. The phagocytes, or white corpuscles in the blood, fight against these disease-germs, and often conquer, just as the frontiersman might often conquer in his fight with wolves.

"But when the system is reduced in vigor, the germ is too strong for the resisting power in the blood, and then come disease and death."

"Keep up your health, first of all, with sleep, good, sufficient food, and plenty of fresh air. Keep off the enemy, the deadly foe, invisible to the eye, but venomous, complicated—the enemy that men will be fighting still, long years from now, when all the big, dangerous animals shall be only memories.

"Fight the germs of disease, and remember that the weapons with which to destroy them are CLEANLINESS, SUNLIGHT, FRESH AIR AND HEALTHY BLOOD."

The Argument of Ignorance

THIS article shows how ignorance proceeds to prove that there is n't anything in the germ theory.

This man knew nothing about cleanliness; he had n't even the commonest instincts of cleanliness. He did not hesitate to wrap the fresh hide of a filthy, decomposing, dead animal around his neck. And a man with an esthetic sense so rudimentary that it will not cause him to recoil at covering himself with the raw hide of a dead animal will not hesitate to eat with flies, sleep with bedbugs, wear dirty clothes and live as any other uncultivated animal or heathen. A man who is willing to live in filth has n't the rudiments of the commonest knowledge on the subject of health, hence should n't have an opinion either for or against the germ theory, or on health and disease, that would receive the serious attention of any one. This close association with filth on the part of the human animal has been the cause of all the great epidemics found in history. When epidemics and endemics have killed off all the filthy people, we will not have any more epidemics, and such diseases as anthrax will be no more.

Cleanliness an Indication of Intelligence

THE first indication of real intelligence is personal cleanliness. When man is thoroughly educated into personal cleanliness it will not be very long until he will feel the importance of being clean on the inside of his body as well as on the outside of it. When a man has gone far enough on the road to civilization to believe in personal cleanliness, he is in line for everything else pertaining to intelligence, and if you watch you will see him getting rid of the filth of the inside of his body after he is well cured of the filth of the outside—the "great unwashed." When he begins to feel the need of being cleaned up on the inside, one of the first indications will be his going back on his favorite drugs. He reasons in the following manner: "I quit them because they irritate my stomach and bowels, and if I live as I should I shall not need them; it's a poor economy knowingly to derange my

stomach and then irritate it with drugs in the name of curing." He has learned by this time that anything that is injurious in its action on the stomach and bowels can't possibly be of an advantage to health; hence he will cut out drugs and he will not allow any one to put serum into his veins. He will sidestep vaccination, and at last he will declare that there is no need of being disturbed by germs, for he has learned that germs never bother a well-informed, self-controlled, thoroughly clean and civilized man.

Germs and Sensuality Go Together

GERMS belong to ignorance, superstition and filthiness; they belong to sensuality, and sensuality means a dirty mind and a dirty body. Moses was compelled to institute circumcision to save his people from annihilation. I am disposed to give the great leader of the Israelites credit for being rational-minded, and for knowing that the surgical operation he popularized was for prophylactic purposes rather than a religious rite. The people were dirty and their leader knew it. How to keep them clean required great tact. The baptismal rites were not frequent enough to keep the people clean in those days. The tact, intrigue, inveiglement and tremendous resourcefulness displayed by the great leaders of the people in that day make interesting reading. The people would not follow health advice in those days, and that peculiar attribute has been handed down from generation to generation, so that there is enough of it in the people today to cause me more trouble than anything else in my profession. Every law that was for the good of the people had to be formulated something like this: "The Lord said unto Moses!" A medical prescription that was not from God was a dead letter. Mercury, Hot Springs baths, iodide of potash, succus alterans, and the Swift(est)'s Specific that has ever been sent after a dose of syphilis in this age would have been ignored by those pious Israelites unless it had come to them endorsed by God. Times have somewhat changed. The dear people will not take anything except the drugs receiving the O. K. of the great A. M. A.

Health Supremacy of the Jews

WHICH of the two prescriptions has worked the better? The Jewish race, as a people, in spite of much blood-mixing, consanguineous marriages and the fact that it has suffered from the religious intolerance of other races, has the cleanest health record of any of them, and that, too, in spite of the fact that at one time in its history it was threatened with annihilation from that loathsome disease known as syphilis. The little operation did the work. It enforced cleanliness, and cleanliness, without the aid of mercury or any other drug, cured the people. These people stand today as firm as the rock

of ages as an everlasting refutation of the drug and germ superstition. If syphilis is caused by a specific germ, and it can not be cured without mercury, it is up to the advocates of this doctrine to explain how circumcision not only prevented the disease, but eradicated it from the blood of the Jewish race, and placed that race at the head of all races in point of health.

The Finish of the Unwashed

THE world is full of dirty people, and germs to match go with them; and we have evolved doctors peculiarly fitted by the law of necessity to take care of all this great army of filth, ignorance and superstition. The time will come when this great army will become extinct, for those who can not be educated will die off prematurely, and those who are susceptible to training will evolve out of and get away from this great Gehenna, where the worm of filth dieth not and the fires of putrefaction are not quenched.

So long as the people will not be taught cleanliness they will be compelled to take the cure that is peculiar to and necessary for filthiness, and, as the old Biblical figure which I have paraphrased indicates, in this world of filth the worm or the germ dieth not and the fire which is necessary for purification can not be quenched. Cleanly people will be compelled to suffer much from the filth of others for a long time to come.

Those people who are not troubled with germs will not need a germ-doctor.

Germs and Disease-Producing Habits

WHEN people come to me suffering with the microbe of old age I do not put them upon the exclusive use of butter-milk, but I regulate their dietary by limiting the amount they consume to their digestive capacity; then, as soon as they cease to build a Gehenna in their intestines there is a subsidence of the germs. Please remember that germs are always contemporaneous with disease-producing habits. Is n't this simple? Perhaps it is too simple! I think probably that is what is the trouble with my theory and practise in general: I'm too simple, my plan is too simple to be true. There can't be anything in such simple and transparent ideas; they belong to children. Grown people need strong, manly theories—those that are not comprehensive to the child-mind.

It does n't matter of what disease an animal dies, there is a stage of decomposition after death when the fluids and gases of the body are very toxic. Then there is a time when this toxicity appears to have spent its force, and the body can be handled without danger of infection. I would not advise any person to prove whether I am right or wrong; it would be just as well to take what I say for granted. Ignorance invariably shows contempt for any-

thing that it thinks it does not believe. When real intelligence objects to a theory it usually knows why it objects.

Germs and the Germ Theory

BELIEVE in germs, but I do not believe in the germ theory. I believe in germs so thoroughly that I would not think of closing a superficial wound on any part of the body without first providing for drainage. I would not do as a great many doctors who believe in the germ theory. They will close a wound, cover it with iodoform or some other antiseptic, and flatter themselves that they have made an aseptic dressing. If asked why they believe they have made an aseptic dressing they will answer that they have covered it with iodoform, a drug which is antiseptic—germ-killing. But, in spite of a great quantity of malodorous antiseptic drugs, within a day or two patients treated in this way are liable to have septic poisoning.

Instead of using drugs, if, for instance, a thread or a catgut ligature is placed in the bottom of the wound at the time of dressing, then closed nicely, without a drug of any kind, the wound will heal by what is known as first intention. Why is this? Nature throws out, in her endeavors at healing, a great deal more plastic material than is necessary, and the superfluous amount, or that which can't possibly be used, must be drained away, and if it is not it takes on decomposition. This decomposition sets up a local inflammation, which is of a septic character, and unless it is taken hold of immediately and drainage established the patient will die in three or four days, even if the wound were not more than skin-deep and the patient immersed in a vat of antiseptics.

I certainly believe in germs, but, as I have repeated, I do not believe in the germ theory. I do not believe that germs cause disease. We live in a way to cause a breaking down of our bodily resistance; then the fluids in the digestive cavity take on toxicity, the germs that are native take on a transformation—they are changed. Why? Because their habitat is changed. Did they change it? They don't want the change. As soon as their habitat changes they become restless, and migrate if possible. This change would not have taken place if the body had not lost its normal resistance, and the germs had nothing to do with this breakdown.

I think it really better, if you have to choose, to drink beer out of an earthen pot—as did the father of John Sebastian Bach—and be kind and gentle, than to have a sharp nose for other folk's faults and be continually trying to pinch and prod the old world into the straight and narrow path of virtue.

Getting Down to Business

By Booker T. Washington



HERE is an increasing demand for men and women who have received such training as you students receive here. Perhaps you have no idea how great that demand is from all sections of the Southern country and from the whole country. Scarcely a day passes that I do not have three or four letters asking for men and women for industrial schools in the country districts and in the cities. I tell you there is a great demand for the services of every one who will prepare for service.

When I read the discussions dealing with shortening the time in colleges before conferring a degree, I think it would be well to think of shortening the time after leaving college and school before getting down to business. Three or four years of time are too often spent between graduation from school and settling down to business—to real work. This time could be shortened immensely to great advantage. I would suggest a method to shorten that time. It is all summed up in one word—earnestness. Any individual who is in earnest has not the time for foolishness. Get down to business just as soon as you leave school.

Your time here is costly—costly to your parents and costly to many others. You do not pay for all your advantages here. Do not imagine that you do. Time is often lost because students go out with exaggerated ideas of their own importance. They think the world can not get on without them. Forget yourself. Be simple. Such people are the ones who succeed best. I know of many people who are mere wrecks because, instead of getting down to business with no folly, they have an idea of exhibiting themselves, of showing, in some unusual, silly way, how much they know. I never walk through the country districts, among the old fellows, who wear patched clothes and do their daily honest work, that I am not ashamed. They all have simplicity and strength. You can all learn valuable lessons from them.

The Earmarks of Education

MANY young men and women think that when they leave school they must speak a new language and use words which they do not understand themselves and which nobody else can. They sit up nights looking up big words in the dictionary. They think that, if they can not find some unusual words and actions or talk to show off with, the people will think they are not educated.

Think about this and begin now, if you have not already done so, to get rid of all such folly ❖❖

The greatest characters use simple words and short sentences, which can easily be understood by anybody. The way to show that you are educated is to use the shortest words and simplest sentences. Many disgust those who know what education really is by the opposite course. They disgust the old, sensible people, old farmers, hard-headed old fellows, who do not know what you are talking about, but do know there is no sense in what they hear. It will take you two or three years to live down a bad impression if you once make one.

The best-dressed person is the one whose dress attracts no attention. Do not get an idea that you have to dress in some unusual manner to show off your education to your people. There are some young men whom you can only remember by a collar and a flashy necktie. When you look at them you can not see any actual man. So do not yield to the temptation to put a five-dollar hat on a fifty-cent head.

Naturalness Versus Affectation

WE have at Tuskegee, for the community about us, what we call a short course in agriculture—I mean in farming. Colored girls come to us from the swamps where some of you came from. Some had never been in a school of any size. They wore all kinds of ribbons—red, blue, green and yellow. Our teachers wanted to pull them all off. “No, no,” I said, “let them wear their ribbons. They are not wearing them for show.” The difference between those girls and some who had been educated was that they were natural. When you go out from here, however, do not be overdressed men or women.

I hope you will discourage another folly—the use of unnecessary titles. A man must call himself Dr.—Reverend Doctor—So-and-so, when he can not read the Ten Commandments. All these things indicate lack of simplicity, lack of earnestness, and provoke disgust instead of admiration. A man loses influence by such conduct. I had a letter the other day from a man saying, “Please lend me two dollars to pay my way home. Yours truly—, A. B., A. M., D. D.” If you have anything like culture, the world will find it out without you telling people.

The Influence of Service

THEN get down to business in another way. Make yourself part of the life of the people. Older people expect great things of you. They expect you to outdo and outshine them. Do not disappoint them. Go home and be the most humble and simple, but the most helpful one among them. Some are so educated that they will take no part in the Sunday-

school, or the old church. “Who teaches in your Sunday-school?” I asked a man in one of our small cities. I found that it was the uneducated mostly who were the Sunday-school workers. In that city there were thirty or forty young people of good education who ought to be giving themselves and making themselves a part of the lives of others. Some are so educated that they can not find a minister or a church good enough for them. They say that they “can’t understand” the minister. Go to that church—you once understood the minister’s language. Ask to have a Sunday-school class. Go into the community and make yourself a natural part of it for good service ❖❖

The way to get real satisfaction out of life is to get right down to business where our people are and lift them up. In proportion as we do that we shall be lifted up into an atmosphere of power and influence that we never dreamed of.—From an Address Delivered to the Students of Hampton Institute, Virginia.

Progress needs the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all of his time putting on the brakes.

Rural Free-Delivery System

By Wilmer Atkinson



REFORM is here proposed wherein all rural people, instead of less than half, may enjoy the benefits of the Free-Delivery System, together with the parcels-post, the postal savings-banks, and a postal telephone and telegraph service.

The reader will please observe that there are two rural postal systems in use, embracing Star Routes and fourth-class post-offices, and the Free Carrier Delivery, and that these systems cover much of the same territory, involving unnecessary and avoidable expense of duplication.

The Free-Delivery System covers less than half the territory and serves less than half of the rural populations; while the Star Route and post-offices cover all the territory and all of the population, in an imperfect way.

On the return-carriers’ routes, persons do not receive their mail usually until afternoon, so that they can not mail answers to their correspondents until the afternoon of the next day ❖❖

In case parcels-post be established from the central carriers’ office, as now constituted, merchandise must be carried out ten or twelve miles before it is delivered on the return routes; and that delivered near the central office on

the return trip must be hauled nearly twenty miles—which is an absurdity, to say the least.

Counting the Cost

THE cost of Free Delivery is now upwards of thirty-five million dollars a year, and yet the system reaches less than half of the rural residents, and those reached are the most readily accessible.

To cover the entire country, including the less accessible citizens, under the present Free-Delivery System, will probably involve the government in a cost of one hundred million dollars a year.

And yet, it has been found impossible to do away with more than ten per cent of the Star Routes and rural post-offices; and the cost of conducting the latter system is almost as great as it was before the Free-Delivery System was established.

The dual system, now so enormously expensive, can be gradually replaced by a single system: a continuation of the Star Routes and Free Delivery by the fourth-class postmasters within their circuit—to such only, of course, as desire it, since many prefer to go to the post-office or have their mail carried by their children in going to and returning from school.

The effect of this will be to restore the importance of the rural village, causing business and local interest to center there as formerly. It will go far toward re-establishing the village merchant and artificer, whose trade has gone to the large towns.

The fourth-class postmaster, being often a merchant who has daily dealings with the people within his circuit, can very inexpensively deliver mails as he takes orders for goods.

Cutting Down the Postal Deficit

RURAL parcels-post, postal savings-banks and postal telephone and telegraph service can all be successfully established—all placed in charge of the rural postmaster, from which he could probably derive revenue sufficient to pay for all the mail delivery there was demand for.

All this would make business for the fourth-class postmaster, the entire public would be admirably served, and the rural village would be restored, greatly to the advantage of all concerned; and it is believed that the deficit in the postal revenues would be more than overcome.

A telephone connected with each farm and village home could be brought into service to give notice by the postmaster of the arrival of expected important letters, also to inform subscribers of market conditions and of coming changes in the weather.

The carriers now in service would be available for employment as assistants to the postmasters in performing duties connected with the parcels-post, the savings-banks, the tele-

phone and telegraph service and carrying the mails; and they would be available to fill vacancies that occur in rural post-offices. The changes from the present incomplete and costly dual system could be made gradually: first made to apply to those persons now numbering much more than half of the rural population, who are now out of the reach of the carrier system; and could soon be made to cover the entire country, so that none would be beyond the scope of its benefits. In no other way can this be accomplished without an enormous and unwarrantable cost.

Advantages of Perfected Service

IN the one case, if the free carrier system as it now is be expanded to cover the whole country, including the inaccessible portions, there will be shown a postal deficit ranging from twenty-five million to fifty million dollars a year; while under the improved and perfected system there need be no deficit whatever.

Under the latter system, moreover, an impartial delivery will be afforded all citizens; the telephone and telegraph will be at their service, at a far cheaper rate than at present; a parcels-post will enable farmers to ship produce direct to consumers without the intervention of the middleman; the rural village will take on new life, and by means of the postal savings-banks our people, especially the young, will be led into thrifty habits of life which can but prove of inestimable value to them and to the nation.

Let the government, therefore, move forward to better things.

It does not take much strength to do things, but it requires great strength to decide on what to do.

The Commercial Spirit

By the Honorable Oscar Straus



WHEN I served my country in the Far East, I saw what Great Britain meant wherever her influence extended. You may call it selfishness if you will, but it was that enlightened selfishness which protected the individual wherever not only its power extended, but also its influence extended. No other nation in the East provided that the slave should be made free whenever he put his foot within the boundaries of a British embassy. I am an admirer, a lover of Great Britain, and if I were not an American, I certainly would come under the British crown.

We are in a peculiar age, and by some it has been deplored. The nations of the world during different periods are actuated by different motives. Since the Reformation the nations have passed through these different stages: First came the religious spirit, or I should perhaps more correctly term it, the ecclesiastical spirit, because it really was not religious, and the result was the clashing of nations because of ecclesiastical or religious disputes, which lasted for a hundred years or more till the end of the Thirty Years' War. Then came that spirit of conquest regardless of the rights of nations, driven by greed for might and power, which culminated in the Napoleonic period. After that arose what we may correctly term the commercial age. During the so-called religious age, and during the military age, commerce was looked down upon as if it were a degrading occupation; but we have found as an international spirit it is the noblest spirit that has yet actuated the nations. Because commerce is based upon mutuality, it is based upon the good relations of nations. Commerce thrives along the highways of peace. The old idea that commerce follows the flag is an absurdity. Commerce follows along the line of least resistance. The only commerce that follows the flag is the occupation of the grave-digger. The commercial spirit is not commercialism. The commercial spirit is based upon equity and fairness in trade, and gives a quid pro quo for all it gets, but conquest is international outrage.

Viewpoint of the Optimist

GREAT BRITAIN, the United States of America and fifty others of the foremost nations of the civilized world are represented in that capital, in that little country that has been the inspiration of liberty for so many generations, and they are studying how they may enlarge the highways and gateways of peace among the nations of the world. I am an optimist. I have been asked what my opinion was, whether peace congresses would effect any results. Effect results? Why, see what has already been done. From the beginning of the world until the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine no such step had ever been taken for the peace of nations as the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration at The Hague. And it is due to the prophetic generosity of a British-born subject and naturalized American, to have given to the nations the magnificent building that shall stand as a memorial for all times, where this international tribunal shall sit for the promotion of concord and good will among the nations.

Our Privileges and Obligations

WE are today guardians of the mighty way to the Far East. The destiny that that implies is in our hands to do with as we will, and the benefit that we shall bestow

and receive will depend upon our wisdom. There was a time—and that time is not so very long ago—when one nation looked with a spirit of jealousy upon the advancing prosperity of a neighboring nation. This narrow and selfish point of view obtained because one nation felt that the prosperity of a neighbor was a menace to its own. Then the normal relation of nations was one of belligerency, but since the relation of nations is one of a commercial nature, we feel that the prosperity of a neighbor aids our own prosperity. So it is in our relations with the nations of the Far East. It is not only our international duty, based upon international morality, not to do any injustice to the nations on the other side of the Pacific, but it is to our interest to aid and encourage them in that prosperity and advancement.

The United States, a little more than half a century ago, first introduced Japan to the Council Board of Western Nations, and the United States is proud of it. Japan is grateful for it and we are happy to know that this wonderful nation, which is combining the wisdom of past ages with the enlightenment of the Western world, is building up a new and most encouraging nationality, and is achieving a prosperity, economic and educational, that is most encouraging to the teachings we have given them, through their young men who have come to our universities, to draw inspiration from our Western ideas. We feel that in imparting this we shall have another energetic nation with whom to exchange our commodities, and its enlightenment is like the rain of Heaven—it benefits not their nation alone, but it blesses also ours.

Breaking Down National Boundaries

IT is the greatest mistake in the world to divide people by classification. If there is any advice I could give you it would be, "Don't allow your minds to be misled by general classification." The lazy and ignorant man follows that course because he has not the alertness and energy of mind to single out and individualize. Often there come to you angels in disguise. The Italian will bring you the idealism of his heritage. It is in his fiber and in his blood. The Slav brings to you that persistency and endurance of his. I need not tell you what the British bring, but they do not bring it all. The German brings you the love of music and the beauties and charm of life. Every element brings you something new, and it is this welding of ideals and of ideals shaped in the furnace of the opportunities of this new and great country that fashions the American and the Canadian, and makes him the helmet-bearer of the destinies of this mighty continent.

Be a man and a friend to everybody.

Vivisection

By Mark Twain



BELIEVE I am not interested to know whether vivisection produces results that are profitable to the human race or does n't.

To know that the results are profitable to the race would not remove my hostility to it. The pain which it inflicts upon unconsenting animals is the basis of my enmity toward it, and it is to me sufficient justification of the enmity without looking further.

It is so distinctly a matter of feeling with me, and is so strong and so deeply rooted in my make and constitution, that I am sure I could not even see a vivisector vivisected with anything more than a sort of qualified satisfaction.

I do not say I should not go and look on: I only mean that I should almost surely fail to get out of it the degree of contentment which it ought, of course, to be expected to furnish. I find some very impressive paragraphs in a paper which was read before the National Individualist Club (Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight) by a medical man. I have read and re-read these paragraphs, with always augmenting astonishment, and have tried to understand why it should be considered a kind of credit and a handsome thing to belong to a human race that has vivisectors in it.

And I have also tried to imagine what would become of the race if it had to be saved by my practising vivisection on the French plan. Let me quote:

"Vivisectors possess a drug called curare, which, given to an animal, effectually prevents any struggle or cry. A horrible feature of curare is that it has no anesthetic effect, but on the contrary it intensifies the sensibility to pain. The animal is perfectly conscious, suffers doubly, and can make no sign.

"Claude Bernard, the notorious French vivisector, thus describes the effect of curare: 'The apparent corpse before us hears and distinguishes all that is done. In this motionless body, behind that glazing eye, sensitiveness and intelligence persist in their entirety. The apparent insensibility it produces is accompanied by the most atrocious suffering the mind of man can conceive.'

"There is unfortunately abundant evidence that innumerable experiments of the following character have been performed on sensitive animals. They have been boiled, baked, scalded, burnt with turpentine, frozen, cauterized; they have been partly drowned and brought back

to consciousness to have the process repeated; they have been cut open and mangled in every part of the body, and have been kept alive in a mutilated state for experiments lasting days or weeks.

"If I wished, I could pile up mountains of evidence, to be found in the publications of physiologists and in the report of the Royal Commission.

Curarization

HERE are some notes by Dr. Drasch in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine (Du Bois Reymonds' 'Archives'): 'The frogs, curarized or not, are prepared in the following manner: The animal is placed on its back on a piece of cork fastened by a needle through the end of the nose, the lower jaw drawn back and also fastened with pins.

"Then the mucous membrane is cut away in a circular form, and the right eyeball, which protrudes into the back of the throat, is seized and the copiously bleeding vessels are tied.

"Next a tent-hook is introduced into the cavity of the eye, drawing out the muscles and optic nerves, which are also secured by a ligature.

"The eyeball is then split with a needle near the point where the optic nerve enters, a circular piece cut away from the sclerotic, and the crystalline lens, etc. removed from the eyeball. I may remark that my experiments lasted a whole year, and I have therefore tried frogs at all seasons.'

"He calmly gave directions for keeping the animals still. If the frog is not curarized the sciatic and cural nerves are cut through.

"Prof. Brucke says: 'The first sign that the trigeminus is divided is a loud, piercing shriek from the animal. Rabbits, we know, are not sensitive, but in this operation they invariably send forth a prolonged shriek.'

"In Pfleger's 'Archives,' Volume II, page 234, are accounts of similar experiments on curarized cats, a large number of them having the nerves cut, dissected out, and stimulated, the spine opened, spinal marrow cut, etc."

¶ I could quote still more shameful vivisection records from this paper, but I lack the stomach for it.

Be gentle and keep your voice low.

TALKING about Predatory Wealth: The Big Boys who run the Railroads and carry the Big Burdens are right onto their jobs. But Brago-Bombastes has time to go to Africa with a retinue and make it hot for the elephants.

But would n't you rather he would be in Africa stirring up the rhinos than in America destroying business?

Two Kinds of Wealth

By Walter L. Pyle, M. D.



FEW days ago, at the testimonial dinner to Robert Koch in New York City, a layman, Andrew Carnegie, who has gathered, who has given away, and still has left more money than any other individual, said that he would give all his worldly wealth for the immaterial wealth of the careers of a Jenner, a Pasteur, a Koch, a Lazear or a Reed—all devoted scientists, who sacrificed themselves to save others. These, Mr. Carnegie said, rather than the warriors or conquerors, are the true heroes of civilization. It is distressingly evident that there is a vast difference between the standards of life of the surgeon and of the philanthropist. These judgments seem irreconcilable. The famous surgeon's success and income for one year would more than satisfy many of us impecunious strugglers for a lifetime, and that of Carnegie would give the profession an almost immediate victory over most diseases—a hoped-for victory that is the ideal, the heart of the faith of every worthy physician. Is there no possible reconciliation of the two points of view? What is the truth, and what the falsity of each position, which makes them so ludicrously and yet so sadly antagonistic? Why does the surgeon with the income of a prince, but not of a Carnegie, hunger for the millions, while the industrial Croesus would gladly give all his many millions for the medical man's mind and vocation? If they make the trade, they must soon needs logically trade back again.

The Unselfish Practitioner's Service

SEEING the life of the medical man only from without, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote these memorable words: "The physician is the flower (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marveled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race." Such a tribute to the honor, valor and value of our profession gives those of its members who are faithful a livelier encouraging. In the larger sense it is true, and it is deserved. But every one of us, whether we resist, half yield, or are borne down by the pressing evil, must feel better and stronger by reason of Carnegie's magnificently frank outburst. His money, he confessed, was a poor substitute for the beneficent science of an intelligent and unselfish medical man. The young Carnegie's heart had always been in the work of the physician and humanitarian, but at the time of life when

most men embark on their careers of scientific study, the distressing poverty of his family made an immediate start in a commercial career imperative; as he so pathetically put it—"all other thoughts were overwhelmed by the stern resolve to drive the wolf from my parents' door or die in the attempt."

When we think of the intolerable vogue of charlatanry, of the greed of patients, of the dragging weariness of our overwork, of our often pitiless poverty, of our unprovided-for families, of the oncoming hopeless old age, we, too, may at times envy the rewards of those who chose not medicine but the success and fame of the commercial life, and with efforts almost superhuman, right or wrong, forge to a first place in the world of finance.

Failure of the Gospel of Getting

WITH the most evident sincerity, the most successful and the most unselfish of all millionaires, standing before physicians, says that ours is the preferable lot, the real success, the saner life. What a splendid acknowledgment of the utter failure of the gospel of getting! What a commentary on the old text concerning the gaining of the whole world and the losing of one's own soul! What an illustration of the obvious fact that at least this one speaker has not lost his own soul! Above all, what a benediction on the life and faith of the genuine physician!

As we grow better we meet better people.

This Town Is Going Dry

By Nixon Waterman



AY the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,
For the miracle has happened
and the olden days are past;
That which makes Milwaukee
thirsty does n't foam in Tennessee,

And the lid in old Missouri is as
tight locked as can be—

Oh, the comic-paper colonel and
his cronies well may sigh,
For the mint is waving gaily,
but this town is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside
of Kentucky all is still,

For the only damp refreshment must be dipped
up from the rill;

No'th Ca'lina's stately ruler gives his soda-glass
a shove

And discusses local option with the South
Ca'lina Gov.,

It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the
eye,

For the cocktail-glass is dusty, and this town is
going dry.

It is water, water, everywhere, and not a drop
to drink.

We no longer hear the music of the mellow,
crystal clink,

When the Colonel and the Major and the Gen'l
and the Jedge

Meet to have a little nip to give their appetites
an edge.

For the eggnogg now is noggless and the rye
has gone awry,

And the punch-bowl holds carnations, and
this town is going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels and are
worn upon the head—

Not the nightcaps that were taken when nobody
went to bed;

And the breeze above the bluegrass is as solemn
as is death,

For it bears no pungent clove tang on its
odorific breath.

And each man can walk a chalk-line when
the stars are in the sky,

For the fizz glass now is fizzless, and this town
is going dry.

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the chestnut-
tree at last,

For there's but one kind of moonshine and the
olden days are past;

Now the water-wagon rumbles through the
Southland on its trip,

And it helps no one to drop off to pick up the
driver's whip,

For the mint-beds make a pasture and the
corkscrew hangeth high;

All is still along the stillside, and this town
is going dry.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.

Argentina

By John Barrett



ARGENTINA is a wonderland. In growing wheat, hay, cattle and sheep, she is running the United States and Canada a close second and today exports more corn than any other country on earth. Yet so far only one-tenth of the agricultural possibilities are realized. It is a big country! It has one million one hundred thirty-five thousand square miles—more than one-third of the size of the United States, and this means all the area East of the Mississippi and the first row of States from Minnesota to Louisiana West of that river, in addition. Size, however, is not all there is to Argentina, by any means. She has the industry and the equipment to take advan-

tage of her opportunities. This country is grid-ironed with railroads, eighteen thousand miles of them, so that the traveler can go from one end to the other as comfortably as from New York or Chicago to Texas. But Argentina is not satisfied. There are concessions and contracts for many more, so that in two decades more she purposes to have sixty thousand miles of railroad. This is and will be all modern equipment, too, constructed as thoroughly as engineers know how to construct.

In fact, everything in Argentina is on an up-to-date and ambitious scale. One of the largest irrigation dams in existence has been built there, and the first train-ferry in South America, across the Rio de la Plata for thirty-seven miles, has been in operation for years. The traveler can not go any place in the interior without finding modern farms and ranches on a splendid scale. The sheep and horses are of the best blooded stock, while the great ranch-houses will satisfy the finest taste for style and comfort. The fields of grain are cultivated by the newest methods, and the best of American agricultural machinery is in daily use. Into this splendid region is poured annually an immense stream of immigration, but even then not enough to till the fields, harvest the crops or transport them to market. But this is only the country. How about the town? *

The Supremacy of Buenos Ayres

DO many Americans realize that Buenos Ayres is the largest city in the world south of the Equator? That the city has nearly one and one-half million inhabitants? That it has more and better paved streets, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the Western Hemisphere? That its trolley service carried last year nearly eight million people, and is now so crowded that plans for an underground railway are prepared? That its opera-house can put to shame anything else in America, and has entertained all celebrated artists from Patti to Bernhardt? That its home for the Jockey Club is famous for art treasures and decorations in marble? That one of its many newspapers maintains a huge building, all its own, in which are a library, lecture-room, museum, and even a dispensary for the public, as well as rest and refreshment-rooms for its employees? That from Buenos Ayres fifteen regular passenger-lines run to Europe, with as fine steamers as money can buy? England, France, Germany and Italy have a just appreciation of this city's importance, and are competing keenly for trade which we in the United States imagine is hardly worth a serious struggle. Buenos Ayres is the capital of the Argentine Republic, but Rosario, La Plata, Cordoba and Bahia Blanca are also progressive, and the interior cities vie with those on the coast as centers of intellectual and industrial activity.

A Telling Question!

BENZOATE of Soda is a coal-tar drug. If there is any good in it for you when used in food, why doesn't the manufacturer who uses it blazon it in large letters on the label instead of whispering it in the smallest type he can find?

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A MESSAGE FROM "CAX" HOLMES

I LIKE straight-from-the-shoulder talks about men who do things. And when a man does something, I want to know What, Why, and How. I like ambitious folks, "Quality Folks" I call them. I like to hear men tell about "Quality Folks," and the stories they tell I print in little de luxe brochures. Live, brainy, breezy, wide-awake dissertations about real people, without cant or saintly hypocrisy. These brochures are "boosters," an inspiration to those who would climb, and a message of good cheer to every one. Perhaps you are interested, if so just come across with the right-hand-of-fellowship, and I will tell you all about my plan. If you enclose five two-cent stamps, I will send you a sample brochure. One dollar will put your name on the list for a whole year, bring a brochure each month, and just for good measure I will send you a copy of our recent book, "The First True Gentleman." * * * * *

"CAX" HOLMES, Pittsfield, Mass.

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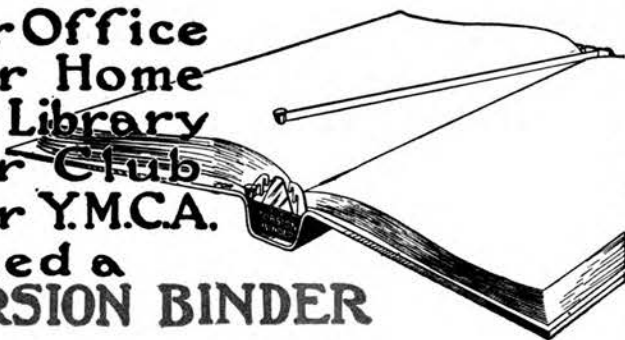
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I have known specimens of the genus genius to smoke twenty-four hours a day, to talk all night to any one who would listen, to feature the same linen from New Year's to Thanksgiving, to wear shoes without socks, to sleep without undressing (One Great Orator always wore his hat to bed); but The Fra from East Aurora has the lone distinction of being-addicted to the Bathing Habit. Not satisfied with his daily morning bath, he wanted them all through the day. If there happened to be fifteen minutes to spare, he would say, "Just time for a Bath" and off he'd go for his tub.

—Major J. B. Pond, Author "Eccentricities of Genius."



N Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, Major Pond booked me to speak on a partnership deal at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Astor Gallery seats eight hundred people. Major Pond had packed in nine hundred at one dollar each—three hundred were turned away. After the lecture the Major awaited me in the anteroom, fell on my neck and rained Pond's Extract down my back, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Why didn't we charge them two dollars apiece!"

The next move was to make a tour of the principal cities under Major Pond's management. Neither one of us lost money—the Major surely did not.

Since that year I have talked up and down the face of the Earth. I have given a thousand or more Lectures in towns of all sizes, from Plymouth, Mass., to Tombstone, Ariz., from Palm Beach to Seattle.

I have traveled much.

I have slept in Log Cabins, and in Swell Hotel Suites; on the Floor of Railroad-Stations, and in Colonial Chambers; in the Bunk-House of a Lodging-Camp, and on a Blanket under the Stars at a Cattle Round-Up; in the Caboose of a Freight-Train, and deep in the Feathers of a New England "Spare" Bed.

I have enjoyed Good Health and Cultivated a Smile. I have learned Values.

I have been entertained by Doctors, Cattlemen, Miners, Merchants, Railroaders, Business Captains, Preachers, Ex-Convicts, Squaw Men, Lawyers, Socialists, Literary Gentlemen, Farmers, Anarchists, Planters, Sea-Captains and Jail-Wardens.

Allah has been good to me. I make no complaint. The memory of many pleasant visits is with me even now. But, were I to cast about in my mind for the subject of a Single Inconvenience, I should say—Towels.

And thus do I partially vitalize the panderings of Pond.

Some hotel towels carry with them a full-grown suggestion of yesterday's dinner. In the Hotel Laundry-Boiler they are close Friends with the Tablecloths and Napkins. Else, why the Pork-and Aroma? I oftentimes believe I get too much for my money.

Nor am I alone in my finicking: A well-known Senator of my acquaintance refuses to visit a Certain Worthy Gentleman's Home because "The Towels are always damp and smell of bluing."

The guest of today does not require a warming-pan nor his breakfast in his Room. Give him clean bedclothes, plenty of air, —Yes, "Night Air,"—Fresh towels and a tub before breakfast and he'll pipe your Hospitality from the house-tops.

And as I appreciate a Good Thing and a Good Service, I'm not averse to passing it along. So I'll now say a Word for San-KNIT-ary Towels, the Cleanest of All. When you reach a Hotel all cinders and temper, it's nice to meet one inside the Bathroom Door.

San-KNIT-ary Towels come to you all wrapped in waxed paper like the Ham-Sandwiches you buy at the Railroad-Bufferets. You use one, safe in the knowledge that a hundred and seven different varieties of hands have not caressed it.

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Evidence of Evolution

Submitted by Eugene Christian



THE last little while has witnessed a great popular uprising against Patent Medicines. People who now indulge their use are pitted and looked upon as we look upon those who still believe in Witchcraft, Rabbits' Feet or the Horticultural Influence of the Phases of the Moon.

UNTIL yesterday, Consumption was treated with Drugs, and the Patient zealously guarded from exposure; today he is sent into the Open Air and instructed to sleep in Tents in Winter, and under the Canopy of Blue in Summer. All Drugs are eliminated, and exposure to Outdoor Air, Moderate Exercise and Pure Food is the Universal Remedy—the Remedy That Cures.

WITHIN the last five years the People of the Nation have demanded that Adulterating and Poisoning Foods shall cease, and Congress has passed a Pure-Food Law. True it is that the Law merely insists that things be what they are labeled—Pure Whisky and Pure Bologna are still Bologna and Whisky, and still unfit for Human Food, but the Law has shown that the People can be awakened to a recognition of the fact that Food as the Constructive Material of Human Life needs some consideration.

FIVE years ago Vegetarianism was considered only from its Religious, Moral or Sentimental aspects. Today Vegetarianism, or more properly, the question of the Effects of Flesh Food, is being

scientifically studied in many of the best Colleges and Universities in the land, with the result that Flesh Foods are now admitted by most Up-To-Date Scientists to be not only Unnecessary, but actually Detrimental.

AFEW years ago Prohibition was considered unworthy of the support of the Business Interests of the Country or the Public Press as The Prohibition Territory of the United States was then confined to two or three "Crank" States and a few scattered Rural Counties. Today the map is reversed, and "Wet" Territory is in the minority as A great prohibition movement has swept over the country because the American People are learning that Intoxicating Liquors are detrimental to Health and Prosperity. The same general wave of reform that passed the Pure-Food Law is passing Prohibition Laws.

Years ago Eugene Christian was called "crazy" and Wise Folks touched the forehead with a single finger and winked the off eye most significantly whenever they passed him on the street. 'T was rumored that he, an invalid, had dismissed his doctor and was preparing *Foods* to cure himself.

Later, we hear of another phase of Christian's "Madness." Not satisfied with curing himself of Chronic Dyspepsia, he offers to cure a food and drug poisoned public simply by teaching them What To Eat. "He should be suppressed," said the Learned Men, believers in Pills, Potions and Prescriptions.

Next we find Christian in Court. Before the learned Judges he stands to plead for Justice and Liberty.—Those who lead the race must ever plead for Justice and Liberty. The Habit of crucifying our Benefactors stays with us—Christian had been accused by the County Medical Society of New York for Illegally Practising Medicine. "No," answers Christian—"I did not Practise *Medicine*. I would not. I practised *Health*." An Apologetic Court Ruled, "As we find that no crime was committed," Christian should be released.

And now in the year 1909 The Food Science of the one-time "Crazy Man" is endorsed by the Most Progressive Health Experts of the Civilized World. His following numbers into the millions and his "Cures" are many and varied.

"Sun-Cooked Foods"

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The English statesman did not hesitate a moment about interfering in the internal affairs of an independent kingdom of the Two Sicilies. His flaming denunciation of the atrocities of the Neapolitan jail advanced the cause of Italian unity almost as much as the armed intervention of Napoleon the Third in Lombardy.

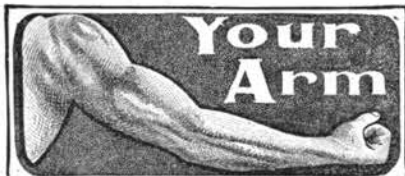
Twenty years later the same Mr. Gladstone was the impassioned accuser of the unspeakable Turk. His active sympathy for the cause of the tortured Bulgarians gave an impulse to warlike and diplomatic events that changed the face of South-eastern Europe. ¶ There is something that is above the respect of independence of



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constipation. Attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a perfect form. Simple, easy and inexpensive. Write to **R. GIBSON, BOSTON, MASS., Box 3559-A**

THE hypocrites who defend the Spanish Government object to Morocco's barbarous country. The civilized powers, the natural guardians of barbarism, have a right to stop it when it transgresses. In respect to regular European polity, there is no such right. Gladstone was not of this opinion when King Ferdinand of Naples savagely vented his rage on the Italian patriots who had fallen into his clutches.

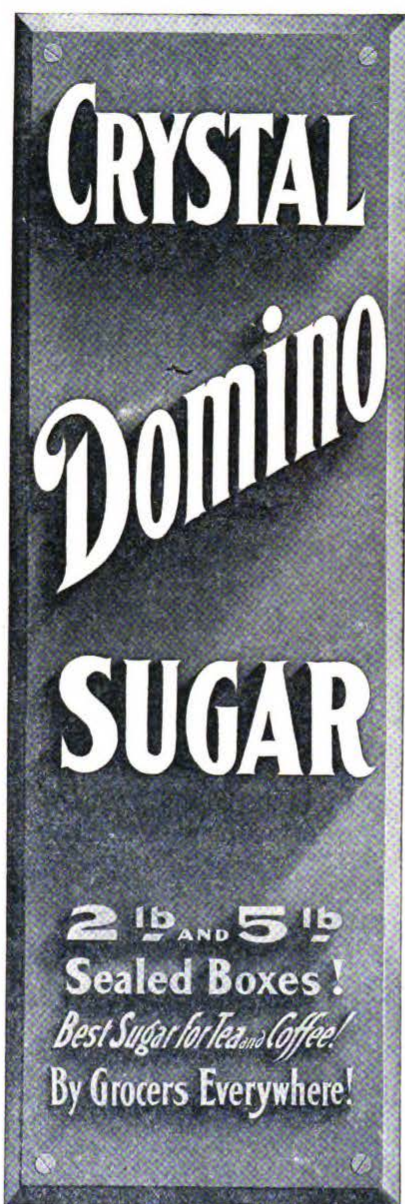
foreign nations. More sovereign than the sovereignty of a state is the universal conscience. It has not existed for a long time; it is not yet perfectly developed; it is still blunt and obscure, and does not yet speak often and loudly enough; it does not yet give sufficiently strong impulsion to actions, but it is there, and it lives. ¶ It is the last fruit of civilization; its noble goal is the revolution of humanity; the best types of our species always had an instinctive longing

for a supreme moral court of appeal that should control all the doings of mankind on earth: one that could summon kings and nations before its judgment-seat to protect the weak against the powerful; to prevent crime disguised under legality from being perpetrated on human dignity and natural right. Henry Fourth of France once designed a scheme for a kind of United States of Europe, a Sanhedrim of all Christian monarchs, who should in common be a defense for the peace and righteousness of all nations. The murderous steel of Ravallac prevented him from giving a tangible form to his plan. That which the Pope was

not in the Middle Ages, that which Henry the Fourth's Sanhedrim of monarchs would probably not have become, public opinion in our free countries is today. It suffers no crime under a pretext of legality; it takes to task the tyrant oppressing governments, and even a whole people for misdeeds perpetrated against the innate rights of humanity, against the sacred majesty of personality endowed with a soul. Its authority is so great that despots mad with power tremble before it, the con-

science of humanity has armed us, and through her bravery Spain has been thrown from the Antilles, the Philippines, into the sea.—Max Nordau.

✱ WILL plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks, By the love of comrades, By the manly love of comrades.—Whitman.



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LIFE LESSONS

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THE Dominant Sixth in this Book is the Freedom of Women—and Men. Mrs. Hubbard has chosen the seven great persons who, perhaps, have done most to free the race from the fallacy that a man's mother is an incident in his life and his father a fact. Even yet the Daughters of the Revolution, following Bible precedent, trace pedigrees through the male. ¶ Yet from a chattel to a perpetual minor is a big step to the front. ¶ But women will never be free until they are economically free. The only economic slaves today are females of the genus homo who look to the bounty of the male for food and clothes, especially clothes. ¶ Mrs. Hubbard believes that inasmuch as women are the mothers of men—a proposition which few people will dispute—we must, in order to evolve a noble race of men, first have a noble race of women. ¶ All and each of the Immortal Seven told of by Mrs. Hubbard in LIFE LESSONS believed that a man's education should begin with his grandmother. So this then is the argument, presented by many quotations cited, and incidents related from the lives of Susan B. Anthony, David Swing, Mary Wollstonecraft, Friedrich Froebel, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry Thoreau, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. ¶ A Book for Lovers, married or to be, and all of those who realize that ideas are born of parents, and who believe in the Blessed Trinity of Man, Woman and Child. ¶ Printed in three colors, in double columns, on imported English Boxmoor, with eight portraits in photogravure. In many ways it is the best piece of bibliopoesy, for the price, ever turned out by The Roycrofters, their Shop. Bound simply, in plain boards, sides of hand-made charcoal paper. PRICE PER VOLUME, THREE DOLLARS

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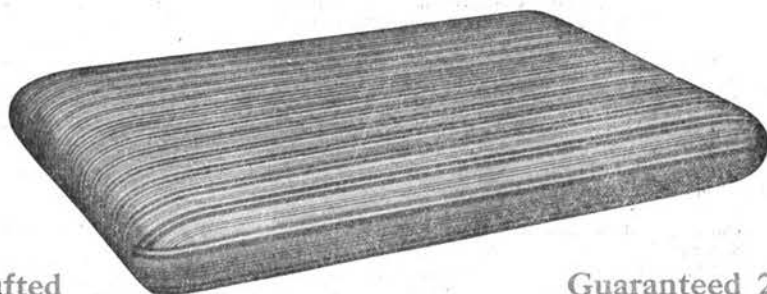
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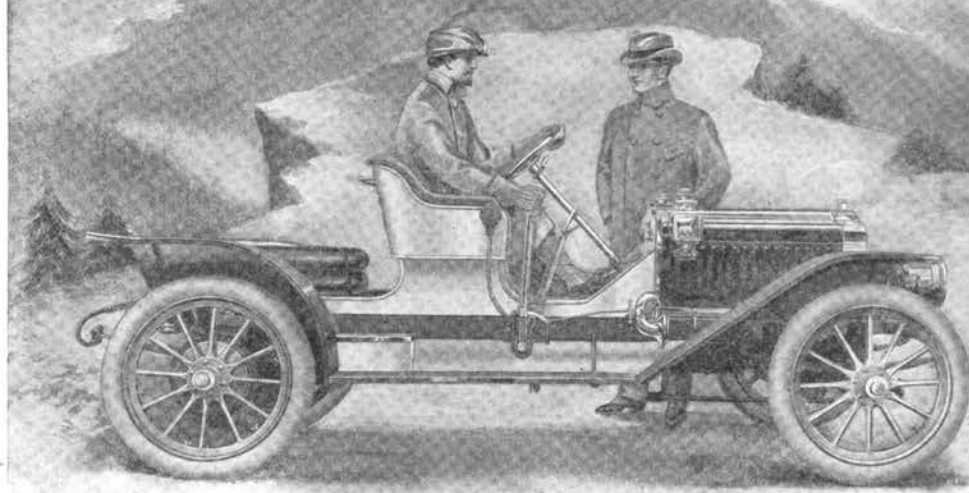
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President Grant, in his Annual Message of 1875, recommended the passage of a constitutional amendment for the more complete separation of Church and State, and referred to the rapid increase of

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this exempt property as follows: "In connection with this important question, I would also call your attention to the importance of correcting an evil that, if permitted to continue, will probably lead to great trouble in our land before the close of the Nineteenth Century. It is the acquisition of vast amounts of untaxed church property. In 1850, I believe, the Church property of the United States, which paid no tax, municipal or State, amounted to \$87,000,000.

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a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally."

XN the British army from Eighteen Hundred Sixty to Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight, three thousand nine hundred fifty-three revaccinated soldiers suffered from smallpox, of whom three hundred one died of the disease. —Taken from Second Report, British Royal

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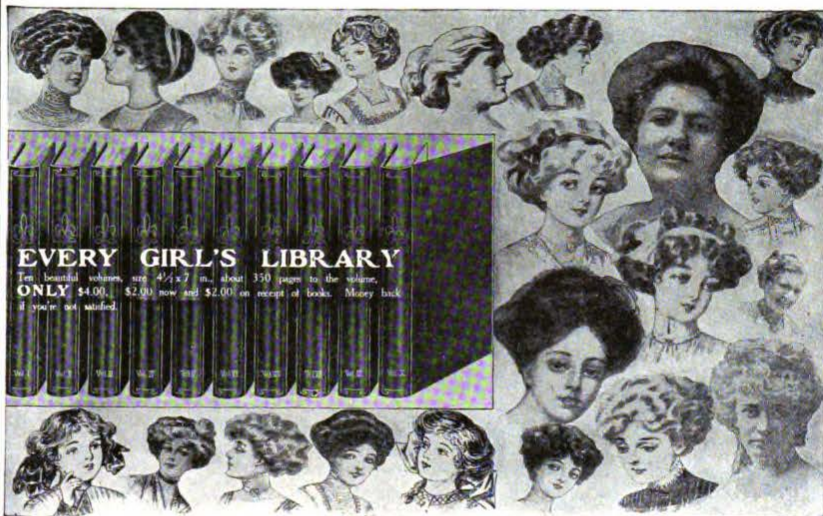
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Above are three portraits—an old man, a middle-aged man and a boy. These three are working in the Stein-Bloch tailor-shop, making Stein-Bloch clothes.

The old man is the boy's grandfather. The middle-aged man is the boy's father. They represent three generations.

When the grandfather went to work at the Stein-Bloch bench he was no older than the boy. He learned his trade, handed it down to the father, thence to the boy.

This means the highest development of the art of tailoring—the force of heredity added to lifelong training.

It is three times one man's fifty-five years of Knowing How. The knowledge of the past master, the skill of maturity, the enthusiasm of youth.

Try on these clothes at your leading clothier's; remember what you have read. The label embodies it. It means 55 years of Knowing How.



Send for "Smartness"—the book of world-wide styles.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops:
Rochester, N. Y.

New York:
The Fifth Avenue Building

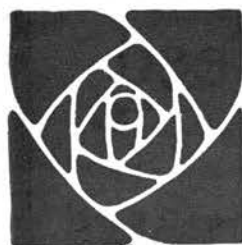
London:
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
Oxford St., West

Ho, you Readers! Stein-Bloch wants to know if you read this Ad.



**BOOKS
To
BURN!!**

THE FRA



NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

■ A·JOURNAL·OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 5



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



CHRISTIAN Plans To Feed The MULTITUDE

¶ For seventeen years Eugene Christian has worked to teach Humanity What to Eat. That Success has crowned his efforts is perhaps the unusual thing. Humanity as a rule deals harshly with the ones who serve it Best.

¶ But Christian has succeeded. Today he is hailed as the foremost Dietetist of our time or of any other time. His word is law wherever Health is prized.

¶ Christian's principles are the Principles of Progress. And colleges like Harvard have shanghaied his ideas to "found" a Chair on Food Science. Even the Doctors, the evolving Doctors, admit the sanity of his plans and purposes.

¶ But better, the People of the Country have accepted him. Eugene Christian's Books show that during the first eight months of Nineteen Hundred Nine his business increased *two hundred fifty per cent.*

¶ When the people of this day and age pay over their Hard Earned, and then Come Back for More, there is Merit in the Thing that's Sold.

¶ I believe in Eugene Christian the Man; and I believe in Eugene Christian the Dietetist. And further I believe that his Successes are but a faint promise of what lies beyond.

¶ Yet Eugene Christian tells me he needs money. His Business has outgrown its clothes. He must have more room, greater equipment, a larger force, that he may produce Health Foods in quantities to satisfy the ever-increasing number of people who are waiting at his Door.

¶ Christian proposes to bond his present property—worth probably a quarter-million dollars or more—and to sell these bonds to the very folks whom he is benefiting. There are financiers in New York who would furnish Eugene Christian with the Money he needs—but Christian prefers the American People to help him, and incidentally to help themselves.

¶ This letter then is to say that I am a stockholder in Eugene Christian's enterprise and I certainly have faith in Eugene Christian and the Future of His Business. He keeps his promises and pays his bills. And I believe that this Chance to buy an interest in His Business offers to the Careful Investor an Exceptional Opportunity.

Eliot Hubbard

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at Chapter meetings. Members working for certificates or diplomas should answer questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and markings—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 What in your mind is the most important question before the world today?
- 2 Who is Senator Bourne?
- 3 Who is Congressman Hobson, and for what is he noted?
- 4 Who is James J. Hill, and what has he done?
- 5 What is a Dreadnaught, and whence comes the name?
- 6 What is the Dreadnaught Policy?
- 7 Name the eight great political Powers.
- 8 Why are there no warships on the Great Lakes?
- 9 What is the Zeitgeist?
- 10 Who was King Arthur?
- 11 What is One-Man Power?
- 12 Who was Isaiah? Give one quotation from his works.

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Have you read the Roycroft Platform, and what do you think of it?
- 2 What is the Group Idea?
- 3 Name three groups or communities that have existed.
- 4 Tell five things about Brook Farm.
- 5 Name six people who were members of the Brook Farm group.
- 6 What periodical did they publish?
- 7 Who was Schopenhauer? Name one thing he said.
- 8 What is a Trust?
- 9 Is there a Religious Trust?
- 10 Who is Count Tolstoy?
- 11 Who was Thomas Jefferson?
- 12 Are you a Jeffersonian or a Hamiltonian?

Lesson Number Three

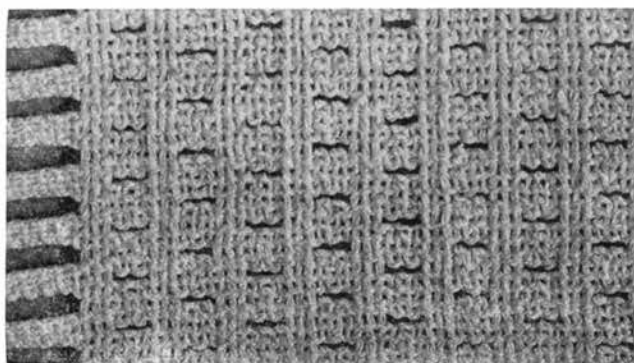
- 1 Why does the Pope oppose Socialism?
- 2 Should Churches pay taxes?
- 3 Would you join an Anti-Cleric party?
- 4 Who was Ibsen?
- 5 Name three of Ibsen's plays.
- 6 Who is Ibsen's chief supporter in England?
- 7 What is the principal theme of Ibsen?
- 8 Would humor add or detract from his power?
- 9 What qualities, in your estimation, mark the Master Man?
- 10 Name the three greatest men that America has produced.
- 11 Who was Robert Burns?
- 12 What do you understand by "The God Within"?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Who was George Eliot?
- 2 What is the Emmanuel Movement?
- 3 Who was Cotton Mather?
- 4 Who is Dr. Tilden? Does he resemble Mather?
- 5 Who is Bernard Shaw, and do you like, hate or tolerate him?
- 6 Who is Henry Frank? For what does he stand?
- 7 Who was Ernest Crosby, and what special service did he render the American people?
- 8 What are the area and the population of Alaska?
- 9 What are its chief products?
- 10 Who is William Marion Reedy, and do you like him? If so, why?
- 11 Who was Marshall Field?
- 12 What has been his influence on the world?

Open-Air-ed Towels

BY FRA ELBERTUS



San-KNIT-ary Towels

FOR THE BATH

Towels breathe as you breathe, and the air that purifies the blood in your lungs purifies as well the Open-Air-ed Towel.

Disease-Breeders left on the Towel by the bath or careless laundering are swept away or de-vitalized when the towel is truly ventilated.

¶Germs, bacilli, bugs, microbes, micrococci, bacteria, vibrios, spirilla, and such have ever found it quite impossible to get a footing on a towel or elsewhere with a current of air sweep-ing 'round their ankles.

You emerge from the Bath with the Skin of your Body Born Again. The Awakened Pores are Wide open and gasping in the Joy of Life. The Old, the Worn, the Lifeless, are surrendered to the New.

And then, Friend, very often you rub Against this soft and tender super-receptive Skin, a matted, un-aired towel, rich in foreign Sub-stances—why wonder that you contract This or That?

The towel that touches your Skin immediately following the Bath must be a Health Agent, not a Contaminator, not even a Neutral—but a Health Agent.

Nor are you to believe that whiteness; or crin-kles, or crispness, or a Laundry Bill means cleanliness.

Nor, to believe that a Sandpaper surface which burns and cuts the young skin means Quality.

¶In towels, cleanliness is greatly a matter of construction.

And the Moral is this, Use only the Health Towel;—the Towel of Perfect Absorption;— the Towel of the Wide Weave;— the Towel that Breathes;—The San-KNIT-ary Towel; The Thoroughly Thorough Towel.

San-KNIT-ary Towels are better than others because they are clean—*air-cleaned*—always.

San-KNIT-ary Towels require no ironing. Simply shake out and fold after laundering.

SAMPLE BOX \$1.00
Express Charges, Prepaid

One Heavy Bath-Towel—large size 24 x 50
One Heavy Towel—medium size 18 x 38
Two Face-Towels (90) 14 x 28, and a Wash-Cloth

After a thorough try-out, say a week's use, if you are not well pleased with San-KNIT-ary Towels—ask for your Money and You will Get It.

Address: San-KNIT-ary TEXTILE MILLS, PHILADELPHIA
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Contractors to the Government

of every indus-
trious mortal
upon earth. The
surface of the
earth would yield
bread and cloth-
ing for hundreds
of millions more
people than are
now on earth. ♣
The unplowed
fields are so large
and rich that our
hunger comes, it
is certain, from
man and not
from God. ♣ All
hunger and pov-
erty are, there-
fore, needless,
and to find the
way to a univer-
sal welfare is the
problem of prob-
lems. It ought to
be clear that old
sociologies are
not more infal-
lible than are old
theologies, though a new
capitalist may be
as bigoted as an
old Calvinist.
But men who
deplore bigotry
in religion must
not be bigots in
sociology and
politics. ♣ We
must listen to all
who speak in the
name of human-

✱ It is said that there are many thousands of men in our land who can not secure work. Having families and having health and skill and industry, yet each day they see the bread disappear, the coal-heap diminish, the children's shoes fall to pieces, the face of the mother grow sorrowful, and the home lose its games and laughter. We do not want magic. We do not expect the sky to rain down manna and quails. But we all know that there is a divine philos-
ophy that would bring happiness to the home

ity. The forerunners of an age need not be its greatest minds; they need be only its most sen-
sitive minds, the most studious of the absolute
right and wrong. The Booths, the Steads, the
Georges, the McGlynn's, may reach some
mighty principle which a Gladstone may over-
look. ♣ All minds should be alert, for laurels
green and unfading await him who shall find
some wider highway to a greater human pros-
perity. The most peace is found in the old
dogma, lasser faire—"Let it alone." But edu-

cation has created a universal moving-day, and all things must be better fixed. "Let things go" has made the past a heap of ruins. Volumes could not tell the folly of that. If the time has come forelightened pulpits and for broader church views, why has not the me come for enlightened statesmanship and for broad social wisdom? All must be troubled with new dreams of justice, new visions of happiness, and must overturn and overturn until the right shall come. In the meantime, while theorists and lawmakers are thinking and dreaming of justice, love must do her work. When wisdom is in the minority,

philanthropy must take the throne. It will not do to quote a proverb and pass the problem by. What are these old maxims but the dark shells of cocoons in which our wisdom is waiting in the grub state for a warmer day to come which shall invite it out into the open air of action, not to dream a dream, but to go about doing good? Since the days of Æsop men have been spinning these little silken nests in which to keep some egg of wisdom from the storm, and it is high time for Chrysalides to hatch out and fill the air with beautiful deeds.—David Swing.

Our \$3 Gift Bearing Your Initial



We have six silver teaspoons, after-dinner-coffee spoons or bouillon spoons waiting for you.

They are the famous Lily Pattern made by Wm. Rogers & Son—made in their Extra Plate especially for Armour & Company.

You will find spoons of the same grade, but not the pattern, in all stores, priced at \$3 or more for the six.

They are free to our customers, so don't go without them. The spoons we send you will bear *your initial*. They have, of course, no advertising on them.

Send us one paper certificate from under the top of a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Else send the metal top itself.

Send with it ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of the spoons.

Send more certificates as you get them and send ten cents with each—either in silver or stamps.

For each certificate or top we will send you a spoon until you get enough for a set. We'll send all of one kind, or assort them as you prefer. If you don't want spoons we'll send butter spreaders.

Thus we return to you, for a little time, more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.

But we know that six jars will make you a convert. Then you'll never keep house without it.

You don't know what it means—the use of Ex-

tract of Beef. The Germans and the French use fifty times as much as Americans.

Their fame as good cooks comes, in rather large part, from their methods of using beef extract. They use it to utilize left-overs. They use it in a hundred ways. They make their wonderful soups with it.

Armour's Extract of Beef

is most economical. It goes four times as far as other extracts.

But the Extract itself will teach you these facts better than we can in print.

So we ask you to buy one jar and send us the certificate with the ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing.

Do this again and again, if you are satisfied. Our usual limit is 6 to a family, but we will keep the offer open until you get 12 if you want them.

Order a jar now from your drug-gist or grocer.

This offer is only made to those living in the United States.

Save the library slips in Extract of Beef jars and use them to get your favorite magazines free. Address Armour & Co., Chicago. Dept. FH

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

✱ WANT to see you come up smiling; I want to feel you in the business, not only on pay-day but every other day. I want to know that you are running yourself full time and overtime, stocking up your brain so that when the demand comes you will have the goods to offer. I want to see you grow into a car-lot man, so strong and big that you will force us to see that you are out of place among the little fellows. Buck up!—Philip D. Armour.

To avoid trouble, get off the earth. —R. Burton.

Charity or Business—Which?

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THE germ of both life and fire insurance had its rise in the custom of taking up a collection for the stricken family. We all chipped in, in the hope and expectation that if we were snuffed out by sickness or accident, the neighbors would do as much for us. When I lived in Kansas I well remember how when a farmer, who owned the next eighty to my father's, was killed by a runaway team, we all turned out and plowed the widow's fields, planted her crops and cared for her live stock. That she was young and comely probably had much to do with the ready and cheerful service which we brought to bear. So it seems that it was largely a matter of mood. Life-insurance avoids the uncertainty of leaving things to the neighbors. It is a business plan, founded on the laws of mathematics and sound economy, to provide for those dependent upon us in case of death. Life-insurance is no longer charity, or quasi-altruism, any more than fire-insurance is. Life-insurance is a duty, and it is a privilege. To eliminate the distressing results of death, through insurance, payable to business partners, wife or children, seems but common prudence. Lord Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter "to the tender care of the British Nation, to which I have given my life." And the wife and daughter—gravitated to the poorhouse; for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Don't leave your loved ones to the care of the public or the neighbors. The neighbors may have troubles of their own. Cut out risk, accident and worry, by life-insurance. There are no microbes in a life-insurance policy. Some folks can not get life-insurance. Possibly you can not. If so these words are not for you.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

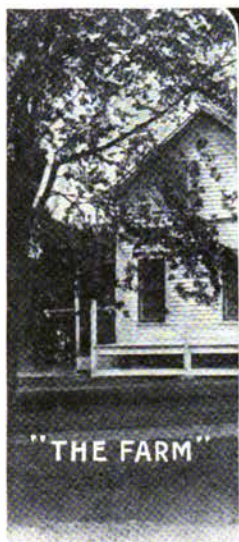
OF THE UNITED STATES

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD." The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them

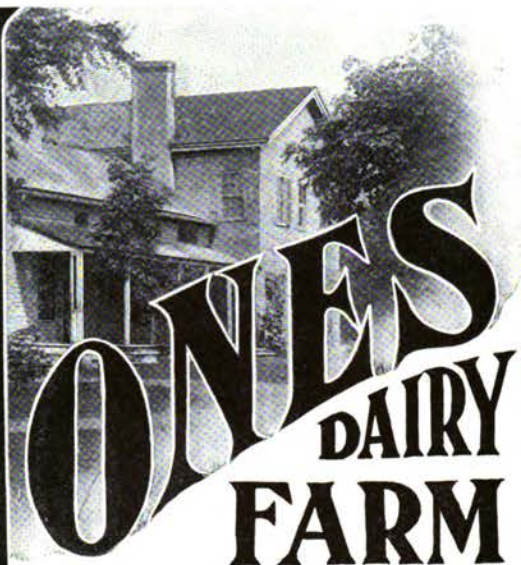
Paul Morton, President

One Hundred Twenty Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the Equitable.



Write any bank or any business house in Fort Atkinson if you have doubts about the farm.



HAMS & BACON

Large Numbers of the Faithful know that ALL we say about Jones Dairy Farm Products is Even So, and that we are Old-Fashioned Folk who do All we say we'll do in our Trial Offers—and then do a Little Better.

Every one who has ever tried our Little-Pig Sausages says they are the very Best.

Occupying the Same Position in their class are our

JONES DAIRY FARM HAMS and BACON

Made from the choicest corn-and-milk-fed pigs raised in the greatest dairying region in the country—our own and our neighbors' pigs that we KNOW to be free from the slightest taint; cured New England-wise—plenty of time to absorb the sugar, salt and spices of the old home recipe, at just the right temperature; smoked with green hickory—they come on the table like the golden memories of an Old-Home Week to the lost soul in the city wilderness.

Trial Offer: We make a trial offer of 16 pounds of our Ham and Bacon (weight exclusive of packing): \$4.00 anywhere North of Alabama or East of Colorado—outside this territory, but in the United States, \$5.00. Remit the way easiest for you. Q Anyway, send for the Jones Dairy Farm Booklet. It tells about us, and gives a lot of old-time recipes for cooking the things we make.

M I L O C . J O N E S

Jones Dairy Farm, P. O. Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

What To Read?

The Libraries of the World are cumbered with the Unimportant, and the Books Worth While are generally Out of Sight. Stacks of Paper and Cloth, gilt and leather, bear down upon us. The "Six Best Sellers" lure the Hesitating and the Well-Intentioned, and so the Great and the Good are side-tracked.

Now, Literature without Selection is a maze, a confusion, a babble of Voices; so the Student possessed only of a Hungry Mind finds himself confounded on the very Doorstep of Knowledge.

For these Ambitious men and women, The Globe-Wernicke Company has compiled a Book of "Lists." That is, they give, in concise form, the titles and authors of Books commended by the Highest Authorities past and present; and above all the Essentially Necessary Books.

No Man or Woman Looking toward the Light can conscientiously afford to be without this Book, for it represents the last word of Scholars—and their Critics.

Sir John Lubbock is Author of One List; Dr. Eliot is Author of Another (The Five-Foot Shelf); and Benjamin R. Davenport of Another. Even Roosevelt's African-taken Pigskin Library is listed.

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Benjamin R. Davenport—"The Best Fifty Books."
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The Object of This Book Is To Promote Home Libraries: A single Bookcase, Fifty well-chosen Books and Learning—in Preference to Forty Shelves of Fancy Backs and Nothing.

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To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way. You must hear it spoken correctly, over and over, till your ear knows it. You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done best by the

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With this method you buy a native professor outright. You own him. He speaks as you choose, slowly or quickly; when you choose, night or day; for a few minutes or hours at a time. Any one can learn a language who hears it spoken enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like. You simply practise at spare moments and in a little while you can speak, read, write and think in a new language.

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ORATORY offers the acme of human delight; it offers the nectar that Jupiter sips; it offers the draft that intoxicates the gods, the divine felicity of lifting up and swaying mankind. There is nothing greater on this earth. 'T is the breath of the Eternal—the kiss of the Immortal.

Oratory is far above houses and lands, offices and emoluments, possessions and power.

While it may secure all of these it must not for a moment be classed with them. These

divinities. There is no true orator who is not also a hero.—John P. Altgeld.

THAT we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace.—Henry George.

things offer nothing that is worthy of a high ambition. Enjoyed to their fullest, they leave you hard, wrinkled and miserable. Get all they can give and the hand will be empty, the mind hungry, and the soul shriveled.

Oratory is an individual accomplishment, and no vicissitudes of fortune can wrest it from the owner. It points the martyr's path to the future; it guides the reaper's hand in the present, and it turns the face of ambition toward the delectable hills of achievement. One great speech made to an intelligent audience in favor of the rights of man will compensate for a life of labor, will crown a career with glory, and give a joy that is born of the

AS for sincerity, the poetry of life need not always be solemn, any more than life itself need not always be sober. It may be gay, witty, humorous, satirical, disbelieving, farcical, even broad and reckless, since life is all these; but it must never be insincere. Insincerity, which is not always one of the greatest sins of the moral universe, becomes in the world of art an offense of the first magnitude. Insincerity in life may bemean, despicable, and indicate a petty nature; but in art insincerity is death. A strong man may lie upon occasion, and make restitution and be forgiven, but for the artist who lies there is hardly any reparation possible, and his forgiveness is much more difficult. Art, being the embodiment of the artist's ideal, is truly the corporeal substance of his spiritual self; and that there should be any falsehood in it, any deliberate failure to present him faithfully, is as monstrous and unnatural as it would be for a man to disavow his own flesh and bones. Here we are every one of us going through life committed and attached to our bodies; for all that we do we are held responsible; if we misbehave, the world will take it out of our hide. But here



TRAINING Outweighs Long Service

There is no better proof of this than the everyday scenes of long service **untrained** employees at the beck and call of younger men who occupy the big positions because of their training. It's a case of Training vs. Long Service—with the odds all in favor of the **trained** man.

Get out of the untrained rut. Mark the attached coupon and let the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton tell you how you can qualify for a better position. How you can protect yourself against servitude in your old age. How you can become **an expert at your chosen line of work**. No necessity for leaving home. No books to buy. Mark the coupon. It will bring you advice and information worth dollars to you. Marking the coupon puts you to no expense and places you under no obligation. Mark it **NOW**.

HOW THE I.C.S. RAISES SALARIES

That the Business of the I.C.S. is to Raise Salaries is shown by the monthly average of 300 letters **VOLUNTARILY** written by students reporting salaries raised and advancement won through I. C. S. help. During October the number was 274.

So long as you can read and write there's an I. C. S. way by which you can succeed in life. Let the I. C. S. tell you what it is.

MARK THE COUPON NOW.

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 807, SCRANTON, PA.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X.

General Foreman	Banking
R. R. Shop Foreman	Electrical Engineer
R. R. Traveling Eng.	Machine Designer
R. R. Trav'g Fireman	Electrician
Locomotive Engineer	Mining Engineer
Air-Brake Instructor	Mine Foreman
Air-Brake Inspector	Foreman Machinist
Air-Brake Repairman	Chemist
Mechanical Engineer	Assayer
R. R. Construction Eng.	Architect
Surveyor	Bookkeeper
Civil Engineer	stenographer
	Ad. Writer

Name _____ R. R. _____
Employed by _____
Employed as _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

is our friend, the artist, committing his spiritual energy to his art, to an embodiment outside himself, and escaping down a by-path from all the consequences—what shall be said of him?

—Bliss Carman.

Athens was possible only because the inhabitants were intent on building one temple, not fifty-seven. Had the religion of Greece been divided up into denominations, the Parthenon would have remained the airy fabric of a dream.

The Fra Platform

Work

Health

Happiness

Brotherhood

Good Roads

Co-operation

Equal Suffrage

Human Service

Manual Training in Public Schools

Universal Peace through arbitration

Tree-planting and Forest Preservation

Good cheer and courtesy, even under provocation

The keeping of promises made to those who can not enforce them

The Kindergarten System, and its introduction into the higher grades

A Patriotism that will include other countries, with no lack of love for our own

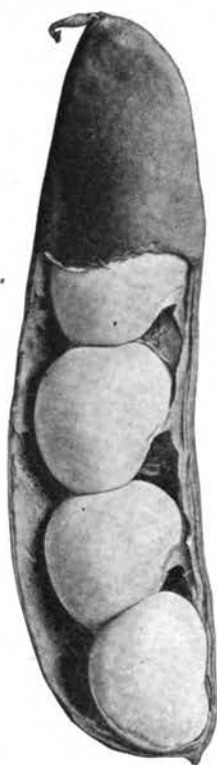
No war of aggression, excepting on a popular vote of all the people, including women

Disarmament through mutual agreement; and a constant campaign of education until this is brought about

A Square Deal for horses, cows, cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, guinea-hens and all other animals, wild and domesticated

The taxation of church property and all educational or philanthropic institutions, that are not supported through and by taxation.

ARE YOU WITH US?



Plant Your Garden With Live, Virile, Result-Sure Seeds

Successful Gardens may or may not denote the personal skill and experience of the Gardener. For oftentimes a Beginner will produce "Truck" of Prize-Winning Quality. ¶ Weather, disposition, soil, energy, equipment, brains and Seeds all are in the play. So that the man or woman who uses his Combinations wisely may anticipate the Best and not be disappointed. ¶ But of all things under and over the Earth, Successful Garden-Making depends mostly on the *Quality of Seeds*. You must have virile Seeds, or your best efforts will coax but a scrubby growth. ¶ Much Good Time has been wasted by Earnest Workers who planted their Garden with unfit or dead seeds. And remember—your Results are always limited by your Seeds. Healthy, strong, well-nurtured Seeds invite an abundant Return; Questionable Seeds produce only in Kind. ¶ Seeds are like people: under given conditions they will do a certain thing, or they will vacillate, or they will do nothing. It depends entirely on the Kind of People and the Kind of Seeds. ¶ After you have expended your Money and given your Time you want something to Show for it. Not merely sun-browned scragglings, but a red-ripe tomato or two; a cool, crisp, heart-white head of lettuce; or some limas, large and mealy. ¶ You Plant a Garden for either of two reasons or both: the Healthy Fun you get in the Planting, or the Fine Fresh Food

which comes when the Work is done. Burpee's seeds emphasize the two.

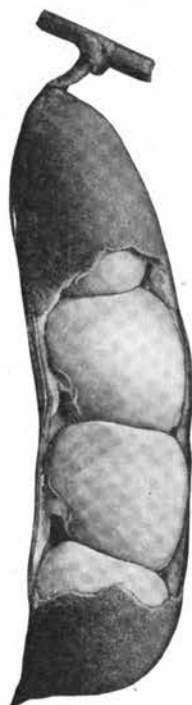
"SEEDS THAT GROW"

Burpee Quality is the Standard in Seeds. For thirty years Burpee Seeds have been grown, cleaned, sorted, tested, and *guaranteed*. *You must be pleased* with Burpee Seeds. ¶ All requests to return money for unsatisfactory Burpee Seeds receive Burpee's own attention. He first sends back the Money—and then traces the fault, if fault there be, and eliminates it. This may explain why Burpee's Business has shown an increase every year for thirty-three years; why Burpee calls his Customers "My Friends." ¶ Burpee's Seeds are as nearly Perfect as thirty-three years of Ideal Conditions plus Intelligence and Enthusiasm can bring about. Burpee Experimenting Farms have *proven* "Burpee Quality." ¶ They call a Spade a Spade at Burpee Farms; also they brand a Bad Breed "Bad," with equal honesty. *Burpee experiments for you; you don't experiment for Burpee.*

Burpee's 1910 Garden Annual—FREE

Every Farmer, every Gardener, whether an Amateur or one of the Old Guard, should own as a Handy Book, one of Burpee's 1910 Annuals. Burpee's thirty-three years' work has been condensed discriminately into the one hundred eighty pages of this Book. Here are pictured and described many original and specially cultivated kinds of vegetables and flowers, together with a most interesting collection of many varieties. ¶ Just tell Burpee that you read THE FRA and he'll send it Free. And write him now, while you think of it. Address

BURPEE, PHILADELPHIA



CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

2 lb and 5 lb Sealed Boxes! Best Sugar For Tea and Coffee!

Rawson's New Marvel SWEET PEAS

The Newest Creation—Fifty Varieties

An entirely new class, bearing enormous flowers, whose wavy petals give the appearance of the orchid. The gorgeous colorings are beyond description. By following the directions in our free pamphlet, "New Sweet-Pea Culture," grand results can be obtained.

RAWSON'S 1910 GARDEN MANUAL IS
FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE

W. W. Rawson & Company, 5 Union St., Boston, Mass.

scarcely less important, is that they are educated in "godless" State universities instead of denominational schools. Both reasons are wide of the mark. There is as much Christianity in the home as there ever was, and probably a great deal more than in the good old days of rigorous orthodoxy, which Dr. Cochran deplors. What has been lost from the home is not Christianity, but theological formalism, and nobody is the worse for its disappearance. In most cases it has been replaced by love and confidence between parents and children, together with a broad tolerance which makes for brotherhood in the community. This is genuine Christianity, and

A QUESTION which official church gatherings are usually careful to shun was boldly asked by Dr. Joseph W. Cochran at the General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Denver. "Why can't we get young men to preach?" was the question. One can admire Dr. Cochran's courage in asking it a great deal more than his wisdom in answering it. The principal reason he assigns why young men do not enter the ministry is that "there is but little Christianity in the home." The other reason,

the amount of it which is found in the home increases every day.

Scarcely less inept is it to say that the State universities are "godless." This is an old slander, which the Presbyterian church ought to have outgrown, especially since nobody believes it any longer. In the modern State university God is a great deal more at home than He is in many of the churches, because He hears the truth there more frequently. The Almighty is said in His word to love the truth

and to enjoy hearing it taught. The State university gives Him many opportunities to gratify this taste, while in a great many churches He might go a long time without hearing any truth at all, or any that was worth while. The faculties of the State universities are for the most part pious, upright men, who attend to their duties regularly, love their families and say their prayers with commendable diligence. What better do the professors in sectarian schools? Dr. Cochran must seek some other reason why young men do not become preachers. Possibly he might find one in his own tone of bigotry and ignorance. The more of that sort

of thing young men see in the churches the less they will care to stake their fortunes on a pulpit career. This is an age when no cause can be advanced a great deal by obscurantism. People have learned to think for themselves, and they will not be forced into a given course by suppression of the truth. The way for the churches to attract bright young men into the ministry is to offer them a career where they can use their brains and exercise their intelligence. As long as the first duty of a preacher

The Judge's Opinion

ILLINOIS APPELLATE COURT

CHAMBERS OF

JESSE HOLDOM, Presiding Justice

CHICAGO, January 19th, 1910.

Dear Fra Elbertus:—

As President of the Union League Club I want to thank you for your "Little Journeys." They are very neat, and contain unique, interesting and valuable historical matter of great men not otherwise readily accessible. I am about to go out of office as President of the Union League Club, and among other reports which I have drawn has been one for the Library Committee, in which I have written this:

"The Roycrofters of East Aurora, New York, have been patronized to the extent of subscribing for THE FRA, a monthly publication of much literary interest. Also for bound volumes of "Little Journeys." It is not necessary, nor is it expected, that all will agree with the varied subjects treated by Mr. Elbert Hubbard; still his style is breezy and novel and far removed from commonplace. The subjects treated make interesting reading. The range of vocabulary is wide and unusual. If you don't like or approve, Hubbard consents that you may swear, when properly provoked, without stint or limit, and he will not object. A sure antidote, however, is to cool off by reading the advertisements; they are always lucid and attractive."

I trust you will take no exception to what I have thus said to the Union Leaguers. I am inclined to think it will excite their curiosity and help Roycroft business. You are the king of advertisers as well as the crown prince of writers.

With all good wishes for your continued health and prosperity, I am

Sincerely yours,

JESSE HOLDOM

is to lay aside his reason and follow blindly the blind leaders of bygone days, youth of promise will turn to other careers.—"The Oregonian."

THE men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

—Charles Kingsley.

*When Your Pen Breaks—
When Your Pen is Lost—*

Spencerian Duplicate Pens

Many Men and Women prefer a certain kind of pen. Through satisfied use they have accepted this Pen as a Standard and find difficulty in writing with any other kind. The Person who employs a hair-line point revolts at a stub—the reverse, the same.

And particularly is this true of the writing Folk—those who depend on the Pen as a means of livelihood.

And this loyalty, this faithfulness of the hand to the tool which serves it best, presents the Convincing Argument against the use of Fountain-Pens.

For Pens will break—!

A voluntary statement by a Writer you know, famous here and abroad for the grace and beauty of his Verse and Prose, best illustrates the point:

"The Fountain-Pen Talk impressed me and I invested. All was beautiful 'till one night late when wrestling with a Special Article for a Next Day's Metropolitan Paper—well, writing under pressure I *broke the pen*. Worse than that, I flooded my MS. with Ink, lost my Temper, my Idea went off in sulphurous smoke, and my Article was never completed. *There was no other Pen*.

"I figure that that broken Fountain-Pen cost me Fifty-three Dollars.

"Nowadays I carry a small envelope of a dozen Spencerian Pens in my vest-pocket. These are duplicates, and when one breaks, I have another just as good."

Ink may be secured in Town or City, on Train or Boat, in Capitol or Cabin. The Trail of Civilization is marked with Ink. Places where a Fountain-Pen Filler is unknown will provide you Ink. So it seems you are fairly equipped with a dozen or more of your favorite Spencerian Pens.

Spencerian Steel Pens

**One Dollar a Gross—Any Style
Six Cents for Sample Dozen—12 Styles**

Readers of THE FRA would do well to send Six Cents for a Dozen Different Spencerian Pens—and you will then be able to get a Pen that suits your hand exactly. Also—Free—Leaflets Illustrating Forty Styles and Explaining how Steel Pens are made. Write today.

THE SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY

Dept. "F"

349 Broadway, New York City

Forty Varieties

**Including These
Four Favorites**



No. 40. Forty Falcon

Silvered. Medium point, a perfect business pen. The most durable pen on the market, both in quality of steel and careful workmanship.



No. 3. Commercial

Gray, also silver-coated. Point medium, an easy-writing business pen.



No. 1. College

Bright steel. Point fine, double elastic action; the pen in use when the Spencerian Style of Writing was first adopted—about 1855.



No. 28. Congressional

Nickel-plated. Point blunt and circular; easy quill action.

Tariffs are for those who need them: Raised Prices are for those who do Business that way.

"The Ingersoll Watch at One Dollar or Five Dollars requires no tariff of Protection; Merit always protects itself." And the Committee with the Put-on-the-tariff Petition was bowed out. The Ingersolls refused to sign the sheet petitioning Congress to build the Tariff Wall higher.

Even now the Ingersoll Watch crosses the sea to give the Other Man Competition on His Own Ground. Then why should it ask "Protection" here where the American People associate the name of Ingersoll with Service-Value and Timepiece Excellence?

Watches that need "Protection" probably want it—but the Ingersolls fear no Man's Product, be he Swiss, Dutch or Laplander.

The Ingersolls belong to No Trust. They are in Motion; their aim is to give the most for the money.

And they sell at One Price—and they Advertise That Price always for the BUYER'S PROTECTION.

There are two methods of doing business. One is to sell many things at a legitimate profit—and the other is to sell a few for as much as the Buyer will stand. ¶The first embraces entirely the Ingersoll Merchandising Plan—the latter is for those who take advantage of a Tariff "Revision" to boost a Price.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

\$5 in solid nickel case

\$7 in 10-year gold-filled case

\$9 in 20-year gold-filled case

Made in a New and Specially-equipped Factory by Specialists, and where there is only One Watch made (the "Ingersoll-Trenton"); where the Specialistic Idea holds in everything, enjoys a tremendous advantage over the Watch that is one of twenty "models"—some Leaders, and others Trailers.

All the saving of Time in the making—all the saving in Buying in Quantities raw materials for a Single Product, goes into the pocket of the Buyer—Your Pocket. For, as before mentioned, the Ingersolls prefer a legitimate profit and legions of Friends to a few Disgruntled Ones who Never-Come-Back. Ten per cent Profit is better than One Hundred per cent Profit—plus Dissatisfaction.

Note
"I-T"
Monogram
on Dial



Sold only by Responsible Jewelers

The "I-T" watch is handled only by Jewelers competent to regulate and repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. Many jewelers display the "I-T" in their windows.

If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction, which every man should understand: mailed FREE with names of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

¶The Ingersoll Watches from One Dollar to Two Dollars are sold by Sixty Thousand dealers throughout the country.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

Home Office, 99 Frankel Building, New York
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON MONTREAL

New York Times, Sept. 21

WATCH PRICES UP; TARIFF AIDS TRUST

Big Manufacturers All Over the Country Advance Rates by About 7 Per Cent.

IMPORT TRADE TO SUFFER

Increase in Amount of Duty Means More Business for Large Concerns but Hurts the Small Dealers.

Special to The New York Times.
WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 20.—The price of watches all over the country has been increased about 7 per cent. The Waltham Watch Company to-day fell in line with the other manufacturers, and put into effect the higher rates.
Two days ago it was announced at Chicago that two of the largest Western watchmaking concerns had advanced rates. To-day the Eastern companies followed suit, the Waltham company acting in conjunction with other concerns of the East.
The advance affects both watches and watch cases. The high cost of materials

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 18

PRICE OF WATCHES UP WITH TARIFF

Elgin and Waltham Companies Announce Increases Following "Revision."

COMPLAINT BY JOBBERS.

See "Harmony" in Action of the Wholesalers, Who Deny They Violate Trust Law.

Because of the "revised tariff," according to jobbers and consumers, American-made watches are to cost more. At least the Elgin and Waltham companies, who are commonly understood to carry on their affairs with great harmony of action, have sent out announcements to jobbers advising them of advances in prices ranging from 5 to 10 per cent, and the jobbers think the advance had been posted simply because the Payne tariff, which watch manufacturers had been protesting against, had been enacted.

PRICE OF WATCHES ADVANCED.
Waltham, Mass., Sept. 20.—In conjunction with other Eastern watch manufacturers the Waltham Watch Company to-day advanced the price of watches and cases. The advance is understood to average about 7 per cent. This advance by leading watch manufacturers follows an advance by leading Western manufacturers last week. The prevailing high price of materials is given as the reason for the increase.

Do you want health, happiness, strength, competence—or do you prefer a patent-leather pedagogic shine? Study THE FRA!



PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal, Dickson School of
Memory, The Largest and Most
Successful School of Mental
Training in the World.

A Wandering Mind

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper.

The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the thing itself and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Professor Dickson by his Method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue. ¶ The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, ELBERT HUBBARD, DR. LATSON and thousands of others ¶

COUPON FOR MY FREE BOOK
PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Prin. Dickson Memory
School, 929 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your free Booklet, "How to Remember"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In the same concern where the easy loosener worked, a tightwad was employed. He was so close that the only thing that ever touched him was the wind, and that merely chilled his feet. ¶ The easy loosener was often the recipient of much wise language from the tightwad. ¶

"Look at me," the latter would say. "I have an account in the bank, several shares in the Building and Loan Association, and own my own home. And I can raise five thousand dollars in twenty-four hours. That is because I'm known to be frugal. Do you think you could do as much?"

¶ "Surest thing, you know," replied the easy loosener. "I could raise five

thousand dollars in five minutes." ¶ But the tightwad did not believe, so a dinner was bet upon it. Whereupon the easy loosener called to the boss, who was passing his desk, and said: "Could you let me have five thousand dollars for thirty days, boss, without security?"

"In a minute," replied the boss, reaching for his check-book. Whereupon the tightwad inquired: "How is it, boss, that you give him this rhino without security, whereas you insist

Making the Man Who Can



Elizabeth Towne

THE NAUTILUS

Is a magazine of progress—the leading advanced-thought magazine. Edited by Elizabeth Towne. Regular contributors—Ella Wheeler Burbank and Forestry numbers. Practical articles on what you can do to aid the great forestry movement. NAUTILUS sells for \$1.00 a year.

SPECIAL TO THE FAITHFUL—If cautious, send say Fifty Cents for six months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS and a copy of *Making the Man Who Can*. ¶ Wise ones will send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS, with six back numbers and a copy of *Making the Man Who Can* included—all for only \$1.00. Let the rush begin! ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 11, Holyoke, Mass.

Be a Boss-er instead of a Boss-ee; rope and hog-tie real success; do—not the other fellow, but the very best of which you are capable: this is the desire of the elect. To this end our brand-new book, *Making the Man Who Can*, throws powerful "vibes" of the right sort into the mind of the reader. ¶ Those who know, affirm that this book by Wallace D. Wattles touches just the right spot, and that it is a sure fattener of the bank-account and the pay-envelope. So say Leigh Mitchell Hodges, Thomas Dreier, Milo C. Jones, Frank A. Fall, Cy Rosen and a dozen others.

CONTENTS:—The Business Attitude—Becoming What You Want to Be—Promoting Yourself—The Advancing Thought—The Law of Opulence—To Transmute Competition—Man and Money—Talk That Builds.

The book is a dainty affair, printed on laid paper in large, clear type, initial letters at beginning of chapters, bound in rhododendron.

¶ NCE there was a soft proposition who would fall at the slightest touch. He always forgot to put a padlock on his roll, and when he was out with the gang he never had any salted away in his inside vest-pocket. He was so loose with his coin that he rattled at the approach of a panhandler.

The only way to find out how well done he was, was to poke a finger in his pocket. If any bills stuck to the finger, then he was not yet thoroughly done.

Education is evolution, and the recipe is: Work.
We can show you how to study wisely and well.

upon first mortgages from me?"

"Because," answered the boss, "I happen to feel like it."

Moral: Some make money, some make friends. Either is a good asset.

—Arthur Roche.

GIVEN freedom of competition, and all combinations or trusts that attempt to exact from the consumer more than a legitimate return upon capital and services, write the charter of their own defeat. We have many proofs that this great law does not sleep, and that it will not be suppressed. Some time ago, the steel-rail manufacturers of Europe formed a Trust and advanced the price of rails to such an extent that American manu-

facturers were able to export steel rails to Canada in competition with the European. But the misunderstandings and quarrels, inseparable from these unions, soon broke the Trust. With vindictive feelings, added to what was before business rivalry, the struggle was renewed, and the steel-rail industry of Europe has never recovered. It was found that the advance in prices had only galvanized into life concerns which should never have attempted to manufacture rails; and so that Trust died a

natural death. ¶ During the great depression which existed for several years in this country in the steel-rail trade, many anxious meetings were held under circumstances described in the genesis of Trusts, and it was resolved that the plan of restricting production should be tried. Fortunately, reaction soon came. A demand for rails set in before the plan went into operation, and no restriction of product was ever attempted and the steel-rail industry was thus saved from a great error.—Andrew Carnegie.

A College Education—we supply everything but the Bulldog and the Cigarettes.



THE sales of Swift & Company are principally Fresh Meats—Beef, Mutton and Pork—to retail dealers who recognize in meats branded

U. S. Inspected and Passed Establishment No. 3

the guarantee that Swift's products are dressed and marketed after the most improved sanitary methods in the cleanest packing and branch houses in America.

Swift's Branded or Labeled products are prepared to meet the demand of consumers associating the name of "Swift" with Highest Quality.

The policy of Swift & Company is to maintain the standard of Quality, so that the housewife—who wants the best—shall continue to have faith in Swift's products, and make them her favorite brands.

Swift's Specialties can be obtained from dealers everywhere.

Swift's Premium Hams
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Premium Lard
Swift's Premium Chickens
Swift's Premium Butterine
Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard
Swift's Beef Extract

Swift's Pride Soap
Swift's Pride Washing Powder
Swift's Pride Cleanser
Swift's White Laundry Soap
Wool Soap
Crown Princess Toilet Soap
Pumice Soap

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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The Roycroft Phalansterie

(THE INN)

No Bell-Boys No Bill-o'-Fare No Barber-Shop
 No Bilious Boarders No Billiards No Bibulous Booze-Bazaar
 No Tips No Drugstore No Gents' Furnishings

Out-of-Door Sleeping-Rooms with Indoor Dressing-Rooms attached,
 Electric Lights, Steam Heat, Baths, Running Water, Art-Gallery, Chapel,
 Camp in Woods, Library, Music-Room, Ballroom, Garden, Woodpile,
 Medicine-Ball, and Over-the-Hill Hikes.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO GUESTS WITH A
 GROUCH AND WITHOUT BAGGAGE

TWO DOLLARS a Day and Up—American Plan

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 4

FEBRUARY

No. 5

That Country is Governed Best Which
is Governed Least.—*Thomas Jefferson*

Single Copies, 25c.; by the Year, Two Dollars; Extra Postage: Canada, 40c.; Foreign, 75c.

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

The Peace Problem



SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE has recently expressed some very sensible and earnest words on the necessity of putting the United States Government on a strictly business basis.

It is estimated that our Uncle Samuel pays at least ten per cent more for his supplies than the same things could be bought for by individuals.

To cheat the Government in count, weight and quality has been and is considered quite legitimate.

"Uncle Sam is rich—who cares!"

The money comes out of nobody in particular, so no individual is injured.

Hence we find our old friend, Congressman Hobson, figuring out the cost of a battleship as only twelve cents for every individual in America * *

Twelve cents!

And Congressman Hobson says that if anybody is n't willing to give that much in his country's defense, he'll make up the amount out of his own pocket.

He's willing to give five times twelve cents—he stands ready to give sixty cents.

Beside that the money is paid out right here for American labor, and the whole country is benefited—I guess so!

Woozy Economics

THIS sort of economics reminds one of the people who justify the extravagance and waste of the rich on the plea that the money is not really wasted, since it gives

work to the poor. ¶ And so we are told that the Bradley-Martin ball gave employment for three months to a thousand decorators, cooks, dressmakers, florists, gardeners, haberdashers and flunkys.

That is to say, a thousand people were set at this one job.

And what did they produce?

Answer: They produced the ball.

It takes ten million dollars to make a Dreadnaught—twelve cents, as Hobson truthfully says, from every man, woman and child in America. And after the money is paid in, what have you got as a net result?

Why, you have a Dreadnaught.

And the initial expense of a warship is but the beginning of the extravagance. The actual expense comes in its maintenance. It may turn turtle any time. "Remember the Maine!" ¶ We do.

Senator Bourne makes his earnest plea to have the Government put on a business basis, and in this he is voicing the sentiments of a vast majority of our people.

Up to this time we have been governed largely by lawyers—male lawyers.

Our hope now lies in business men and women.

¶ It is the business man—the economist—who constructs houses, builds railroads and irrigates the waste places. And the farmer of today is a business man—he is no longer a serf. Of all men, he is an economist. You can get along without lawyers, but the farmer is a necessity. We all lean on the farmer—and sometimes heavily ¶

Dreadnaughts add nothing to your wheat crop. They take from the ranks of production some of our brightest, strongest and best young men, and make of them consumers, not producers. The work of the soldier, the lawyer, the doctor, is all palliative, not creative or constructive. And it all has to be paid for by the men who dig it out of the ground.

James J. Hill's warning that production is standing still, but the ratio of consumption is increasing, is a cry to which we should, must and will take heed.

The quarrels of countries, like the quarrels of individuals, are trivial. To settle international misunderstandings by the use of a Dreadnaught is no more worthy or logical than for individuals to settle their quarrels with revolvers ¶ And there is a strong sentiment everywhere manifest which will soon make the carrying of

deadly weapons a crime. To carry a revolver will be regarded on a par with packing a jimmy. Time is the great adjuster of quarrels, and for those who can not wait, the courts are provided. Let Hobson kiss his cosmic self good-by, while we follow the theme further.

Gun Gumption

THE magazine advertisements tell us that a good quick-acting revolver insures safety ¶

The news columns, however, reveal the fact that no man is in such danger of being shot as the man who totes a shooting-iron. Both his own gun and the other fellow's occasionally get turned in his direction.

It is exactly so with nations. To prepare for war is to have war—read history!

We get anything we prepare for—study psychology!

The gun man, sooner or later, finds excuse for using his gun. And against such, other gun men lie in wait.

Soldiers trained and educated to fight, who do not want to fight, are not soldiers at all.

So, aside from the enormous expense of the Dreadnaught and the cost of maintenance, is the danger of some innocent party getting hurt. Every little while, a magazine blows up, or one ship rams another. And so long as the nations have the tools of destruction, there will be great danger of somebody testing their efficiency, purposely or in error.

The greatest danger today to the world's peace is the Dreadnaught Policy.

It costs the United States in a time of peace over three hundred million dollars a year to guard against an imaginary foe. This is about four dollars a year for every man, woman and child in the United States, including Hobson.

¶ If the cost of past wars were included the quota is nearly double.

Europe has one million five hundred thousand men constantly under arms. This is simply the logical expansion of the clan idea, when every family stood in deadly fear of all other families.

¶ The clan had its rise in a free family fight, about the time that Jezebel wore the welter-weight championship belt of Assyria.

Nations now are the clans, and the divinity of the shillalah, the survivor of the war-club, lives as a microbe in the brain of the geewhiller jingoes.

Armies and Navies are only palliative at the best, never remedial.

A simple arrangement, written out on a single sheet of foolscap paper, cleared the Great Lakes of its warships, and has kept the peace between Canada and the United States for ninety-seven years ❄

A similar agreement between the nations is now demanded as a commonsense, business expediency; for righteousness at the last is only a form of commonsense, and only righteousness can exalt a nation.

Bourne Is Right

SENATOR BOURNE is correct—we must get this thing of government down to a sound, economic, business basis.

The world at present has five million men constantly employed as soldiers or working to support soldiers.

This expense is not less than ten million dollars every twenty-four hours.

That is to say, the world builds one Dreadnaught a day; and starvation for New York City is just forty-eight hours away. With most cities it is nearer.

That great battleship, the North Dakota, cost us ten million dollars.

This amount of money would supply twenty-five thousand dollars for an Agricultural School in every county in North Dakota.

It would also endow each of these colleges with one hundred thousand dollars. This endowment invested in North Dakota farm mortgages would yield each college six thousand dollars—and in a North Dakota farm mortgage there are no microbes.

And after all these colleges were built and endowed there would still be two million dollars to be invested, if you please, in macadamizing roads, traversing every county and connecting every college.

Such a road increases the value of the land it traverses at least ten per cent.

Now, why could not this be done?

And the answer is, it is feasible and right and could be done, but not by lawyers nor soldiers. It is the work of business men.

The man who can build a transcontinental railroad can construct macadamized roads much more easily, and he can also build colleges and model farms.

It is a question of organization, and skilled, economic financiering.

Transfer the pressure on Congress from Dreadnaughts to good roads and schoolhouses, and you have it. We have the money, the resources,

the men and women. ¶ Many able men now plead for government on a simple business basis. Good! This is getting us where we may yet catch up with Thomas Jefferson.

Education Must Be Racial

XET it is a fact that no one government of the world can move much faster than another, any more than one individual in a community can far outstrip the rest. We are bound up together. Where one suffers, all suffer; where one enjoys, all enjoy, Herbert Spencer has made this plain once and forever in his argument as to the solidarity of the race. ¶ Civilized people all dress alike, act alike, and for the most part think alike.

The only education that really counts is racial.

¶ The arguments for and against disarmament are known to every thinking person in every nation. This knowledge and the sentiments that grow out of it form the Zeitgeist. ❄ And the Zeitgeist is the common and universal mind of humanity.

And when Senator Bourne calls for government on a business basis, he is voicing the Zeitgeist of the thinking world—whether he realizes it or not.

¶ War is not only hell, as Sherman said, but it is absurd, just as all fighting and violence between men is silly and absurd and funny—if you are not too close to it.

The Zeitgeist declares we have passed beyond strife. This building of vast engines of destruction is ridiculous. Each nation trying to outdo the other in killing machines were silly—if we could only view it from the moon. ❄ We are unable to laugh about it, only because the whole thing may explode any minute and blow us all to Kingdom Come.

Just one navy, half the size of England's, for police duty, would insure the world's peace.

¶ Half a dozen navies endanger us. They are like the old volunteer fire-companies, that would stop to scrap on the way to a fire. The object of fire-companies is to put out fires. And the object of all governments is to benefit mankind. But when nations begin to fight, the ten commandments are waived, and all human rights are slaughtered.

A commonsense business policy demands that the nations get together and have an understanding. It was never possible before, because we knew nothing about organization, and we did not know each other.

Systematization and the wise merging of great interests is a new science.

One-Man Power

THERE is one man above all others who can get the nations together. He has their ear and eye. ¶ They respect him.

Better yet, this man is out of a job; and like all strong men is only safe when he is busy.

¶ As a peacemaker, he already has received the world's recognition through a Nobel prize.

¶ He is not a mollycoddle, nor a stay-at-home, nor a peace-at-any-cost man.

He is the only man to whom William of Germany will listen. And William is the one big stumbling-block in the way of disarmament.

¶ Roosevelt is, perhaps, the only man to whom Japan will be really civil.

If Taft would appoint Roosevelt as a Peace Ambassador to the Nations, the thing could be brought about, and Theodore Roosevelt would then live in history as the greatest man the world has ever seen. ¶ No scholar or student can do this thing, simply because the soldiers of the world will not listen to them.

The only man who can bring this thing to pass is a popular hero, and this Roosevelt surely is, or more nearly so than any other living man. Roosevelt backed up by Taft and Knox, and a select dozen business men, can turn the trick.

¶ A Peace Congress ends in talkety-talk, because there is no organized plan of action. Every man has a plan of his own, and like a hen convention they agree on nothing.

Great things can be done only by individuals, not by a committee.

Only one-man power counts. No committee ever does anything except where one man goes into it who knows what he wants and makes his will the desire of all.

Russia and Japan could not stand out against Roosevelt, and neither can the Nations, when the world of doers is behind him.

If Taft would call on the Nations to appoint three commissioners each to meet Roosevelt in Paris, an international constitution could be formed which would provide for arbitration of all international differences. ¶ These men could agree on a working plan, whereby the world could have a Chief of Police. This man would have a small army and a few ships at his disposal in case of a hurry-up call.

And the world's first Chief of Police would be Theodore Roosevelt, by general acclaim.

The function of the modern government is not so much looking after people to see that they do right as to see that conditions are

such that it is unnatural and difficult to do otherwise. ¶ ¶

Also, patriotism is no longer the peculiar thing defined by Dr. Johnson. Patriotism is indeed a love for our country, but this does not imply a hate for all other countries.

Our hearts respond to the appeal from our brothers from every land. We are shocked at the thought of Napoleon ordering a charge for the delight of a silly woman; and we are shocked and grieved at the idea of conscription and the power which allows a wilful ruler to bring about war and fling the bodies of men into trenches to gratify a whim.

Disarmament and international arbitration would save us from the danger of a Napoleonic upheaval, where a paranoiac disturbs the peace of the world. International arbitration would be like life-insurance: it would insure strong men against their own indiscretions.

If England, Germany and the United States agree on a working business basis for keeping order and preserving the world's peace, the other nations must and will follow.

Concerning questions of equity and right, the Zeitgeist is now pretty well agreed. All we need is organization and an understanding, and the work of governing mankind will proceed on a business basis, not on one of alternate lust for conquest and fear.

The time is ripe. Opportunity is at the door.

Social Evolution

THE pattern for the first form of government is derived from the idea of the family, and is purely paternal.

The father of his family then evolves into Chief of the Clan, and an absolute monarchy follows. And as our idea of Divinity ever tags close behind the form of government under which we live, a people in an absolute monarchy always set up in the market-place of their imaginations an Infinite Nix, which they proceed to worship.

All governments, political and paternal, began with the idea of compelling people to do certain things, and restraining them from doing other things. ¶ ¶

The Clan was a combination of families that were related by blood ties. So we get the Maguires and the McIntyres, who fight on sight. ¶ Following this division by families we get the Estate, from which word we get our word "State."

The County is a division of the Estate or State.

The word "count," "counte" or "county" first related to a certain number or count of persons—usually five hundred "heads"—this number being necessary before a division of the clan was allowed. The chief in charge of the new division was called by the common people "count," and so the word stuck. The organization of the British Empire began with King Arthur, whose dream was to make England a peaceful country.

The extension of the peace area is what constitutes progress, and nothing else does or can. ¶ It was a mighty achievement when King Arthur brought about peace over an area as big as New York State, by dividing the country up into districts, and over all of these having a central government or "court," to whom all grievances must be submitted.

Likewise it is a mighty and almost miraculous achievement when the whole of North America is a place of peace and prosperity, all through the matter of wise organization.

Including Canada this continent has over a hundred million people. These people came here from every corner of the globe. And some of these folks were not very nice. Yet here they are organized on a peaceful business basis, at work and prosperous. And the only happy and safe people are those engaged in useful endeavor.

Our ideal of government is not to restrain or enslave—the desire is to give everybody the greatest possible freedom. We have permission to do anything we wish, so long as it does not interfere with somebody else's right to do the same.

King Arthur had less than half a million people to deal with. Taft has eighty-five million to look after; and he smiles as he jerks the scepter for eight hours a day.

King Arthur never smiled. How could he with a hungry mob to organize? But the organization of men into peaceful groups is scientific government.

Forty-eight States, with a hundred counties each, spreading from ocean to ocean—booze banished (or nearly so), the carrying of deadly weapons made a misdemeanor, the Stars and Stripes flying in front of countless school-houses, and smiling prosperity everywhere! No wonder that Taft smiles!

No other man since history began ever had so good a right to smile as our Big Bill.

So smile, Bill, and smile again, for God and

Destiny are smiling with you. ¶ But we will not rest satisfied until that smile circles the globe. ¶ We do not believe in the expansion of government for conquest, but we do believe, body and boots, in an expansion of the smile of peace. One step more, Ubill, and that is to organize the countries from whence all these people came, on a peaceful business basis. Yes, and do it not by subjugating them or depriving them of a single right, but by giving them increased freedom. ¶ This is your mighty task. And it is not so difficult as the task that confronted King Arthur. He was practically alone, but the thinking men and women of the whole world are with you.

Smile! For the troubles that harass you are only buzzing bluebottles, transient and trivial, but the benefits that will accrue from your wise and diplomatic work in behalf of universal peace will lay hold on the centuries to come. ¶ This change from the strife of families, clans, estates and the different divisions of mankind, to universal peace has been foreseen and foretold by every prophet and man of genius who ever lived. ¶ It must come sometime.

Isaiah, writing eight hundred years before Christ, said:

THE WILDERNESS, AND THE SOLITARY PLACE,
SHALL BE GLAD FOR THEM; AND THE DESERT
SHALL REJOICE, AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.

AND HE SHALL JUDGE AMONG THE NATIONS,
AND SHALL REBUKE MANY PEOPLE; AND THEY
SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOW-
SHARES, AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING-
HOOKS: NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD
AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN
WAR ANY MORE.

Righteousness is only a form of commonsense.

About the Communal Life



THE reason co-operation has not come into general existence is because individuals have not yet been evolved who have had enough attractive force to coalesce.

Humanity, as yet, is on a low mental and spiritual plane. There is a gravity pertaining to the soul, as well as a Law of Gravity pertaining to matter.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered one, and Jesus of Nazareth the other. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men

unto me." ¶ Honest people are those who have been lifted up into a more spiritual atmosphere. They exercise an attractive force, and the better they are, the stronger this silent force they exert that works for good. Purity of purpose is a force, just as truly as is the Law of Gravitation. ✽ ✽

The man who can not take care of himself and think for himself, and act rightly for himself, will be a drag and a burden in any community. Self-reliance, self-respect and self-control are the three things needful—and these things will bring you success in a community, or out of it.

The Religious Aspect of Communism

THE nexus of the Co-operative Idea is essentially religious. Prince Kropotkin says: "A passionate desire for working out a new and better plan of life and society is in itself essentially a religion." Monasticism is a variant of the Communal Idea. And in spite of the fallacy that a man can help the world most by retiring from the world, we must give the monks due credit for rescuing Classic Literature from the darkness of the Dark Ages.

The monks were the first of our modern book-makers, and the volumes they made are even yet the hopeless tantalization of every aspiring printer and binder. They set us a standard of excellence so high that it almost discourages emulation. Italian art, from which our modern art is derived, was not a private affair—it was for the Church, and the Church was for all.

The Shakers, Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkards, Zoarites, Oneida Communists and Harmonists were all founded upon a religious idea. All of these names stand for truthfulness, industry, sobriety and excellence. In intellect the average member of these denominations or communities ranks above the average individualist.

The Oneida Community

THE Oneida Community lived for thirty years. Among its members drunkenness, prostitution, gambling, illiteracy, poverty, pauperism and chronic disease were absolutely unknown. All worked, all grew rich—at least they had all they needed—and due preparation was made for old age and sickness, "two things which really never came," a member once said to me. In intelligence and general excellence the Oneida Communists far outranked the farmers and villagers who lived around them.

At the Oneida Community plant there was a public library, steam heat, Turkish baths, a complete sewerage system, a kindergarten, an orchestra and a brass band; and this in a community of only three hundred people, and at a time when no town of two thousand inhabitants within a radius of a hundred miles had these things.

Even the personal enemies of Oneida admitted that the Communists could do these two things: "Keep well and make money."

That communities all fail is a criticism which has been repeatedly brought against them. ✽ They fail as flowers fail; as the summer fails; as the sunshine fails, for it first develops a thing and then rots it; as the rain fails, for most of the rain falls upon the sea. Communities, like families and individuals, do not live forever. But "failure" is hardly the word; a community may disband, but it does not fail. In the communist's bright lexicon of words, there is no such word as fail.

The Brook Farm

WE are told that the Brook Farm experiment failed. ✽ All the communities just mentioned acquired wealth and grew strong, save Brook Farm alone. But Brook Farm was a bright oasis in the life of every individual who lived there, and several of the "Brook Farmers" received from the intellectual sunshine of the place an impetus that steadied their purpose through life.

Then there were many who were merely visitors, and not members of the community, who were greatly benefited by it.

I once heard George William Curtis asked this question, "Where were you educated?" And the answer was, "At Brook Farm." ✽ Charles A. Dana was a member of the Brook Farm Community for three years, and he said that life there was a "liberal education." ✽ Margaret Fuller acknowledged her indebtedness to Brook Farm.

Hawthorne spent a year there and was greatly benefited, even though he declared he was n't, and went away and made sport of the place and the people.

Horace Greeley, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Dr. Holmes and Longfellow all were frequent visitors at Brook Farm colony, and warmed their minds before its bright embers.

Brook Farm disbanded because the man at the head of it had no head for business, nor did he have the capacity to select a man who

had. But its "failure" was a success, in that it was a rotting log that nourished a bank of violets ❀ ❀

The Sex Question

COMMUNITIES have succeeded under monogamic regulations, as with the Quakers and the Mennonites; under celibacy, as in the monastic institutions, and especially the Shakers; under polygamy, as with the early Mormons; under natural selection, as with the Harmonists of Mexico; and under complex marriage, as with the Oneida Communists ❀ ❀

That Brook Farm with monogamy failed, and Oneida with complex marriage succeeded, does not prove that complex marriage is preferable to monogamy. It does, however, forever prove that enforced monogamy is not the vital thing which many consider it, since the Oneida people discarded it entirely, and still—mentally, spiritually and financially—outstripped others who lived under a condition of enforced monogamy.

If a man can do without a thing and succeed, it proves that the thing was not necessary to his success. And this is just what the Oneida experiment did—they got along without the alleged "corner-stone of society," and succeeded to a degree of prosperity clear beyond those who had it.

With the several Harmonist Communities of Mexico, where absolute freedom is allowed and natural selection exists, it is well worth our while to note that voluntary monogamy for the most part prevails.

An Anarchist Community

IN the Anarchist Community at Home, Washington, on Puget Sound, there is not a church, preacher, prostitute, saloon, doctor, constable, lawyer or justice of the peace ❀ ❀

There is entire freedom ❀ Natural selection exists, yet promiscuity is unknown. Good order and constancy prevail. The members mate, and these mates are true to each other to a degree that does not exist in New York City, where only monogamy or celibacy is legal. Not only does monogamy prevail in these free communities, but the idea of polygamy and varietism is distinctly frowned upon. There have been a few instances of an exchange of mates, but such cases are more rare than they are in Rhode Island or Indiana, where the same thing is often done under legal supervision.

Enforced monogamy tends to breed rebellion and unrest. Most men who own homes have to go somewhere to spend the evening—the rich man will go to the club, the poor man to the saloon. There is something in human nature that protests at coercion.

Too much intimacy repels. Propinquity is both the cause of love and its cure. The secret of human satisfaction lies in the just balance that separates indulgence and denial ❀ Man in his heart feels that he was made to be free. Moreover he compliments himself by thinking that he knows what is for his own good. When you tell him he does not, and issue threats and prohibitions, you sow the seeds of rebellion. Society is now existing under a condition of enforced monogamy, but "prohibition" does not prohibit, and the effects of force are always more or less neutralized by stealth. It needs no argument to prove that William Dean Howells is right in his assertion that "American society is imperfectly monogamous."

In a Free Society

IN a free society the sexual relation would, without doubt, be one of voluntary monogamy ❀ ❀

Monogamy regulates the sexual relations, and reduces the friction of life to a system where it becomes bearable. In voluntary monogamy many claim that men and women will be more true to their companions than they are now under our marriage-bond, which, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, is "that form of friendship between a man and a woman which is recognized by the police."

The people who are true under present conditions are not true because it is against the law of the land to be otherwise. Men do not refrain from beating their wives and abusing their children, because the penalty is placed on such things by the criminal code; nor do women remain tender, loving and constant simply because Moses, St. Paul and the Common Law command it.

Gentleness, consideration and constancy are natural to the civilized, normal man—these things pay and are in accordance with his best welfare ❀ They are a part of the great divine law that works for the self-preservation and evolution of the species.

Enlightened self-interest means fidelity; and loyalty to your own is the only policy that pays compound interest to both borrower and lender. That which is natural is best; and what is best

is most expedient; the expedient thing is the right thing; and righteousness is simply a form of commonsense. That is good which serves—and that which serves is sacred, and nothing else is.

Applied Communism

A PICNIC party is a pretty good example of applied communism. The atmosphere on such an occasion is vibrant with good will and good cheer. Everybody wants to carry the baskets, and everybody is anxious to help everybody else over the fence and across the ditch * *

Reaching the place that the party has set out for, some get fuel, others water, still others arrange the tables. The spirit of co-operation and mutual service is supreme. There are no old, no young, no high, no low—the college-bred and homespun meet on an equality. There are no noses in the air; patronage is unheard of.

¶ Did I say that all unite on this occasion? I forgot.

There is one couple that followed far behind on the way to the picnic-ground * They talked together soft and low. At the grounds they did not gather fuel, nor did they wash the dishes after the meal. Instead they sat on a log, close together, but clear apart from the rest, almost lost in the dense foliage.

They were in love, very much in love—a fact patent to all observers.

All the rest were in love, too, but the many were filled with universal love, while this one couple focused their thoughts upon the personal and particular.

They were talking of the “home” they were soon to have—love in a cottage.

The Genius of the Genus

S CHOPENHAUER would explain that they were caught in the toils of the “genius of the genus.” Nature was intent on using them for a purpose. This desire on their part to get off in secrecy by themselves, to hide away and exclude the world, was right and proper * *

But to found a society on this transient and intense mood is not scientific.

This young man and young woman fully expected to perpetuate their mood—that is exactly what they hoped to do.

They are going to have a perpetual trysting-place, and never for a moment will their cottage become irksome.

But life to them will only be possible as they

mix with other lives. The home is founded on this momentary sex impulse of exclusiveness; and the reason its joy and peace do not last is because the occupants cease to be individual and long to become universal. Exclusion has its use, and up to a certain point it serves, but a point is surely reached where it is not wise to say, “Here will we build three tabernacles”—nor one.

The selfishness of individual love should give way to the universal.

Where the heart once went out to a person, it now goes out to mankind. The lesser love is absorbed by the greater.



Our every demand of Art is that it shall give us the artist's best. Art is the mintage of the soul. All whim, foible and rank personality are blown away on the winds of time—the good remains.



Trust-Busting



ALL of the trusts have a certain use and purpose * They serve humanity, otherwise they would not exist at all * But their management should not be left solely to those who thrive by their success, because unlimited power in the hands of any one set of men is dangerous. Power unrestrained attains a terrific force; and the universe is held safe only through the law of opposition of forces. Trusts live off the people, and they should be accountable and responsible to the people, and never be allowed to develop into a system of repression and suppression or become a danger to happiness, a menace to human rights.

The trusts represent a phase of human evolution, stages or cycles through which mankind must pass. So in this way they are good; we must pass through them; we can not back out or go around. Calamity lies in perpetuating them indefinitely and allowing them to fasten upon the race and become veritable Old Men of the Sea.

Trusts, like everything else, are good just as long as they serve, and when something better is at hand they must respect the universal law of progress and give way.

On these points all good men and women are fully agreed, so let us pass on.

The World's Greatest Trust

IN all of our recent marked attention to the trusts, however, there is one thing about which no newspaper in America or prosecuting attorney has said a censorious word, and this is the biggest one of them all! The trust that owns the most valuable real estate, and more of it than all the other trusts combined, has no charter, files no reports, holds its property mostly free of taxes, and its general superintendents and foremen still ride on our railroads at half-rate, and enjoy a ten-per-cent rebate on all their purchases at haberdashers. Concerning it Mr. Hughes is silent and Willie Hearst is mum. ¶ This trust has a monopoly on only one commodity, salvation—salvation here and hereafter. The Religious Trust fixes your place in society in this world, and controls your destiny after death. At least it says it does. ¶ In truth, it really does not do either, its commodity being spurious and its claims founded on false pretenses. Yet in spite of the fact that its falsity is fully understood by more than half of the men and women in the United States, it is not denied the mails, and openly to criticize it is regarded very bad form. "Collier's" has had its say about the Medical Trust, but never a word about the Religious Trust, because the owners of "Collier's" are mired in it up to their chins and are like the fish that ask, "Where, oh where, is the sea?"

Extravagant Claims of the Trust

THE Religious Trust is the only one that has ever unrelentingly followed its competitors with fire and sword.

If the Medical Trust has committed murder, as possibly it has, its victims have usually been the crippled and the diseased. If it has killed, it has been through indiscretion, inadvertence, and an excess of scientific zeal, and so is entitled to leniency.

Those who reverence the teachings of the Religious Trust will go to heaven; those who oppose it and demand that the State shall withhold from it all special privileges are on the toboggan. So, unblushingly, claims the Trust.

In days ago the Religious Trust has killed off competition and converted itself into an engine of destruction for all who had the temerity to suggest that its management was faulty. It has claimed that the man at

its head was infallible. Its policy has been to exile, ostracize and utterly destroy all who oppose it. Start a little religion of your own and just see what this Trust will do to you! The legislators oil the law-making machinery on the suggestion of the Religious Trust, and define what you shall not do on Sunday and what you shall do when you are sick. You can not be born, get married or die without paying tribute to it. Otherwise, scandal follows.

Its System of Agents

THIS trust has its lobby everywhere in legislative halls, its paid agents and advocates in every town, city and cross-roads village in the land, and levies its tax with a promise of Paradise if you pay and a threat of Perdition if you don't.

And by this threat and this promise has it thriven and grown great and swag.

It yammers to have "God in the Constitution," although its conception of Deity is an All-powerful Nix borrowed from barbarians who existed thirty-five centuries ago.

Its scheme would now be as dead as December hay were it not for the fact that it makes its appeal to immature minds—those with intellects unformed, impressionable, trusting, full of the credulity of innocence. And banking on this innocent receptivity it places its clamps upon the human brain, and plants fear where faith, courage and joy might otherwise prevail.

¶ Its working motto, proclaimed by itself, is, "Give me the child until it is ten years old and you may have him afterwards."

To this end it monopolizes orphan-asylums, pushes itself in at the door of every school, and demands that the day shall begin with an acknowledgment of its fetich. And as if this were not enough, it takes out of our Public Schools all the children it can seize, and places them in a school of its own, away from the light, where reason is considered a mistake and intellect a divine blunder. And then for its pernicious activity it demands exemption from taxation—and gets it.

Feeds on Its Victims

NO average mind in America, grown to manhood without being drilled in the superstitions of this Trust, would for a moment accept its teachings, so ridiculous, absurd and preposterous are they when viewed from the standpoint of Reason and Natural Science.

But as long as it can continue to frighten women and children, the managers of this

Trust ride at half-rates, pay no taxes, and while professing poverty live in palaces where tobacco, booze and the complex and peculiar menu play a most important part, and chastity is a joke, for chastity consists in being true to your mate, and many of the men and women who devote their lives to the Church pretend not to believe in Nature.

Tolstoy's Criticism

THO TOLSTOY reverences the character of Jesus and comes as near living the Christ-life as any one of whom I know, and here is what he thinks of the Church:

Religion is truth and goodness. The Church falsehood and evil. I tell you frankly I can not agree with those who believe the Church is an organization indispensable to religion.

The Church has ever been a cruel and lying institution, which in seeking for temporal advantages has perverted and distorted the true Christian doctrine. Christianity has ever been simply a pretext for the Church.

In spite of all the efforts of Church and State to unite the two principles—true Christian love, humanity and kindness, and that of the State, physical force and violence—the contradiction has become in our time so flagrant that a solution is bound to come. Several symptoms prove this.

First, the religious movement is not confined to France, but exists in all Christian countries.

¶ Second, the revolution in Russia.

Third, the extraordinary military and industrial progress which is manifesting itself in the Orient, in China, and especially in Japan.

The present religious movement which is going on, not only in Catholic countries, but in the whole world is, I believe, nothing but the unrest accompanying the exit from the dilemma. The Church must go—it must go in order that love may enter and reign over us.

Graduation

THE ideal mother is the one who is training her child to do without her.

Graduation in school should take place at the vanishing-point of the teacher, and he who teaches best is making himself unnecessary to the pupil.

We are told that the Trust is useful as a police system. Granting that this is true, we must still not lose sight of the fact that the best government is the one that fosters self-government, and is gradually making all police systems superfluous and unnecessary. These things being true, should not the Ideal Church, which is both an eleemosynary institution and a police system, be educating its members to express the

divine without assistance, and not forever struggle and strive to make its own existence perpetual, its supervision unceasing and its walking delegates a necessity? Must we forever be spiritually advised by experts and admonished by specialists?

All the love, forbearance and virtue that the Church so loudly professes, is found outside of its portals today in a purer form than within them ❖ ❖

The Church Mendicant

CHRIST was not a churchman. His religion of unselfish service stands alone, beautiful, pure, noble, incomparable.

Pirates have their kindly traits, and when Jesse James was killed he was engaged in the laudable work of hanging pictures in his parlor. But because he was a good husband and a kind neighbor was not sufficient reason why we should issue him a license to follow the hold-up specialty in which he so excelled.

¶ All the concerns that are now being pushed upon the unwilling witness-stand are economic in their nature, and are actual producers and creators of wealth.

The Church does not create wealth: it is not a producer in any sense.

It is purely mendicant, and all of its enormous wealth is an exploitation, the accumulation of dole turned into an upturned hat, pennies dropped into a poor-box.

Fettered to the Past

THE reason we do not investigate this Church Trust is because most men think it controls enough votes to wipe out of existence any party that opposes it; and for reasons obvious no writer who depends upon a local constituency for support, dares lift up his pen in criticism of it. The man who grapples with it to the death will not be made governor of New York in recognition of his services, but instead it will cost him the governorship of Illinois, yet he will win a tardy immortality and the gratitude of mankind.

¶ And yet superstition is now toothless and its claws are clipped. All it can do is to howl, but the traditions of the past still paralyze us. We remember Bruno and Savonarola burned alive at the stake, and the flickering shadows of martyr fires yet light up our intellectual sky; we hear the cries of victims broken on the rack; we think of the ghettos, the dungeons, and as we listen we hear the sound of hammers as of men building a scaffold.

Looking back but a little way when the Church was supreme we see the gutters of Granada running ankle-deep with the blood of Jews. Remember what happened in Odessa!

These things make us pause. That which once was may come again. We have a family to provide for, a business to maintain, and we can not afford to disapprove, so we pay for the support of an institution we know is dead, and all the time cringe, crawl, smirk, smile, jig and amble, fearing to give offense to men who button their collars behind and call up God as though they had private wires and glibly and familiarly ask Him to send along everything in sight, and not even chalk it down on the books.

However, we know the telephone is only a stage telephone, that it runs nowhere, and that all there is about it is the play.

And that many clergymen are sincere and charming gentlemen does not change the issue nor make superstition reasonable.

Christianity and Religion

WHEN I refer to the Church I mean the entire Christian Religion, which practically constitutes a merger of the various denominations.

It is well to distinguish between the Christian Religion and the Teachings of Christ. The Church today is the same old pagan proposition against which Jesus inveighed; and which snuffed out his life on the combined charges of heresy and treason.

Formal religions all seek to monopolize; they kill competition like birds of prey.

In dealing with the Religious Trust we must not imitate it and curtail the right of the individual to his own religious convictions.

¶ The individual must even have the privilege of being wrong, and of course, he must give to others every right which he asks for himself.

The Power of the Ballot

THOMAS JEFFERSON fixed the right of individual opinion in our Constitution once and forever. But we have slipped back in some respects from the high standards of Jefferson; and it has been for France to take up the house-cleaning where Jefferson left it.

¶ France has in four years' time worked out a revolution, thorough and far-reaching. And it has been done by the smokeless ballot, so the world is hardly aware of the great reform, and the newspapers dare not tell the truth about it, preferring rather to picture the elope-

ment in Punxsutawney, and the murder in Kokomo—things that thrill but never offend. Five years ago there were over twenty thousand religious institutions in France, which not only paid no taxes, but actually in many instances derived a subsidy from the State.

Now there are none.

The smokeless and non-explosive ballot did it. There are two ways to split rocks; one is by powder, dynamite or some other explosive agent; and the other is to drill holes in your boulder, drive in pine plugs, and then simply pour on water. The expansion of the pine plug does the work. The ballot works as noiselessly.

¶ First a question is agitated, and the agitators are promptly put to death, like black ants under the heel of a servant-girl going to mass.

However, truth lives, even though its advocates die, and the issue comes up and is argued. It is balloted on and voted down by an overwhelming majority.

But men have had a chance to get used to it.

¶ It comes up again and is voted down, this time by a small majority.

Then the opposition take it up, and carry it through, declaring they always believed in it. There is no revolution—no explosion—all that was needed was time for the truth to soak in—and a few persistent fellows pouring.

That is the power of the ballot, the expressed wish of the people.

Radicals and Conservatives

THERE are two political parties in France—never mind their names; you could not pronounce them anyway—two parties, that is all there are anywhere, outside of a few little local issues.

These two parties are the Conservatives and the Radicals. That is, the general tendency of the one is to conserve, hold back and bank on its record. One party points with pride, and the other views with alarm.

The Conservatives say, Leave well enough alone! ❦ ❦

The Radicals are full of unrest, and hope; they look to the future,—and their shibboleth is Show me!

Call your parties by what name you wish, they are always the same.

In France it has been Royalist against Republican—Conservative against Radical.

In the platform of the French Radical party was a proposition called the Anti-Cleric plank.

¶ It meant that the twenty-one thousand

church institutions should pay taxes. ¶ This caused a wail of ecclesiastical wrath, and the party was voted down.

Next year the party came back with the Anti-Cleric plank nailed in, where before it was only loose. Its advocates had found reasons—the voters were beginning to know that these nunneries, monasteries and ecclesiastical palaces were really barnacles on the Ship of State; that the State had schools, hospitals, asylums and colleges of its own, and that if men were ever free, we must not only separate Church and State, but Religion and Education. Also, that there is no more reason why a hospital should be Roman Catholic than that geography should be Baptist, mathematics Methodist, or grammar Presbyterian.

Also, that these twenty-one thousand nunneries and monasteries were mendicant institutions, and while pretending to teach, really fostered ignorance and tended to make superstition everlasting. Moreover, in constantly preaching poverty, these institutions encouraged the conditions which they pretended to obviate, and caused the ills they professed to cure ❖ ❖

Conspicuous Ineptitude

BEGGING, disease and incompetence are abnormal features; in twenty centuries the Church has failed to eliminate them. Where the Church is strongest, these things most abound ❖ ❖

We live in a world of plenty, and a world of health, and only man's religious inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn. ❖ Nature supplies enough, and it is only the congestion of the good things of the world, combined with ignorance and incompetence, that makes misery perpetual.

The biggest holder of non-productive wealth in the world is the Religious Trust.

The theologians have taught the many that man was made to mourn, and the many, caught young, have believed it.

"The evil of almsgiving is positive, the good of giving is speculative and often imaginary," says Alfred Henry Lewis.

Robbers always give much to charity, for thus do they absolve themselves.

And as slavery corrupts the slaveholder more than it does the slave, so does the giving of alms degrade the giver. It is so much easier to bestow than to withhold, so much more pleasant to give than to seek out the cause of misery

and see that justice is done, that we slide easily along the lubricated chute of least resistance, succumb to the strongest attraction and plume ourselves on our strength and goodness. Want, wo, grime, lice, vice and vermin infest the churches where Religion is supreme. ❖ There beggards are looked upon as honorable, and grief and pain are regarded as normal.

What Science wants to do, and can do, is to eliminate human misery, not prolong it. Hence the opposition of the Pope to all that savors of Socialism. The Church pretends to supply a panacea for all human ills—faith. It has been tried for twenty centuries and found inefficient. Men must look to themselves for help, not to the priest; to this world, not the skies.

Children's Rights

SCIENCE believes it is time for civilized people to cease teaching little children myths about angels, devils, gods, ghosts, goblins, hell and heaven. These things if taught after adolescence, simply as literature, showing what a barbaric people have believed, do no harm, but are rather a healthful exercise for the imagination. So the Bible, with its wealth of literary allusion, is good if used as literature, and not to enforce dogmatism.

To teach the actual existence of the Judaic Jehovah is a barbarous pollution to the growing mind of childhood. God means the Good. God is man's highest conception of good; and to take the superstition of a slavish people who existed thirty-five hundred years ago, and enthrone it today, is a frightful perversion of reason. ❖ In order to have a reasonably respectable god you have to make a new one every day; and well has it been said, "An honest god is the noblest work of man."

Just read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, and then consider if we want to continue reading this book in our public schools as a fit beginning of the day!

Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin thought the Bible a good book for grown-ups, but a bad one for children. And France has by the ballot recently endorsed the Jefferson and Franklin view.

Are we, in America, ready to do the same? My opinion is that we are. The difficulty is that the politicians, for the most part, are afraid of the question, and refuse to have it brought before the people as an issue. Once let the people get the matter squarely before them, and we, too, will get in line with France. ❖ ❖

The Situation in France

THE present situation in France was brought about by Pope Pius the Tenth very much as George the Third helped the Thirteen Colonies on their way to freedom. If the Church had not changed with the times it would have been snuffed out of existence centuries ago; but recently it has shown a beautiful lack of fluidity.

Pope Pius is a pious peasant, not a man of the world. He does not know how to change. Dogma to him is truth with ankylosis. He is a saint, not a mixer; and he is further, a living argument in support of the contention that a Pope is not infallible. Possibly, simple goodness is a strong factor in fallibility, I really can not say. Pope Leo the Thirteenth was a politician, a business man and a diplomat. His Secretary of State was Cardinal Rampolla, a man whose religion does not blind him to facts. Rampolla is quite such a man as John Ireland or John J. Keane. When the present Pope came in, he chose as his Secretary Merry del Val, a Spaniard, with all of a proud Spaniard's fanaticism. Merry del Val believes so thoroughly in the excellence of the Church that he would hold it exactly where it is, and make all men bow down to it for their own good. Of course, it is true that dogma never changes, but the interpretation of dogma does and will. Archbishop Ireland saw the cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, and advised Merry del Val to take to the cyclone-cellar, but he of the dime-novel name thought there was nothing to be afraid of.

Now France has shown him better.

Over one-half of the population of France is Catholic. In America one person out of five is Catholic. Naturally one would have thought it much easier for America to throw off the yoke than France. But time and chance are on the side of the French.

The discontent is not greater in France than elsewhere—it has simply broken out there. France has been a rich field for priestcraft, quite the best in the whole world. For a thousand years France has been almost literally the property of Rome. Richer than Italy, stronger in intellect and worth, the Church has looked to her for support in times of trouble.

The "Concordat"

IN Seventeen Hundred Eighty-nine, however, the French Revolution disrupted the bond, and in the mad rage of unreason, the

revolutionaries confiscated all church property, real and personal, and over the portals of every sacred edifice carved deep the words "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

Things done by violence have to be done over. When the Corsican got control, he gave back the church property, and entered into a "concordat," the contract which is now causing such dispute.

Strangely enough, the Dartmouth College case, decided by John Marshall and Joseph Story on the argument of Daniel Webster, has been cited in support of Napoleon's contract with the Holy See. ¶The Dartmouth College case turned on a charter from the King of England being declared greater and above the laws of New Hampshire. That is, a contract is sacred, and no law limiting it is valid, though all of the original parties be dead. Behind this Dartmouth decision all of the monopolies and all of the trusts are entrenched. That is to say, when the State of New Jersey grants you a charter, you have entered into a contract with the State of New Jersey, paying for certain privileges, and this constitutes a contract which no other State, nor even the Federal Government, has the power to abrogate. ¶This contract between Napoleon and the Vatican, which Cardinal Gibbons has called upon all America to uphold, provided that France should pay from her public treasury the salaries of all priests, bishops, archbishops and cardinals in France, and in return the Government should have the appointment of all the bishops. ¶Since that time, when a bishopric was vacant, the Government has sent to Rome the names of several candidates and the Pope would make his choice.

In this way the Government has really been in control of the Church, for of course, no bishops were appointed who were not friendly to the French republican spirit.

Very shortly after the election of Pope Pius the Tenth the French Government sent in the names of five candidates, and requested the Vatican to select two names from the list for two vacant bishoprics.

On the advice of Merry del Val the Pope declined to consider the names offered, but proceeded to confirm two candidates of his own.

The Mistake of the Vatican

WHEN the French Government protested, and here arose the first clash. The Government stood pat and the Assembly refused

to confirm the regular yearly appropriation of eight million dollars for the salaries of priests, claiming that the Vatican had broken the agreement by refusing the Government the right to name the bishops.

To this the Vatican replied that the men the Government nominated were not suitable timber for bishops. A deadlock followed, the priests meanwhile clamoring for their money, and finally raising it on an appeal to their people, just as they do in America.

The next thing to give grave offense at Rome was when President Loubet visited the Eternal City as a guest of King Humbert and did not call at the Vatican. Now, Humbert and the Pope are enemies, almost as bad as were Garibaldi and Pio Nino. And what could poor Loubet do? It surely is not good form to be royally entertained, and then slide out of the house of your host and hobnob with his enemy!

¶ The Pope would probably not have noticed the incident, but his hair-trigger Secretary prepared a state paper on the subject and called upon all the powers of earth to resent the insult.

The Act of Separation

MOST everybody laughed—America surely did. But France simply withdrew her ambassador from the Vatican, and the Vatican did as much for Paris.

By this time the matter had gotten into French politics and the Socialistic Radicals had inserted their Anti-Cleric plank.

Then the Pope issued a bull calling upon all priests to refuse the communion to Socialists, and the Socialists in France straightway voted straight Anti-Cleric.

The Chamber of Deputies was gradually arraying itself against the Church. Finally, a law called "An Act of Separation" was passed, under which all financial support from the Government for the Church was withdrawn. Moreover, the people of the various parishes were ordered to incorporate their churches, just as Protestants do in America. But with this slight distinction, that while actual places of worship were not to be rated, yet all residences and institutions should pay taxes. Colleges, schools, hospitals, asylums owned by the Church should incorporate as "Societies of Culture," and give in an annual report of their financial condition to the Government.

¶ Cardinal Rampolla advised the Pope to comply, that opposition was out of the question, and cautioned the Pope as Charles Fox

and Edmund Burke cautioned George the Third.

Merry del Val advised the Pope to ignore the laws of France, and order the Catholics to stand firm by the Concordat of Napoleon.

Death of the French Religious Trust

WHAT happened all the world knows. The French Government called out its soldiery, expelled the inmates of over twenty thousand institutions, and took charge of all church property.

It looks as if the Religious Trust in France was a thing of the past. The people are still allowed to meet and worship in their churches, but the unified power of the Church is gone.

¶ And now for America to keep pace with the times, and equal the work of progress done in France, we will simply have to pass a law withdrawing all Government aid to all sectarian institutions, requiring them to pay taxes, and to make yearly reports of their stewardship.

Teach anything you want in your private school, but at your own expense.

Also the half-rate to the clergy on railroads, and the ten-per-cent rebate at department-stores must be abolished, and all church raffles should be looked after by the local police!

There are over forty-five thousand religious institutions in America, Protestant and Catholic—schools, hospitals, asylums, sanitariums, colleges, residences, which now pay no taxes. Will these take kindly to the law requiring them to carry their share of the burden of Government, and to incorporate separately and file reports of income and disbursements? We shall see.

The value of the untaxed church property held in America is over five thousand million dollars.

America's Problem

THE time is close at hand when this question will be presented as a live issue, for not forever will we allow greed and graft to hold large tracts of vacant land waiting for a rise in value through the energy and initiative of others, all on the flimsy excuse that it is sacred because a church stands on a little corner of it or a superfluous school on another.

¶ If The Roycroft Shops paid no taxes, every one in East Aurora would have to pay more taxes. To refuse to pay your share of taxation is to extend your quota to others, compelling those who have no sympathy in your pet

religious scheme to pay for its support. All are taxed to support the Church when the Church refuses to pay taxes.

Religious liberty certainly does not imply that a man shall be taxed for the propagation and support of a religion in which he does not believe. Yet this is exactly what we do in free America ❄️

Equity demands that if you want to spread a certain religious doctrine, you and all those who think as you do shall pay the shot. The Constitution of the United States provides that Church and State shall here be separate and divorced forever, but since the Religious Trust pays no taxes, all who make up the State are taxed for the support of the Church, its schools and institutions.

This is taxation, surely, without representation! And it is neither justice, equity, a square deal, nor good sense. The first political party that introduces an Anti-Cleric plank gets my vote.

❄️ Or, should no political party dare bring up the subject as an issue before the people, how would it do to start an Anti-Cleric Party? The morning offering will now be taken.



It is a Herculean task to cope with the handicap of wealth.



The Multiple Ibsen



LOOK at his face!—that mask of iron stained with acid.

Look again!—the iron and the acid are gone; it is now a wind-chilled mountain tarn, a marvelous mirror of the great Northland that reflects storm-riven, leafless pines that swing wildly to and fro on the edge of precipices and snow-capped mountain-tops that thrust their rebellious heads in defiant challenge to the bleak, cosmic prospects.

Has any dramatist, save Shakespeare, ever held together within himself so many complex tendencies as Henrik Ibsen? The real Ibsen lay in ambush behind the paradoxes of existence; each play screened a separate Ibsen; he was the soul of each one of his characters, but could not be identified with any of them.

❄️ He was a mystic, a poet, a philosopher, a dramatist, and he was each one of these things, utterly. He was a mystic because his

imagination had shot beyond the masks of matter, beyond the "stream of tendency" that molds those masks, into the supercerebral, where the intuitive substratum of man catches upon the hypersensitive, spiritual plates, gleams and presages from a Third Empire—welded of flesh and spirit, but where neither rules.

Nietzsche preached an Overman. Ibsen mapped out his empire.

This prophecy of Ibsen's appeared in "Emperor and Galilean," one of his earliest dramas, and is found again in his last drama, "When We Dead Awaken." In the latter play he did not leave the earth-twisted souls of Rubreck and Irene, the lovers who ascended the mountain together, in the snows of the pass to be picked by the crows.

The rising sun gushes full upon their cold bodies; but their souls are borne away by the Eagle of the Dawn.

Ibsen the Myriad-Minded

❄️ IBSEN was a poet, because in him burned the immortal loves and hates, because he possessed the power of transfiguring the thing he touched, of translating the ordinary into the extraordinary.

His ear caught the clangor and clash of Law. He was ecstatic, exalted, and flung his rebel spirit at the sneering stars. He thundered, and passed ❄️

He was a philosopher, because he was impersonal, an interpreter of life, answering no questions because Life answers none. Incisive, psychologic, with a grim humor—a humor that bit, etched and silenced—replying to all questions after the conclusion of each play by planning another play, he preserved an indifference that deceived, as all philosophers deceive ❄️

The aloofness of the philosopher is merely the white heat of emotion—a passionate desire not to show passion. The art consists in seeing that the mask does not drop off.

He was not a master dramatist because he was a master technician, but because he realized more vividly than any other dramatist who has ever lived that the heart of things is Conflict, that the God of things as they are is a god of war; that Man is in desperate straits here upon earth.

Crucifixion is dealt out to those who dare the social ruling order.

And death, the death of the bug that slept itself to death in a rug, awaits those who

venture not forth into the land of spiritual adventure ♣ ♣

Ibsen's Riddles

LIFE is a sealed book. Who understands? Forth from the night-time of the Unconscious comes that spectral shape, Man. Back into the night-time of the Unconscious is he hurled after his short parley with Destiny. And the historian of this pitiful incident in Eternity—what has he to say? There is an enigma; if he can depict its character in a single work of art he has chronicled all Time has to say: he has posed a riddle.

From Æschylus to Ibsen there is but one theme—the conflict of the will of man with the blind forces that seek his destruction; the desperate charges of Intelligence against stupid Circumstance. Ibsen saw this conflict with the clarity of Sophocles and Shakespeare. There is clash of battle in each play. The world-war is carried on in the most insignificant towns in the Scandinavian peninsula. The great question, How may I survive? rises for solution at each minute into the mental and physical world of the humblest of Nature's creatures.

¶ "Brand" and "The Master Builder" are two plays that show us two stupendous Wills that seek to batter their way through the myriad menaces of a hostile environment; in "Brand" the blows of the mighty hammer of Purpose can be heard against the granite heights by those in the valley below. Behold Solness on the dizzy summit, for just one second! So far and no farther—too high, too high he climbed! He is whirled off his footing into space. The rest is silence and a sublime defeat. What is the moral? we asked of Ibsen when the old war-lord of individualism was alive. He smiled ironically and turned away—he was not in the counsels of Omnipotence.

In "The Wild Duck" the problem is: How may we follow our ideals and still be happy? Can husband and wife live happier with a lie existing between them than if they stood mortised in the truth, though it is an unpleasant one? The woman has "sinned" before marriage. The husband knows nothing of it. The idea enters a mutual friend's head that it would be a good thing to tell the husband the truth and thus found a marriage on absolute frankness. The result is a catastrophe. Ibsen flings this question into the face of humanity: Truth—what is it good for? Man can not exist without his lies. Truth mocks and slays. Absolute

frankness in love is the death of love. Even great truths must be lied about before they become currency. And what currency! Like paper money, they become tainted in the handling ♣ ♣

Again the problem appears in "The Enemy of the People." Tell the truth and the world will pelt you with stones. Calvary taught it nothing. The mob must have its pap. When truth comes in contact with the pocketbook, the pocketbook fights with the strength of the fiend—and wins. Herr Stockmann told the municipality of the watering-place in which he lived that the springs the tourists drank from were poisoned. His house was stoned. But he was not dismayed. He alone is great who can stand alone. Keep a closed mouth in the presence of a remunerative lie—or take the consequences. Make your choice!

In all his plays there sits the Sphinx with her riddle. Answer it who may ♣ Man has been called a god in ruins. Ibsen saw in him an evolving devil. A martyrdom awaits those who lift the standard of rebellion; but it is only in rebellion that man becomes great ♣ Your enemy is your friend who stings you into action.

The Egoistic Mystic

AT times there are moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like a shipwreck; the important thing is to save yourself." Ibsen flung this doctrine of egoism at a world saturated with the flabby doctrine of altruism. The one thing needful is to find yourself, affirm yourself in the face of all opposition. "The kingdom of God is within you." When you offend yourself, you offend the divine. Life was given you to live, not to sacrifice. Nature knows nothing of self-sacrifice; she immolates the weak. Self-sacrifice is great when it is a means to the end of self-glorification; but self-sacrifice as an end in itself is mutilation—an instrument for perpetuating ugliness.

A man can not better society in any better way than to teach the lesson of strength by example. Let the weak look to the foundations of the houses in which they live. "Mint the gold within you," Ibsen wrote to Brandes. Will you mold yourself in bronze after your own ideal or become a little pewter image that can be bought in the market-place by the first cowherd? ¶ The man who treats life ruthlessly is the great man. Men, like races, survive because of their strength, not because

of their goodnesses. Persistence of force is persistence of strength; the way to achieve immortality is to deserve it.

The strong, full-blooded man has discovered Nature's meaning. Man, in his pride, believes he is subduing universal forces to his will when in reality he is doing the will of universal forces. It is as though the lightning-rod believed it had willed the lightning from the thunder-cloud, when its magnetic qualities only drew it thither. So all Nature finds a magnet in human strength. It voices its thunder through individuality.

Be true to your dream of power and sweep forward with your destiny, Ibsen thunders. Nora Helmer leaves the house of her husband when she discovers his perfidy. She had found that she had a soul to cultivate. The Doll's House in which she lived collapsed in a night. She discovered that she could not be an ideal mother until she became an ideal woman. She had been only a wife. It was necessary to be something more. She was first of all a human being. She went forth in search of herself.

¶ Sudermann's Magda had uttered that magnificent challenge, "I am I!" Nora Helmer cried to the night, "I am—who?" ¶ There can be no liberty for the soul so long as it works within the limits of its ancestral conscience. ¶ Endless liberty implies endless ejection, the steady, vigorous, unashamed exploitation of what is within—the lengthening of the shadow of the Ego against the eternal wall of circumstance. All greatness violates; all heroism slays.

The revolution that Ibsen preached was a spiritual revolution—a revolt of each man against his lower, conventional, mechanical nature. The problem of individual growth is how to keep at bay the waves of suggestion from external objects and internal corpses that threaten at each minute to overwhelm the mind. How may I use myself? There is a nucleus of inner forces come to consciousness in the brain which we call the I; it is the organ of personal identity; an organ within an organ, a magnet toward which all things converge for judgment. To allow this center to be overruled is to be "lost." To immortalize it in dream and act is to be "saved."

Ibsen would not compromise with his age. He was a terrible taskmaster. He lived up to his doctrine of heroic egoism. Is it easy to live thus? Is it a philosophy of self-indulgence? Does it degrade? ¶ Look at his face!

The Secret of Success



It is not the attainment of knowledge which marks the superior person—the Master Man—it is the possession of certain qualities. ¶ There are three traits of character, or habits, or personal qualities, which once attained, mean money in the bank, friends at court, honor and peace at home—power, purpose, poise. ¶ These qualities are Industry, Concentration and Self-reliance. ¶ The man who has these three qualities is in possession of the key that unlocks the coffers of the world and the libraries of Christendom. All doors fly open at his touch. "Oh, he's a lucky dog," they say—and he is. ¶ And the strange part of it is, there is no mystery about the acquirement of these three things; no legerdemain; no rites nor ritual; you do not have to memorize this or that, nor ride a goat; the secret of these qualities is not locked up in dead languages; no college can impart them, and the university men who fail, fail for lack of them.

On the other hand, no man succeeded beyond the average who did not possess them. And it is an indictment of our colleges and universities when we consider the fact that the men who have these qualities plus, usually acquired them at "The University of Hard Knocks"—and in spite of parents, guardians, teachers and next of friends.

Conspicuous American Successes

¶ Let us take three great Americans and see what made them supremely great: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin.

Let a certain quality stand for each man: Washington (Self-reliance); Jefferson (Concentration); Franklin (Industry).

But each of these men had all three of these qualities, and without these qualities the world would never have heard of them, and without these three men, America today would not be known as a Nation.

It was only the Self-reliance of Washington at Valley Forge which saved independence from being "a lost hope." Washington was hooted and denounced for preferring starvation to defeat, but the persistence of the man never faltered. It was a losing fight for most of those long, dragging, dread, nine years—a fight

against great odds—poverty against wealth, farmers against trained troops, barracks against the wind-swept open. But Washington believed in his cause and best of all he believed in himself * *

"It is only a question of which side gets discouraged first. I know we will outlast them. Give in? Never! This fight is mine."

You can't whip a man who talks like that.

¶ And as time went by, George the Third had brains enough to sense it, Cornwallis felt it, all England began to acknowledge it, and best of all America knew it.

It was n't fighting that won the independence of the Colonies: it was the generalship and the Self-reliance of George Washington. And this Self-reliance shaped his actions, and finally spread over the land. Our political blessings, as a people, come to us through the unrelenting unrelaxing Self-reliance of Washington.

*

Darwin's monkey stood up and looked around, and the more he saw, the less he feared. It's the same with us.

*

More Co-operation



AMES J. HILL has recently said that this country faces a grave peril through extravagance and waste * Let me here suggest how a great saving in living expenses can be brought about.

¶ For an individual to raise fruit and vegetables and send them along to the consumer requires transportation, various middlemen, and divers and sundry agents and clerks.

For a group to raise all the fruit and vegetables it needs, is the true economic idea * You eliminate the costly middleman, and you have your produce in much better condition.

The Roycrofters have six men working steadily for about seven months on their farm. For the remaining five months three men suffice. These six men raised this year two thousand bushels of potatoes, three hundred bushels of tomatoes, five hundred bushels of corn, three tons of carrots, two tons of beets, a ton of onions, quantities of celery, heaps of pumpkins, and berries were picked to the extent of twenty-five hundred quarts.

In addition to the work of caring for the crops, these six men looked after thirty cows, a hundred pigs, and raised more than two thousand chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and guinea-hens.

During berry-picking and harvest-time a score of women and children worked, say for a month, a few hours a day in the fields, but this was only fun.

These six men were changed off from time to time, and new ones from the Shops were sent out. But the point I now make is this: Six men working steadily for seven months raised enough produce to feed three hundred people a year. ¶ This is no theory—we had the people and we fed them.

Not only did these men feed the three hundred people, but they raised enough extra stuff to feed the thirty cows, the hundred hogs and the two thousand head of poultry. And in the deal were ten brood-sows that did their part of contributing one hundred and seventy-nine pigs. And this live stock returned enough to the soil to insure no drain on the land. The hogs and poultry were fed almost entirely on the scraps from the kitchen and on skimmed milk. What little we had to buy was paid for by products we sold to our neighbors.

It will be noted that we sent nothing to market, so we paid no commissions to middlemen. None of our produce was lost by being spoiled before it found a buyer, and we paid out nothing for transportation, commissions, storage, icing and insurance. What we could not use—all of the waste—went to feed the live stock.

Here you get an absolute economy, which shows what a group of people can do as opposed to the individualistic plan of life.

The expense of living is not so much in what men consume, as in what they waste and destroy * *

*

✱ T takes a lot of mother-love to bring up a child, and the miracle of mother-love is the constant wonder of every thinking person. Without mother-love how would the cross-grained, perverse, little tyrant ever survive the buffets which the world is sure to give? It is love that makes existence possible.

*

Do not stop to think about who are with you, and what men are against you. It matters little at the last—both the ability to harm and the ability to help are overestimated.

Love and Poetry



THE business of Robert Burns was love-making.

All love is good, but some kinds of love are better than others.

¶ Through Burns' penchant for falling in love we have his songs.

A Burns bibliography is simply a record of his love-affairs, and the spasms of repentance that followed his lapses are made manifest in religious verse.

Poetry is the very earliest form of literature, and is the natural expression of a person in love; and I suppose we might as well admit the fact at once that without love there would be no poetry.

Poetry is the bill and coo of sex. All poets are lovers, either actual or potential, and all lovers are poets. Potential poets are the people who read poetry; and so without lovers the poet would never have a market for his wares.

If you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion; if your spirit is no longer surged by music; if you do not linger over certain lines of poetry, it is because the love instinct in your heart has withered to ashes of roses.

It is idle to imagine Bobby Burns as a staid member of the Kirk; had he a' been, there would now be no Bobby Burns.

The literary ebullition of Robert Burns, he himself told us, began shortly after he had reached the age of indiscretion; and the occasion was his being paired in the hay-field, according to the Scottish custom, with a bonnie lassie. This custom of pairing still endures, and is what the students of sociology call an expeditious move. ¶ The Scotch are great economists—the greatest in the world. Adam Smith, the father of the science of economics, was a Scotchman; and Buckle, author of "A History of Civilization," flatly declares that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" has influenced the people of Earth for good more than any other book that has ever been written—save none. ¶ The Scotch are great conservators of energy.

The practise of pairing men and women in the hay-field gets the work done. One man and one woman going down the grass-grown path afield might linger and dally by the way. ¶ They would never make hay; but a company of a dozen or more men and women would

not only reach the field, but do a lot of work. In Scotland the hay-harvest is short: when the grass is in bloom, just right to make the best hay, it must be cut. And so the men and women, the girls and boys, sally forth. It is a jolly picnic-time, looked forward to with fond anticipation, and gazed back upon with sweet, sad memories, or otherwise, as the case may be. ¶ But they all make hay while the sun shines, and count it joy. Liberties are allowed during haying-time that otherwise would be declared scandalous; during haying-time the Kirk waives her censor's right, and priest and people mingle joyously. Wives are not jealous during hay-harvest, and husbands are never fault-finding, because they each get even by allowing a mutual license.

In Scotland during haying-time every married man works alongside of some other man's wife. ¶ To the psychologist it is somewhat curious how the desire for propriety is overridden by a stronger desire—the desire for the shilling. The Scotch farmer says, "Anything to get the hay in"; and by loosening a bit the strict bands of social custom the hay is harvested. ¶

Haying-Time

✱ IN the hay-harvest the law of natural selection holds; partners are often arranged for weeks in advance; and trysts continue year after year. Old lovers meet, touch hands in friendly scuffle for a fork, drink from the same jug, recline at noon and eat lunch in the shade of a friendly stack, and talk to heart's content as they Maud Muller on a summer's day.

Of course, this joyousness of the haying-time is not wholly monopolized by the Scotch. ¶ Have n't you seen the jolly haying-parties in Southern Germany, France, Switzerland and the Tyrol? How the bright costumes of the men and the jaunty attire of the women gleam in the glad sunshine!

But the practise is carried to a degree of perfection in Scotland that I have not noticed elsewhere. Surely it is a great economic scheme! It is like that invention of a Connecticut man, which utilizes the ebb and flow of the ocean tides to turn a grist-mill. And it seems queer that no one has ever attempted to utilize the waste of dynamic force involved in the maintenance of the Company Sofa.

In Ayrshire, I have started out with a haying-

party of twenty—ten men and ten women—at six o'clock in the morning, and worked until six at night. I never worked so hard nor did so much. All day long there was a fire of jokes and jolly jibes, interspersed with song, while beneath all ran a gentle hum of confidential interchange of thought. ♣ The man who owned the field was there to direct our efforts, and urge us on in well-doing by merry railery, threat and joyous rivalry.

The point I make is this: we did the work. Take heed, ye Captains of Industry, and note this truth, that where men and women work together, under right influences, much good is accomplished, and the work is pleasurable.

¶ Of course there are vinegar-faced philosophers who say that the Scotch custom of pairing young men and maidens in the hay-field is not without its effect on esoterics, also on vital statistics; and I'm willing to admit there may be danger in the scheme. But life is a dangerous business anyway—few indeed, there be, who get out of it alive.



When you recognize a thing in the outside world, it is because it was yours already.



The Talebearer



HE person who plays pitch and toss with your good name is not necessarily your enemy. If you go to him quietly and ask a favor, he will be glad to grant it, and will consider it an honor to exert himself in your behalf. His unkind remarks are the result of the Gossip Habit. He talks to hear himself talk—nothing is quite so pleasing to his ears as the sound of his own bazoo, and to have others listen to his vaporings is gratifying to his vanity. ¶ He dissects the life and belittles the motives of anybody who is not present. Should the person reviled suddenly appear upon the scene, the theme quickly changes, and the newcomer is treated with kindly deference, and is regaled by hearing the character of some one else ripped up into carpet-rags. The Gossip Microbe is born of vacuity and breeds in idle minds. If you do not hear what the scandalmonger says, you are not harmed. As for those who hear him they are not influenced against you

by what he says, and for the most part his words die on the empty air. He injures no one but himself. However, the person who comes to you and tells you what the loquacious one says about you is a positive pest. His action is unforgivable and unpardonable. He robs you of your peace of mind. The idle charges when told over again take on a different color and become realities. So to repeat: The individual who rails upon me behind my back is very seldom my enemy; the person who comes to me and tells me what he says, is. The first I'll pardon, the latter forever is tabu—let his name forever be anathema. He is the one who magnifies the idle nothings and vacuous vaporings until they become noxious gases. The man who talks gossip is a fool; but the one who repeats it is a rogue. Your friends are those who tell you of the kind things that are said of you; your enemies are those who, in the holy name of friendship, come to you and poison your atmosphere by the other thing. That plan of the king in the olden time who killed the messenger who brought him bad news has my approval. Blessed are the feet of those who bring glad tidings.



Life is a movement outward, an unfolding.



Try it for a Day!



HERE must be an inward shrine where you can go and absolve yourself ♣ ♣ No standard of excellence that society, law or temporal rulers can make is so exacting as the God within. If you think it is easy to live up to your ideal, try it for a day. ¶ Begin tomorrow and in the morning say, "This day I will live as becomes a man. I will put hate, fear, whim and prejudice out of my heart. I will speak no heedless word. I will hold a mental attitude that will benefit every person I meet ♣ I will do my work so well that when night comes, ere I close my eyes in sleep, the God within shall say, 'Well done.'"

If you think it easy, try it for a day!



Rocky is the road evolved from cruelty.

OUR COVER PAGE

GEORGE ELIOT

BY ALICE HUBBARD



HERE are very, very few genuinely honest women in the world, I am told. The same authority informs me that there are very, very few strictly honest men.

And the cause for this serious scarcity of the Diogenes quest is that men have stifled through disuse the qualities that make for integrity. Possibly men have been too fully occupied in giving excuses, reasons, compliments, honeyed words to women, and in explaining how and why God decreed that man was superior to woman.

Man has always been very busy teaching woman untruth—so busy that he has not noticed that being untruthful so much of the time has seriously affected his own honesty in all things.

No man has been eminently successful in lying to woman. If she has believed him wholly, it has been only as Lincoln said about fooling all of the people all of the time.

Woman has been suspicious. She has played the game too well in giving deceit for deceit. When a man is not honest, wholly, with a woman, she returns the same in kind to him, willy-nilly.

You can be purely honest only with a soul of integrity.

The worst of a lie is that it always finds a mate.

A man tells a woman untruths so as to please her, to put her into a good humor that he may the more easily have his own way and still keep her service.

¶ A woman tells a man untruths because she is afraid the truth will displease him; and a man displeased can withhold the means whereby she and her children live.

Few husbands have the courage, the genuine honesty, to tell the straight truth to their wives. The converse is also true. Women pretend to enjoy things which they do not, to abhor things they love, to believe what they know is not true.

The defense for so much untruth usually is that it has to be done for the sake of peace.

¶ Are the honest in trouble the most of the time? Indeed, no! No man is so at peace with the world as the honest man, because he is at peace with himself.

The honest are the wise.

The honest man loves truth above all things. He does not dispose of difficulties as does the ostrich. He faces the proposition, whatever it may be.

Honest people are not like confectioners who can eat their blunders.

Honest people are willing to stand for their mistakes as well as for their successes, which good judgment applauds. They are great enough

to know that life is an evolution and this earth our schoolhouse and playground.

¶ The honest are not afraid; they have nothing to hide; they do their work and let the idle comment, criticize and find fault. They live out their lives in the light.

GEORGE ELIOT was an honest woman. There seems to have been no desire in her heart ever to deceive. I know of no better praise that could be given her mother and her father than to state this fact. Surely her mother lived an honest life or her child would not have been without guile. And the father must have been upright and just, tender and kind, or the mother could not have so endowed her daughter.

The father of George Eliot was Robert Evans, who was the son of George Evans, a builder and carpenter—sturdy men both, strong in body and mind, men of character and great worth.

¶ In an old diary kept by Robert Evans is an entry in his own hand:

"Nov. 22, 1819—Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury Farm, at five o'clock this morning."

One week from that day the father took the baby to be baptized in the church at Chilvers Coton, all in Warwickshire, England.

The mother was Christiana Pearson, a woman of strong mental power and integrity.

When the baby was four months old, the family moved to Griff House, the big, ivy-covered, red brick house George Eliot describes in "Mill on the Floss." ❖ ❖

In this home the family lived for twenty years: here were graven in the child's heart many deep impressions of English country life and of human nature—its joys and its griefs.

MARY ANN EVANS was the youngest of five children. Her father was forty-three years older than she, so that the dignity and strength of middle age were associated in her mind with the idea of father. She was his companion, and his serious view of life impressed itself upon her.

The mother was not physically strong, and the children were all sent away to school—boarding-school, of course—where Mary Ann says the suffering from cold in the big, barren rooms was a vivid remembrance. ❖ But she was fortunate in having teachers who were able to inspire her to work, who were good linguists and who were also good musicians.

She was able to appreciate and understand the spirit of a people whose language she studied. Had she not become so great as a novelist, she would have been known as a musician of power.

AT thirteen George Eliot was in a school where a Baptist revival greatly influenced the children.

She was deeply religious by nature; that is, she had a keen appreciation of the beautiful in all its manifestations, and a reverence for great and powerful phenomena. ❖ Before this

time the Church of England embodied the only form of religious worship she had known.

❖ The emotionalism of the revivalist, the appeal for personal responsibility to God through the mediation of Jesus, vicarious atonement, and original sin, made a great impression on the sensitive mind and active imagination of this genius child. She was one of the foremost to act upon the advice of the clergyman, and often led the frequent prayer-meetings in the school. ❖ Probably the religious meetings described in "Adam Bede" are half history of this time in her life.

Fortunately this period was not a long one. The wholesome life in the country, the responsibilities in the home, the death of Mrs. Evans when Mary Ann was sixteen, and the cares that followed, all tended to keep her mind from too much introspection.

When she was twenty-two she and her father moved to Coventry, where she had time to think and more people to think with. ❖ It was here that she began to write, to live in her own world—a world of her own creation.

IT was in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight that I first knew of George Eliot—a little before her death. I had stolen a few hours and read "Adam Bede." It was a novel—I confessed it—and very bad to read, I knew, for I had been so informed many times. Why was it wicked to read novels? Because novels related stories of people who had never lived, and actions that never happened. Novels were a fearful waste of time, and, moreover, of intrinsic evil.

❖ This writer interested me greatly, and I talked of her incessantly, in my enthusiasm, and asked many questions as to who she was, when and where. ❖ ❖

The encyclopedia said that in religion she was an agnostic. What was that? Why, it was one who confessed that he did not know who or what God was, whether there was a future life or not, a heaven and hell, or whether individuals live as such after life. Not to know about these things was unpardonable sin—at least, to say you did not know.

❖ Then my family renounced George Eliot and all her works.

❖ But I had been profoundly impressed. The mischief was done. Here was a person, a woman, who dared differ from divine doctors, the great mass of civilized people; who could look squarely in the eye the proposition that man knew nothing about this undiscovered country, this bourne from which no traveler had returned; nothing as to whether man lived after this life; whether his identity was preserved or not; or whether any of it was desirable. I had never known any person with such heroism of soul.

One by one I read this woman's books. Dollar by dollar I saved money and bought all she had written. ❖ ❖

Finally I could look at the same propositions, frankly, squarely, fairly, and say, "I do not know. It matters little."

ANY one who needs a bribe or threat, who needs to be cajoled along by the selfish condiments of promises of rewards or punishments, unprovable assurances, fables, is a child to whom the truth is as

yet a stranger. ¶ It is a good brain and a generous heart that can and will accept truth or an impulse to truth, no matter from what source. It shows a mind not bonded to prejudice nor mortgaged to fear. ❧

George Eliot at thirty, writing to a friend about Rousseau, says:

"It would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life, religion and government are miserably erroneous—that he was guilty of some of the worst basenesses that have degraded civilized man. ❧ I might admit all this: and it would not be the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions; which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me; and this not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim Ahnungen in my soul; the fire of his genius has so fused together old thoughts and old prejudices that I have been ready to make new combinations."

¶ THE hospitable mind is necessary to evolution. Entertain the thoughts and ideas of others. You may get a thrill of life that will give you a new view of the entire scheme of things. The lack of hospitality of ideas is the cause of that long delay of the day when we shall do unto others

as we would have them do unto us. ¶ When George Eliot found what was truth to her, she accepted it, knowing that tomorrow she would see greater truth. ❧

George Eliot had nothing in common with the man who boasted that he became a Baptist at ten and thanked God that he was a Baptist now, and he should die a Baptist. The religion of her father could not be good enough for her, for she was evolving every day. ❧ She pitied those whose minds were a bastille, so fortified that nothing once there could escape, and nothing new enter—a prison whose door only opened to the big Key of the Warden—Tradition and the Printed Book.

George Eliot knew that Holy Scripture was being made every moment—now, and that God revealed Himself in this time just as much as He had ever done.

Forever and forever, this woman of genius faced the East. ❧

¶ HERE are many incidents in a life, but only a few events that affect the current of a person's thought and action.

When George Eliot came under the influence of Baptist teachings and saw that there were other beliefs than that of the English Church, she was thrilled—it was a new idea. ❧

At twenty-three, when she met Mr. and Mrs. Bray, who were liberal religionists, she entered into a new phase of life. ❧ She ceased going to church. There was for her then a new heaven and a new earth, and a new God and a new humanity.

When her friend, Miss Brabant, married and gave to George Eliot her commission to translate Strauss' "Leben Jesu," another life for her was begun. The success of this work gave the encouragement that led her into literary work as an occupation. ❧

Known as Number Four on the "Westminster Review," George Eliot began to live. Her acquaintance and lifelong friendship with Herbert Spencer began there. And, by the way, she prophesied that her friend would one day be recognized as a great philosopher. ¶ It was through Herbert Spencer that she came to know George Henry Lewes. ❧ Mr. Spencer brought Mr. Lewes to call upon her. Then acquaintance grew into friendship, and friendship flowered into love. At thirty-five Mary Ann Evans married George Henry Lewes. At the age of thirty-seven, known to the world as George Eliot, she was recognized as a master mind in the creative art of a novelist.

George Henry Lewes was a writer whose reputation as a thinker and critic was established when he married this great woman. His encouragement, his constant companionship gave to her the help she needed to become one of the greatest portrayers of character and of human characteristics who has ever written.

¶ WHO would know the human heart should read the books written by George Eliot.

She opens the door into the workshop of the mind, and intelligently, clearly, shows what is there.

It has been the experience of many to find that she pictures

life as it is, not as dreamers dream it is.

There is in George Eliot's novels none of the sentimental fiction that puts before the mind false ideas of love, marriage, and the genuine hardships that life brings; none of the false statements that lure the unwary into traps from whence there is no return to life except as maimed and broken bodies. ¶ All who would know humanity as it is, read what this great woman wrote. Open your eyes to life about you, in your own heart, and see if it does not ring true.

GEORGE ELIOT was blessed in every way—in her parents, in her home, her joys, her griefs.

She was born at a time when England was the center of intellectual interest. ¶ The Royal Academy was young. There were still living George Sand, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the Herschels, Pitt, Fox and George the Third. Miss Milford was still writing; Jane Austen was popular; and the name of Elizabeth Fry was known and had influence. Schiller was a

vivid memory, Napoleon had just gone to St. Helena, and Europe had not found her equilibrium from the recent disruption. ¶

CONTEMPORARY with George Eliot, though some of them were a little older, were Dickens, Froude, Darwin, Tennyson, Charles Kingsley, the Brontës, Huxley, Thackeray, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, Herbert Spencer, Burne-Jones, Bulwer, the Rossettis, the Carlyles, Miss Martineau, John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, Wordsworth, Liszt, Faraday, and Wagner.

When Emerson was in England he spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Bray. George Eliot was there, and speaks of it as "The Emerson Day," and says of him, "The first Man I have ever seen." She was intensely interested in America, and read of all that was said and done here. She read Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Margaret Fuller intimately. ¶ She met and talked with Theodore Parker and Bryant.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewes traveled much in Europe, and the Great were glad to welcome them

everywhere. Liszt invited them to his home and often played for them. All the recognition that the heart of a creative genius could wish came to this great woman. ¶ She was an incessant worker, conscientious, delicate, womanly, marvelously brave.

Her heart went out to all womankind, and she keenly felt the hardships that the mere accident of sex brought to them. ¶ She worked for married women's property-rights and prayed for the day to dawn when woman should be acknowledged a full and free citizen in every country where woman lives.

More than all, she lived—lived her own life as her conscience dictated. ¶ She was self-supporting and even made a fortune. She was truly a great and noble woman.

George Eliot passed away after a short illness, December the Twenty-second, Eighteen Hundred Eighty. On the Twenty-ninth of December, she was laid to rest most lovingly beside George Henry Lewes, who had died two years before.

There in Highgate Cemetery the lovers lie side by side.

Unconditional Surrender

By C. S. Carr, M. D.



THE Emmanuel Movement, of Boston, has made an unconditional surrender to the medical profession. Its managers have crawled down, and are figuratively licking their master's feet, apologizing for their existence.

¶ They started out with the notion that there was something in religion available for the cure of chronic diseases. They had a faint and apparently vague belief that there was efficacy enough in religious conversion to change a

man's life physically as well as mentally.

¶ Very naturally they offended the physicians. The doctors set up a howl about religious fanaticism, and now the religionists have taken it all back. They are promising not to treat any case except by leave of the physicians and under their direction.

It is pathetic, rather than laughable, that the religion of Jesus Christ should have been reduced to such ridiculous straits. Jesus all along stood out against the doctors and Pharisees of His age, confident in the God-given strength possessed, sure that the powers given Him by the Holy Spirit were more than sufficient to cope with them all. He healed diseases in spite of the regular, self-appointed physicians.

The Reason for Failure

✱ F one were to start out in the healing of diseases today, in the name of Jesus Christ, he would find the physicians opposed to him. Of course he would. The Emmanuel Movement ought to have anticipated this. If they found they could not survive under the criticism of the medical profession it would be time then to quit, not turn the movement over to the physicians to sort out from their patients undesirable cases to be treated by religious ministrations.

Rules Governing Selection of Patients

✱ HE above remarks were provoked by reading the following clipping from a special dispatch from Boston:

"Complying with the spirit of sincere criticism the clergy in charge of the Emmanuel Movement have virtually placed the work under the control of the medical profession with the co-operation of an advisory board of four physicians. Rules have been prepared governing the selection of patients for the Emmanuel treatment. These rules are:

"1. No patient shall be received for treatment unless with the approval of and after having been thoroughly examined by his or her family physician, and a report of the examination shall be placed on file with the minister's records.

"2. No patient shall be referred for diagnosis or treatment to any specialist or assistant save with the advice and consent of the patient's own physician.

"3. All patients who are not under the care of a physician must choose one and put themselves in his care before they can receive instructions at Emmanuel Church."

To those who ask for advice in this clinic there shall be handed a printed alphabetical list of all general practitioners (internists) attached to the visiting and out-patient staffs of certain hospitals. From this or from any other source the patient prefers, a physician is to be selected, should the advisory board of physicians decide that non-patients thus referred to them ought to receive treatment at Emmanuel. None will be treated there. "Through the operation of Rules 1, 2 and 3, it will be seen," says the statement accompanying the rules, "that an internist remains throughout in general charge of every case."

End of the Emmanuel Movement

✱ T thus rests wholly with the physicians, and not with the Emmanuel clergy to decide whether a patient should be referred to a

neurologist or other specialist, and which patients, if any, are suitable for treatment by moral and religious re-education at Emmanuel, and which shall be operated on. "We believe," says the statement, "that under these rules the fundamental object of the movement deserves the support of all physicians and the community generally." The Emmanuel Movement is a movement in a circle and is back where it started from. Most reforms end this way, but usually they require time to make the migration. The Emmanuel Movement has speed but not endurance.

To love one's friends, to bathe in life's sunshine, to preserve a right mental attitude—the receptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to do one's work—these make up an ideal life.

Medical Superstition

By Dr. J. H. Tilden



T would be a good thing if we had a few judges in this day and age of the world who had the commonsense and bravery as well as the humane impulses of the erstwhile Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the year Seventeen Hundred Nine.

Who, it was said, was extremely wild in his youth, and being once engaged with some of his rakish friends in a trip into the country, in which they had spent all their money, it was agreed they should try their fortune separately. Holt arrived at an inn at the end of a straggling village, ordered his horse to be taken care of, and bespoke a supper and a bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he observed a little girl of thirteen shivering with an ague. Upon making inquiry respecting her, the landlady told him that she was her only child, and had been ill nearly a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure for her from physic. He gravely shook his head at the doctors, bade her be under no further concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in a court-hand on a scrap of parchment, which had been the direction affixed to a hamper, and, rolling it up, directed that it should be bound upon

the girl's wrist and there allowed to remain until she was well. The ague returned no more; and Holt, having remained in the house a week, called for his bill. "God bless you, sir," said the old woman, "you're nothing in my debt, I'm sure. I wish, on the contrary, that I was able to pay you for the cure which you have made of my daughter. Oh! if I had had the happiness to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds." With pretended reluctance he accepted his accommodation as a recompense, and rode away. Many years elapsed, Holt advanced in his profession of the law and went a circuit, as one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, into the same country, where, among other criminals brought before him, was an old woman under a charge of witchcraft. To support this accusation, several witnesses swore that the prisoner had a spell with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick or destroy those that were well, and that in the use of this spell she had been lately detected, and that it was now ready to be produced in court. Upon this statement the judge desired that it might be handed up to him. It was a dirty ball, wrapped round with several rags and bound with pack-thread. These coverings he carefully removed, and beneath them found a piece of parchment, which he immediately recognized as his own youthful fabrication. For a few moments he remained silent. At length, recollecting himself, he addressed the jury to the following effect: "Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of my life, which very ill suits my present character and the station in which I sit; but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence, and to countenance superstition. This bauble, which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scroll which I wrote with my own hand and gave to this woman, whom for no other reason you accuse as a witch." He then related the particulars of the transaction, with such an effect upon the minds of the people, that his old landlady was the last person tried for witchcraft in that country.

The Spirit of Witchcraft

IS this recital far-fetched? It is exactly in line, except that the "bauble" in this case is germs.

Perhaps it will be well, while we are at it, to quote from some of our recorded history in

regard to witches and witchcraft. For fear the reader may think I am prejudiced, what follows is taken from the American Encyclopedia and other reference-books.

A witch is a person supposed to have formed a compact with Satan, and the practise of the powers thereby acquired.

The whole subject is strictly of Christian origin. The basis or foundation of the Christian doctrine is a belief in God, Satan and the warfare that exists between these two opposing monarchs of the universe. Persons were supposed to be possessed of superhuman powers, including the ability to injure others, to read their thoughts, to call up spirits of the dead, to transform themselves into the likeness of animals, to be present in opposition at a distance from the actual locality of their bodies, to fascinate by a look, etc.

They were supposed to bear upon their bodies a "witch mark" affixed by Satan.

Unknown diseases, extraordinary occurrences, or circumstances not explainable upon known theories, were commonly attributed to the influence of the devil and the agency of witches. Always and ever the mystery-loving, navel-contemplating, self-hypnotizing animal known as man seeks the mysterious rather than the simple and the true.

People possessed of these powers were punished by death, because they were the blackest of criminals.

In Sixteen Hundred Eighty-eight an Irish woman was hanged in the city of Boston, accused of bewitching four children belonging to a family by the name of Goodwin.

From June to October, Sixteen Hundred Ninety-two, in Salem, Massachusetts, nineteen persons were hanged, among them some of the most pious and reputable citizens of the country. Six were men, including one clergyman, and thirteen were women. One Giles Corey, a man upward of eighty years of age, for refusing to plead was pressed to death. This torture is known as *Peine Forte et Dure*, and it is generally believed that this is the only instance of that punishment being resorted to in this country. In England for capital felony or petit treason when the accused stood mute—refused to plead—it was quite common. It consisted of sending the prisoner back to prison, laying him in some low, dark room, almost naked, upon his back, burdening his body with very heavy weights and giving him once each

day a portion of the meanest bread or water, bread one day and water the next, and this was continued to the prisoner's death.

This was the last legal murdering for this extraordinary crime—an invention of human minds guided and directed by a religion of love. There were three persons condemned in January, Sixteen Hundred Ninety-three, but were not executed, for the following May the governor discharged all those in jail—about one hundred and fifty.

Cotton Mather's Ministration of Love

COTTON MATHER was one of the most prominent ministers of that day in that section of this country, and he had as much to do with bringing all those criminals to punishment as any one. He was an authority on the subject of witchcraft. He was born in Sixteen Hundred Sixty-two, hence was twenty-nine years old when most successful in fighting the children of the Devil. That is an age when man's philosophy carries the keenest edge. He can expound with no apologies to insanity; but add fifteen to twenty more years of experience, then such philosophizing can be tolerated only because the expounder is either insane or an imbecile. The difference in the drivel of individuals between twenty-five and thirty years of age and the drivel of those between forty-five and fifty is that in youth it is mental debauchery; twenty years later it is mental impotency.

This expounder of the laws of God and Devil was conversant with spirits and devils; he found them familiar with the Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but not up to par on Indian. He pronounced witchcraft "the most nefarious high treason against the Majesty on High."

He wrote a book in Sixteen Hundred Ninety-two, entitled "Wonders of the Invisible World" (it is surprising how well posted some minds are on the invisible when they know nothing of the visible), in order to convince those who doubted the justness of the obsessions of those he helped to execute.

The Mather type of mind poisons all the avenues of true thinking; his reverse prototypes are those who are either legally murdered, incarcerated or fugitives from justice. They are the bright, active, but unsound minds. This fact can not be known or believed by the mass of humanity, hence the van-leaders will always run the world, and the dear people

will spend most of their time jumping into inextricable abysses of mental illogicalities following these leaders.

He received the approbation of the president of Harvard College and the governor of the State. To add to his glory it can be said that it was due to his efforts, in conjunction with Dr. Boylston, that inoculation for smallpox was introduced into Boston in Seventeen Hundred Twenty-one. To show how closely the old seat of learning adheres to the teachings of one of the principals connected with the humane work of ridding the world of witches and the children of the devil, it can be said that the retiring president declared for vaccination only a short time before retirement.



The Ideal Life is only the normal or natural life as we shall some day know it.



The Military

By Bernard Shaw



UST as the most incorrigible criminal is always, we are told, the best-behaved convict, so the man with least conscience and initiative makes the best-behaved soldier, and that not wholly through mere fear of punishment, but through a genuine fitness for and consequent happiness in the child-like military life. Such men dread freedom and responsibility as a weak man dreads a risk or heavy burden; and the objection to the military system is that it tends to produce such men by a weakening disuse of the moral muscles. No doubt this is what the military system aims at, its ideal soldier being, not a complete man, but a docile unit of cannon-fodder which can be trusted to respond promptly and certainly to the external stimulus of a shouted order, and is intimidated to the pitch of being afraid to run away from a battle. It may be doubted whether even in the Prussian heyday of the system, when floggings of hundreds and even thousands of lashes were matters of ordinary routine, this detestable ideal was ever realized; but your courts-martial are not practical enough to take that into account; it is characteristic of the military mind continually to ignore human nature and cry for the moon

instead of facing modern social facts and accepting modern democratic conditions. And when I say the military mind, I repeat that I am not forgetting the patent fact that the military mind and the human mind can exist in the same person; so that an officer who will take all the civilian risks, from city traffic to fox-hunting, without uneasiness, and who will manage all the civil employees on his estate and in his house and stables without the aid of a Mutiny Act, will also, in his military capacity, frantically declare that he dare not walk about in a foreign country unless every crime of violence against an Englishman in uniform is punished by the bombardment and destruction of a whole village, or the wholesale flogging and execution of every native in the neighborhood, and also that unless he and his fellow officers have power, without the intervention of a jury, to punish the slightest self-assertion or hesitation to obey orders, however grossly insulting or disastrous those orders may be, with sentences which are reserved in civil life for the worst crimes, he can not secure the obedience and respect of his men, and the country will accordingly lose all of its colonies and dependencies, and be helplessly conquered in the German invasion which he confidently expects to occur in the course of a fortnight or so. That is to say, in so far as he is an ordinary gentleman he behaves sensibly and courageously; and in so far as he is a military man he gives way without shame to the grossest folly, cruelty and poltroonery. If any other profession in the world had been stained by these vices, and by false witness, forgery, swindling, torture, compulsion of men's families to attend their executions, digging up and mutilation of dead enemies, all wantonly added to the devastation proper to its own business, as the military profession has been within recent memory in England, France and the United States of America (to mention no other countries), it would be very difficult to induce men of capacity and character to enter it.



Votes for women! Yes, by all means, because you can not raise a nobler race of sons when the mothers are door-mat wives, and the fathers sit high aloft on the marital steam-roller, or tumble headlong from the water-wagon to pick up the whip.

Yes, I believe in votes for Women!

Ten Commandments Revised

By Henry Frank



I
AM the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, that I might set thee in the land of Myopia, in the house of Superstition.

II
Thou shalt have none other gods beside me, saith the Lord God Gold; I am a jealous god, and whosoever is not subservient unto me I make poor and destitute ✱ ✱

III
Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain upon the lips of thy mouth; but in thy purse, in thy business, in thy swollen treasury, in the oppression of the weak, and defenseless, it shall not be counted against thee as vanity, for the Lord thy Gold is a thrifty god.

IV
Remember the Sabbath-Day to keep it holy, that thou mayest not burden thyself with its remembrance on the days of the week. Six days shalt thou earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow, until thou learnest to make the sweat of others earn it for thee. On the seventh day shalt thou rest and forget thy iniquities.

V
Honorthy father and thy mother, that they may yield to thy palaver and seductive cunning and become victims of thy browbeating and tyranny. It is a wise son who so selects his parents that they will die rich and leave behind a goodly name and heritage for him to squander and besmirch.

VI
Thou shalt not kill, unless in war-time by Act of Congress, or unless thou hast the sufficient wherewithal to purchase the jury, corrupt the court and retain a gang of high-class criminals commonly classed as lawyers. For it is easier for a poor man to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to be condemned.

VII
Thou shalt not commit adultery in such fashion that the world shall hear thereof, or that shall cause thee to be haled into courts where divorcements are written. What thou doest, do discreetly, that thou mayest avoid the ways of the co-respondent.

VIII

Thou shalt not steal—in small quantities. The loaf-grabber shall be jailed; the land-grabber shall be haled. He that maketh a million by cunning device is wise and shall escape; he that taketh a penny by open theft is doomed and shall be damned. When thou stealeth let it be enough that thy swag may be sufficient to satisfy them that are in power that thy pull be not in vain.

IX

Thou shalt not bear false witness—unless thou art a woman; it is permitted unto her to lie, for she can not shoot. If thou sweareth falsely in any writing that involveth less than a thousand shekels, thy name shall be "raca"; if less than ten thousand shekels, they that know will call thee fool; but if by thy false swearing thou gaineth a million shekels or more, thou shalt become a Prince in the land of the Sybarites, and thy name be glorified through all ages.

X

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house—'t is safer to insert an obscure clause in the deed and calmly saw thy wood. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife—but teach thou the gossips how to chew a bit of rumor and time will kindly do the rest. Thou shalt not covet his man-servant—merely buy him off; nor his maid-servant—present her with a box of jewels; nor his ox—a horse would be better; nor his ass—nay, for thou art unto thyself sufficient; nor anything that is his; for to covet aught is burdensome when thou canst with impunity possess it. 'T is given unto the wise to possess invisible hands wherewith abounding wealth shall be seized; lest the poor become proud and riches shall be squandered.

We best redeem the past by forgetting it.

It's None of Our Affair

By Ernest Crosby



E 'VE loosed ourselves from Calvin's chain;

No bigots blind are we;
The freedom of our heart and brain
Is beautiful to see.

No more are infants doomed, we trust,
To burn in hottest hell;
For such a fate would be unjust,
As any one might tell.

Of course, they are condemned on earth
To pine in wretched slums,
But then, they 'll have no end of mirth
When heaven's kingdom comes.

And if meanwhile they die like flies
From lack of food and air,
As you may readily surmise,
It's none of our affair.

The dogma of election, too
Is more absurd than this;
God for no arbitrary few
Reserves eternal bliss.

Of course, a few of us on earth
Inherit all the plums,
But we shall lose our rights of birth
When heaven's kingdom comes.

And meanwhile, if it is our fate
To feast on choicest fare,
When men lie begging at our gate,
It's none of our affair.

Again, we hardly are content,
That for the things we've done,
Our Judge should wreak His punishment
Upon a guiltless one.

Of course, our toilers bear on earth
Their cross, till each succumbs;
'T is time enough to crown their worth
When heaven's kingdom comes.

And if meanwhile luxurious ease,
And vice and want of care,
Make us exploit the lives of these,
It's none of our affair.

And so, you see, in heaven above,
Where we have never been,
We've 'stablished justice, peace and love,
And put an end to sin.

All religious bigotry
We've swept from heart and mind,
Of course, from cant we're also free,
Of economic kind.

For if meanwhile a hell on earth
Is spreading everywhere,
And plenty roots itself in dearth,
It's none of our affair.

Resources of Alaska

By E. S. Harrison



One were to say that Alaska contained more gold than California, Australia or South Africa, more coal than Pennsylvania and West Virginia, more copper than all the other copper-mines of the United States; that there are more fish in Alaskan waters than in all the fisheries of the Atlantic Coast; that the value of Alaska's fur product is greater than the value of the fur product of any other region of the world; that there are millions of acres of farming and grazing land, as yet unsurveyed by the Government, which can be made productive and profitable—if one should say all this, the ordinary reader might doubt his veracity. Yet all these statements are facts which will be conclusively demonstrated within the next quarter of a century.

The principal resources of Alaska are minerals, fish and furs. A large area of the country is unquestionably adapted to farming and stock-raising. The timber of Alaska is a valuable asset, and there is a large quantity of it. But Alaska is a new land. There are only about forty thousand white people in this entire country. Ten years ago the population of Alaska was confined to the Southeastern part of the territory and probably two thousand adventurous gold-seekers in the Yukon Basin. Within the past decade the population has steadily but slowly increased.

The development of the country, considering the vast area and small number of people that are doing the work, is almost marvelous. In what other part of the United States is there such a per-capita production of wealth as in Alaska? And yet it is apparent that this vast region has been scarcely touched. Here and there, separated by distances of hundreds of miles, are centers of industrial activity. Many important mineral discoveries have been made, but they do not yet enter into the wealth production of the country because of lack of transportation facilities. Where there are rivers, nature's highways, providing a means of transportation for metals and minerals that have been found, or where discoveries of wealth have been made near the sea, as in the Nome country, there have been wonderful

developments; but the greatest known wealth of the country, that of copper and coal, is waiting for a means of transportation to increase many-fold the value of Alaska's annual products.

Alaska Compared With California

CALIFORNIA, with a total area of one hundred fifty-five thousand square miles, only a small part of which is a gold-bearing country, has produced a total of about one billion five hundred million dollars of gold. Alaska has an area of five hundred eighty-six thousand four hundred square miles, and a mineralized area as large as the entire State of California. Some of the placer-mines discovered in Alaska contained the richest concentration of auriferous gravels and sands ever found. These facts alone are sufficient data to justify the prediction that Alaska will yield more gold than California—in fact, more gold than any State or country where gold has been discovered.

In the days of the Argonauts the valleys and foothills of California were considered of no value except for stock-raising. The miners of Forty-nine and the Fifties failed to realize the wonderful potential wealth of fruit and grain in the arid plains and rolling lands of the early California. It would be extravagant to carry this analogy into Alaska, but it is nevertheless a fact that as the early gold-seekers failed to realize the farming and horticultural possibilities of California, so do the miners of Alaska fail to realize the farming and grazing possibilities of many millions of acres in this vast Northland territory of ours.

The development of mineral resources—which means the mining of copper, tin and other metals, as well as gold—the mining of coal and the exploitation of other non-metalliferous minerals, will require the construction of railroads, the building of smelters, the operation of more steamers between Alaskan ports and the Pacific Coast ports of the United States, the creation of more industrial centers, increase in the present population of Alaska, and work for many thousand people who as yet have never thought of going to this country. Alaskan farms and stock-ranches can supply the food for this increasing population. The development of the mining industries will hasten the development of agriculture and the establishment of a permanent home population in the Territory.

Alaska's Natural Resources

THE fish product of Alaska is valued at ten million dollars annually. The total value of food-fishes taken from Alaska waters since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight is more than one hundred fifteen million dollars. Ninety per cent of this revenue is created by the salmon industry. The thirty thousand square miles of cod-banks in the North Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea are comparatively untouched. Halibut-fishing, which may be successfully pursued from Dixon Entrance to the Alaskan Peninsula, is but in its infancy. The fish product of Alaska already constitutes an important part of the world's food-supply. When capital thoroughly exploits the vast area of Alaskan cod-banks, and other branches of the fish industry are fully developed, the results will prove the statements in the opening paragraph—that there are more fish in Alaskan waters than in all the fisheries of the Atlantic Coast of the United States.

The forests of Alaska in time will become a valuable asset. Aside from the merchantable lumber that can be obtained from spruce, hemlock and cedar, there are vast areas of small trees of soft wood—and it may not be long before Alaska is a source of supply of wood-pulp for the manufacture of paper. It is not likely that Alaska ever will become a great orchard or vineyard. But the quantity of wild berries that grow in Alaska is surprising to the chechako. Blueberries, cranberries, salmon-berries, currants, strawberries, and several other varieties of berries are indigenous to Alaska. The blueberry grows prolifically from Dixon Entrance to the Arctic slope. When berries are ripe the bears of Alaska feast and grow fat in the blueberry patches; the Indian and the Eskimo obtain a delicious dessert for fish, flesh and roots, and store away quantities for winter use; and the white settlers make jams and jellies and wines.

Noise is not Truth nor proof of Candor.

VACCINATION belongs to the germ superstition, and many apparently intelligent people believe in it, notwithstanding that it legitimately belongs to and is an outcropping of witchcraft. There is something about vaccination and serum therapy that ministers to a longing in the human mind for the intoxication of mystery.—Dr. J. H. Tilden.

Mend Your Buzzer

By N. Gard

H, when the doctors threaten,
Your health is failing fast,
Why, just keep on a-smilin',
Be cheerful, if you 'd last.

Yea, corner up the ozone,
And smash the ether-cone,
Go on a-fletcherizing,
And s'prise the folks at home.

Keep down to simple victuals,
The kind wise mothers fix,
Serve everything up Kosher,
Defy Charon of Styx.

And then you 'll be a lifer,
A-treadin' this here earth,
Your buzzer 'll be eternal,
Of bliss there 'll be no dearth.

Don't think that creedish Gold-Dust,
And pious angel twins,
Will scrub you up in heaven
And wash away your sins.

The angels are right here, sir,
Hooray and Whoop-ee, Gee,
And not 'way off in Saturn,
Awaiting you and me.

They 're just real workin' people,
Who tug and strive, achieve,
A-eatin' bread and taters,
And drinking Schilling's tea.

And when they want elixer,
To steep their mental whey,
They subscri-graph to Hubbard,
"Philistine, Journeys, Fra."

Ah, bless me, this is pleasant,
Phosphorus, plus,
To work down here in heaven,
Expose the devil's muss.

Next time the doctors threaten,
Your buzzer 's slowin' down,
Say "Scat, run, hike for shelter,
For reason 's gaining ground."

And when the crafty preachers,
Spout big of judgment-day,
A-talkin' fire and brimstone,
Just say, "O, Pshaw, go 'way!"

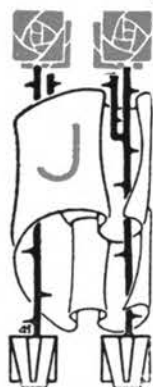
Forget their silly dogmas,
 Their diadems, their crowns,
 Emancipate your virtues,
HOORAY FOR BUSTER BROWN!

Yea, "earn your health, you lobster,"
 Dismiss all fear, dead forms,
 Fletcherizing, cheer, deep breathing,
 Will swing you to the norm.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY IS LOVE.

The Making of Men

By William Marion Reedy



G. SHEDD, the Manager of "Marshall Field's," says that if he wished to evolve a man of the highest type, a man of courage, resource, invention, integrity and character he would pick a healthy boy of fifteen who had to earn his own living. If this boy had a widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters dependent on him, it would be no disadvantage. This boy would then be placed on the lowest rung of the ladder that he was to climb, and all we would have to do would be to Watch Minneapolis Grow. Alfred Henry Lewis says that so far as he knows, all good buildings, even the Parthenon that crowns the Acropolis at Athens, were built from the ground up, and not from the clouds down. Humans also grow from the ground up. And the man whose growth begins at a goodly distance from the soil never grows very high nor very strong. Now, what is the condensed moral of Mr. Shedd's remark? I'll tell you. It is that the earning of his living is a necessary part in the education of a boy who has reached his fifteenth or sixteenth year. It also means that a boy is educated or evolved by giving him responsibilities. Now I am inclined to think that not a college president in America will take exception to Mr. Shedd's proposition, provided you do not demand that the college president aforesaid shall arise and confess the truth before his student body and his faculty. Colleges are business concerns, and due care is always taken not to offend the Managing Mamma. And Mamma is usually intent on social honors, not competence and character. This is why cigarettes are optional at Harvard.

The Soubrette

By Preston Kendall



IGSIE exercised the unassailable prerogative of her position and came in at rehearsal seventeen minutes late.

She somnambulated in the Locoed Lil and the Semitic Lover Company for ten per week and cakes.

Jigsie swore she was an actress and got herself arrested for perjury, but she roasted the judge so thoroughly that his successor gave her ten years for arson. Yes, La Somnambula was late.

The stage manager turned blond without chemicals.

Jigsie said she was stopping on the North Side and got bridged.

Whereat Props felt called upon to defend himself and exclaimed defiantly: "Search me!" Jigsie stopped to do a tambourine dance about her part, but the plot had been knitted at Ypsilanti, so she could n't get out of it. The leading lady got tired of faking monologues that ended with an entrance cue.

His Juveniles, who always had an audience crying in the last act (over the loss of their admission money), did not like the scenic artist. He lisped revengefully, "Get onto the drop-curtain." The Angel meekly intimated that a specific performance of this injunction might inconvenience his tailor—so they dropped the curtain. Jigsie wanted to rehearse the race scene and she sent Props to the hook-and-eye factory to fetch Humpy DeLong. Introspectively Humpy's prophetic soul foretold a Past. She began life early as a dromedary, but the climate was enervating and she could not hump herself.

She was the authoress of an autobiographical sketch: "With Sennacherib at Askalon and Ekron."

Props returned it with the intelligence (he had swiped it, possessing none of his own) that Humpy had found a mare's nest and was setting.

The orchestra played Cribbage—a lullaby expressly written by the Expressman.

The strong man's reward lies in being strong. Is that not enough?

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THESE Concerns used THE FRA during the First Year of its existence in Print. The Second Year, so pleased were they with the First Year's Showing that they sent us "Repeat" Orders. And now as Appreciative Buyers of Saleful Space, they are planning the Third Year's Campaign in THE FRA. ¶ Look 'em over, Gentlemen; these Are The People who have Made Good, to Themselves and to You. And they Advertise in THE FRA For a Reason that is a Reason—IT PAYS.

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Jones Dairy Farm

Equitable Life Assurance Society
The Aeolian Company
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A. Schilling & Company
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W. Atlee Burpee & Company

You can do no Better than follow the Lead of The Leaders

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Back Cover Page (7x10½)	\$ 200	One-Half Fra Page (7x5)	\$ 50
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Half Standard Magazine Page (5x3½) \$30			

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Felny Advertising Dept., The Roycrofters, East Aurora

To be a personage and not a person, follow up all FRA references and allusions for a year. We will show you how.

A Talk With Investors

BY A BANKING FIRM

BEING A FEW QUESTIONS WITH A CONCLUSION

Q Can there be a safer foundation for bonds than land in and adjacent to New York City?

Q Is there any commodity which as steadily increases in value?

Q If an issue of bonds combines safety through being based on such land and possibility of profit through being given a share in the increasing value of the land as the City grows, should that not be an attractive issue?

Q Is there such an issue of bonds, and will the owner of them have a good income return while he carries them, awaiting the profit from the appreciation in the value of the land?

A In our opinion, the Six per cent bonds of the Dean Alvord Securities Company, sold at par with Fifty per cent bonus in stock, in denominations of Two Hundred, Six Hundred and One Thousand Dollars, meet the above requirements and offer an attractive investment.

A Mr. Dean Alvord, with twenty years' experience in buying and selling real estate on Long Island, has purchased for the Corporation carefully selected acreage in or adjacent to New York City, much of it in the newly opened section at the Long Island terminus of the Queensboro Bridge—Manhattan Terminal at East Fifty-ninth Street. This cash investment is represented by bonds bearing Six per cent interest and maturing in Nineteen Hundred Twenty-nine. The Corporation is capitalized for an amount equal to the bonded debt, and of this stock Fifty per cent is given pro rata to bond-holders and Fifty per cent to Mr. Alvord.

A We believe that the profit of the investor will be larger through such a bond purchase than if he attempts to operate on his own responsibility and judgment in the real estate direct.

A We have a very interesting circular fully describing these bonds and it will be sent to any investor on request. **A** To investors in and about New York City we suggest a personal interview in our office.

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ROYCROFTERS

WILL FURNISH SUITE OF ROOMS

Apartment Will Be Named After Elbert
Hubbard and Will Be Ready
December 23.

The Roycrofters are to have a club home of their own. At a meeting held with Mrs. La Reine H. Baker at her apartments in the Spokane Hotel last evening the members of The Roycroft Junta decided to rent and furnish a suite of downtown rooms, to be known as the Elbert Hubbard Club-rooms. The rooms will be selected by a committee within the next few days, and it is expected that the furnishing will be completed by December 23, the date of the next meeting.

An interesting program was presented at the meeting last night. T. W. Butler spoke on "The Third Article of the Credo," C. W. Hungerford on "The Fra," H. W. Pierce on "The Personality of Elbert Hubbard," and Mrs. Baker on "Emerson."—Spokane "Review."

cow, the former being of slow cell growth and the latter rapid. To put the rapid-growing cells, or protoplasm, of a diseased animal (in a condition of virulent, infectious activity) into the slow-growing cells of man, is to disturb the equilibrium of cell life and create that disparity, disarrangement and disorganization which, as the season for cancer comes late in life, results in cancer, if not in tuberculosis earlier.—W.B. Clark, M.D.

THE kind of exercise that hits the mark is the kind a man likes for its own sake; and the kind a man likes for its own sake has something of the play-spirit in it—the life and go of good game. It will give a

CANCER was practically unknown until cowpox vaccination began to be introduced. Cancer, I believe, is a disease of cell life, a disturbance of its equilibrium, manifested by the rapid growth of cells and the consequent building up of a tumor. I have had to do with at least two hundred cases of cancer, and here declare that I never saw a case of cancer in an unvaccinated person. The way vaccination causes cancer is like this: It takes twenty-one years to make a man and but four to make a

chance for some rivalry, a definite goal to aim at, a point to win—something, in other words, to enlist his interest and arouse his enthusiasm. You can not look at such exercise merely for its effects on the neuro-muscular apparatus. It reaches the man's very self. Its psychological value is as important as its physiological. The good a man gets out of a brisk horseback ride in the park is something more than what comes simply from the activity of his muscular system, or from the effect of the constant jolting

THE FRA supplies sand for the gizzards of good men and great.

upon the digestive organs ♣ There is the stimulus to the whole system that comes from his filling his lungs with fresh out-of-door air. There is the exhilaration of sunshine and blue sky, and of the wind on the skin ♣ There is the excitement of controlling a restive animal. All this makes the phenomenon a complex one, something much larger than the mere term "exercise" would imply ♣ A man could sit on a mechanical horse in a gymnasium and be jolted all day without getting any of these larger effects. —Luther Gulick.

♣ A man advanced gradually in intellectual power, and was enabled to trace the more remote consequences of his actions; as he acquired sufficient knowledge to reject baneful customs and superstitions; as he regarded more and more, not only the welfare, but the happiness of his fellowmen; as from habit, following beneficial experience, his sympathies became more tender and widely diffused, extending to men of all races, and finally to the lower animals, so would the standard of his morality rise higher and higher.

Looking to future generations, there is no cause

To prevent Dry-Rot, join a Roycroft Fraternity Junto and take an active, helpful, cheery interest in helping other people get an education.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

Has been in use in civilized Countries since the establishment of Coffee-Houses in England in 1652. The best-known school of English Literature had its birth and rise in these early Coffee-Shops. Here it was that Swift, Steele, Addison, Johnson, Pope, Boswell and other famous writers of that period met in convivial company, over steaming cups of aromatic coffee, and talked and laughed and jested and stole each other's thoughts, and wrote and incidentally became famous. The influence exerted by Coffee and the Coffee-House upon the life and letters of these men is too apparent to be disregarded. Good Coffee was then, and still continues to be, the favorite beverage of the intellectual; recognized for years as a fountainhead of Literary Inspiration. Besides, High-Grade Coffee has a distinct and peculiar Food Value. Ask your Physician!

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combines careful curing, proper roasting and judicious blending, also a superlative degree of cleanliness. It makes a Superior Drink for all occasions. WHITE HOUSE COFFEE comes to you in air-tight tins of 1, 2 and 3 lbs. only. Never sold, shipped or stored in bulk. This maintains for White House a character of excellence not to be approached by Bulk, or Coffee Substitutes.

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to fear that the social instincts will grow weaker, and we may expect that virtuous habits will grow stronger. The struggle between our higher and lower impulses will be less severe, and virtue will be triumphant.—Charles Darwin.

♣ LIVE on the sunny side of the street; shady folks live on the other. I have always preferred the sunshine and have tried to put other people there, if only for an hour or two at a time.—Marshall P. Wilder.

The Religion of the Future

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

(President of Harvard University for forty years)

President Eliot is the most able educator this country has ever produced: a man of master mind, with broad and liberal ideas. In this little volume he dispels the fog that has ever surrounded our religious beliefs, and gives us the truth. A few years ago he would have been ostracized for writing such a book; but the world has changed, and now we have no fear of the old orthodox hell and the accompanying fireworks. President Eliot is not an atheist, he does not seek to destroy our beliefs; but he does tear away the creeds, cant, and conventional forms, that man in all ages has tacked on. If you are a believer, a non-believer, or if you do not know just what you believe, read this book—it will set you right. **Q** Made into a classy little volume by the Caxton workers, printed from large, clear type, in two colors, on special gray paper, portrait frontispiece, bound in stiff gray covers. And the price is ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

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THE CAXTON SOCIETY, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Articles For Business Men

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

WILL CONTAIN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

- | | |
|--|---|
| By the Fireplace—"A Bird's-Eye View of Business," <i>The Editor</i> . | The Power to Choose, and How to Develop It, <i>C. M. Falconer</i> . |
| The Question of Socratic, About Training Employees, The Money-back Policy and Joy in Your Work, <i>The Managing Editor</i> . | Selling Talks, <i>William Scheele</i> . |
| Profit-Sharing, <i>Maron Watson</i> . | School That Teaches Boys How to Live, <i>Thomas Dreier</i> . |
| Why Not Do Earnest Work? <i>Glenwood S. Buck</i> . | Psychology Applied to Merchandising, <i>W. G. Clifford</i> . |
| How Best to Talk the Goods, <i>W. D. Legge</i> . | The Man Who Boosted His House, <i>Frank M. Chester</i> . |
| Inspired Millionaires, <i>Edward Buckrum</i> . | Getting Back the Lost Customer, <i>J. T. Purves</i> . |
| What Makes a Salesman? <i>E. C. Simmons</i> , President Simmons Hardware Company. | Settle It Now, <i>Luther D. Fernald</i> . |
| The Salesman's Duty to His Customer, <i>Luther D. Fernald</i> . | Taking the Initiative, <i>Roland S. Hall</i> . |
| | Sales Letters, <i>Jed Scarboro</i> . |
| | The Man With a Fixed Idea, <i>Herbert Kaufman</i> . |

These articles will appear in the February number of *The Business Philosopher*, and during the next twelve months there will be many other articles which will help you increase your Ability, Reliability, Endurance, Action.

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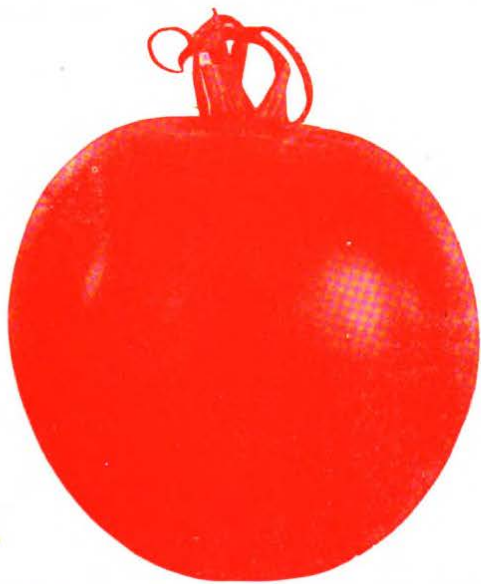
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Early Tomatoes

THIS matter of "Early Vegetables" can be arranged, if you Know How—Particularly Tomatoes! That is, you may Steal a March on Your Neighbor and utilize your Sunny Windows as a Private Conservatory, while yet the Ground is Muck and Mire.

Now, here's the Real Secret—the Livingstons!

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Now, the Commonsense Doctor did not give him a Latin Prescription; he did not bale out a Box of Pills, nor a Bottle of Black Tonic—he even did not offer to operate on him at Ten-Thirty the Next Morning. He did Better. "Farr," said the wise Old Man, "go back to the Country and dig." Farr went. And that was Ten Years ago.

Farr had energy plus, and the surely returning Health emphasized it. So he dug and dug and dug. And presently the Land bloomed and bloomed. As far as the eye carried grew Farr's Flowers. Then Farr's Second Proposition Confronted him: What To Do with all His Flowers? He was not the Man to keep them for His Good alone.

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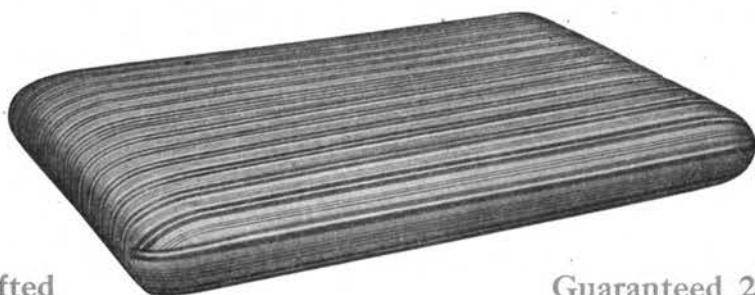
And Farr's Plants are all Home-Grown. He gets his fun in the growing. And so will you, if you take Farr's advice and Plant Farr's Flowers.

Why not Write for Farr's Book?—Of Course, it's Free.

BERTRAND H. FARR, Reading, Pa.

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that is, the Choice Chambers are fitted out with Sealy Mattresses. Sad-eyed folks who grumpily complain of Insomnia are deftly steered toward a Sealy. Mother Grant, our French Chef, testily states that the Insomniati, when Sealyized, come down to breakfast at 10:45. And Bunny Cotton, the "Call-me" kid, has a set of sore knuckles from rapping the panels of the Sealy Sleepers' Rooms

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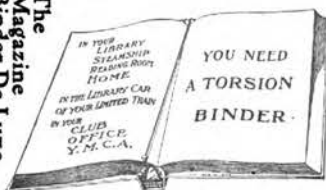
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BRYAN, O.—Friday evening, Feb. 4th, eight o'clock. Subject,
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ROCKLAND, ME.—Pillsbury Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 7th,
eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

READING, PA.—Rajah Temple, Wednesday evening, Feb. 9th.
Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Oliver Opera-House, Monday evening,
Feb. 14th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Auditorium, Wednesday evening, Feb.
16th, eight o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

MANITOWOC, WIS.—Thursday evening, Feb. 17th, eight
o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Witherspoon Hall, Thursday evening,
March 3d. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs, with Variations.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Saturday evening, March 5th. Subject,
Untapped Reservoirs, with Variations.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Studebaker Theater, Sunday afternoon, March
6th, three o'clock. Subject, Untapped Reservoirs, with Variations.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Monday evening, March 7th, eight o'clock.
Subject, Untapped Reservoirs.

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THIS country has from the beginning established and maintained a common-school system on the sound principle that education is essential to a right discharge of the duties of citizenship. Another element must be introduced into the educational system. To direct the minds of the young to work upon the land as an honorable and desirable career, and to prepare for them work when they return there by suitable instruction, is to promote good citizenship and national security. To raise the productivity of our soil fifty per cent would be an increase greater in value than the entire volume of our foreign trade. These results can be brought about

HIS enemies crucified His body, but His friends unwittingly crucified His word. They elevated Jesus to the throne of God, but they consigned mankind to the hell of fear, superstition and the self-abnegation of original sin.—Professor S. A. Weltmer.

There are thousands of people in the world, poor, miserably poor, and kept constantly in this state by their desire to get something for nothing.—Dr. J. H. Tilden.

only by a general understanding and practise of agriculture as modern science and experiment work explain it; by such instruction as we now give in our technical schools and institutes for the trades. Any one who has studied the growth and decline of nations and would read our own industrial future must be convinced that instruction in farm economy and management should become an indispensable part of the educational work of this great country of ours.—James J. Hill.

F all pictures not visibly involving human pain, this of the old "Temeraire" is the most pathetic ever painted.

The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin, but no ruin was ever so affecting as the gliding of this ship to her grave. This particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection we owe them here. Surely some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts for her; some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters! Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her to—the fire and the worm. Nevermore shall

sunset lay golden robe upon her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. ¶ Perhaps where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveler may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on the rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not know that the night dew lies deep in the war rents of the old "Temeraire."—John Ruskin.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar.

—Irish Proverb.



HISTORY IN TABLOID

THE Roycroft Fraternity was founded fifteen years ago by a man with small capital and an expanding ego.

The work has grown, and the workers have grown with their work. The concern now employs over five hundred people, and has a capital of half a million dollars. It has issued no bonds nor mortgages, and extends its lines only as it has the money and sees the way open. It is not given to plunging or speculation. The business has evolved slowly and steadily from the first, and is still evolving.

¶ The Roycrofters issue three magazines, *The Fra*, *The Philistine* and *Little Journeys*. These magazines have a combined paid-up circulation of over two hundred thousand copies a month, and are believed to exercise a vitalizing influence on the thought of the world. ¶ The Roycrofters print and bind books; they also have a blacksmith-shop, a furniture-shop, two hotels, a farm of a hundred acres and a "Chautauqua Assembly," and an art pottery is under way. Located in their central stone building is a Bank, which is operated under the title of "Elbert Hubbard, Banker," as a personal assurance to the depositor of right treatment. ¶ The policy of the Bank is a conservative one. It loans money to Roycroft workers who are building homes, or making material improvements, and need a little transient assistance. This Bank started six years ago, and has grown slowly ever since. It pays four per cent interest per annum, on quarterly balances, adding the interest to the principal. Deposits from One Dollar up received, subject to check at any time. ¶ Experience has shown that banking by mail is safe and convenient. *You are invited to open an account with us—also an account for your boy or girl. A bank-account is an education.*

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| 3 Cicero, Introduction and Oration I | 8 Vergil's Æneid, Book III |
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Invitation to a "Long Journey" COMING AND GOING

Editor's Note

It's been our experience when such friends as we have in the automobile class have picked us up among the hills of East Aurora district, that one of two things usually happens.

1—Either the Kabodeny drops out of the Hootenaddy and they can't seem to get the damn thing back again—or

2—We get there all right, but something comes up to bother a lot about getting back again.

Personally, we have always been shy of "motor-cars" and all wagons relative to the devil.

But we are now going to

—Get one.

We need it for a "Long Journey."

Ask Kokomo, Indiana, at our expense, what the name of the car specified is going to be.

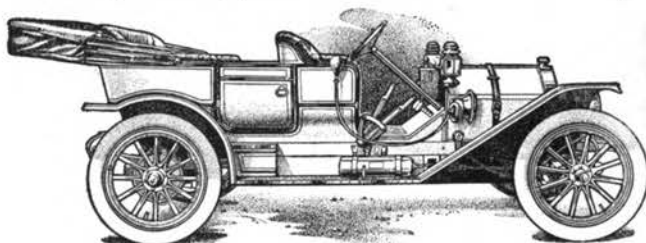
—Wire "collect."

Or East Aurora, U. S. A.

—Prepay.

HERE IS A CAR THAT IS DIFFERENT IN SPECIFICATIONS AND VALUE RECEIVED.

- 1—No Kabodeny.
- 2—No Hootenaddy.
- 3—Saves you \$1,000 before you buy it.
- 4—Takes only \$2,000 when you buy it.
- 5—Ought to be \$3,000—but ain't.



HAYNES

MODEL 19 \$2,000

FRIENDS: Most automobile pictures look alike to you and to me. **M**echanical specifications are a maze of nothingness when compared, criss-cross, in the magazines.

Length, breadth, depth and thickness never made a man, woman, automobile or argument convincing to you or to me except the *almighty purpose* had been accomplished in them.

DO YOU WANT SEVENTEEN YEARS' USE?

Some of us had reputations to lose before automobiles were heard of.

But back in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, my friend, Haynes, started in to accomplish the *almighty purpose* of motor-car-ing and he got such a start in good will with the American People that he made a NAME for his PRODUCT which spells REPUTATION in capital letters.

He has been delivering the goods ever since.

Making good on REPUTATION EARNED.

This year he has already cashed in on deliveries on HAYNES CARS so far ahead of last year that he has had to double the capacity at his Kokomo Factory.

HAYNES Dealers and Agents provided for *Guaranteed Delivery Dates* far ahead of the season.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET IF YOU WANT A \$2,000 HAYNES MODEL "19" WHEN YOU SEE IT: Extra Complete Outfit, Including Full Lamp Equipment, Top, Glass Front, Speedometer, All Tools, Jack and Tire-repair Kit. Absolutely nothing else to buy.

Over Six Thousand Interested Prospective Purchasers wrote to the HAYNES Factory within Thirty Days of the Announcement of this complete Model "19" HAYNES NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN CAR.

If suspicious that you would like to make and enjoy a Thorough Trial Demonstration FREE of any expense or obligations, we are authorized to wind up this "Invitation" by asking you to write or wire to the Factory. Or see your local HAYNES Agent.

Better get in touch with Kokomo first. Rest assured they'll take care of you right. Fix it up now. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., 150 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

1867 Why--The Elgin? 1910



MORE than forty-two years ago, in Stern Competition with Foreign Makes, the first "Elgin" was marketed.—But who now can name a Foreign Make? The "Elgin" worked a Revolution in Public Demand.

After forty-two years of honest Manufacturing effort, self-criticism, attention to business, careful buying, and intelligent building, the "Elgin" is predominant.

Through forty-two years we have navigated the shoals and the High Seas of Watchmaking. By skilled piloting Each Wave has carried us nearer to the Harbor of Matured Accomplishment. The anchoring is near at hand. *Each year of forty-two* has added something to our Power and Reach. New Blood has been blended with Old and both are bettered. Young Men crude in Craft, fingers all thumbs, have evolved with "Elgin" from Humble Apprentices to Master Workmen.

In all these forty-two years no Great Advertising has flamed the "Elgin" as a Comet in the Sky: No Depression has closed "Elgin" Doors. But we have kept Pace with Progress—and the "Elgin" Watches made thirty years ago are our Best Advertisements today.

To Inspire and Hold Your Confidence: to give you full value for every cent invested: to make the "Elgin" a Satisfaction and a Surety, has been, is, and will be our Governing Principle.

For forty-two years the Best Jewelers have sold the "Elgin"—the same today.

LORD ELGIN, Thin Model

Pendant Winding and Setting. Seventeen, fifteen or seven jewels. Ruby and sapphire balance and center jewels. Compensating-balance. Breguet hair-spring, with micrometric regulator. Adjusted to temperature. Exposed winding-wheels. Patent recoiling click and self-locking setting device. Sunk second-dial. Plates damaskeened. Cased and timed in case at factory.

In Filled Gold Cases, \$21 and up
In Solid Gold Cases, \$35 and up

Other Elgin Models at other prices, according to grade of movement and case.
ALL ELGIN WATCHES ARE FULLY GUARANTEED

Elgin National Watch Co., Elgin, Illinois



THE FRA



NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

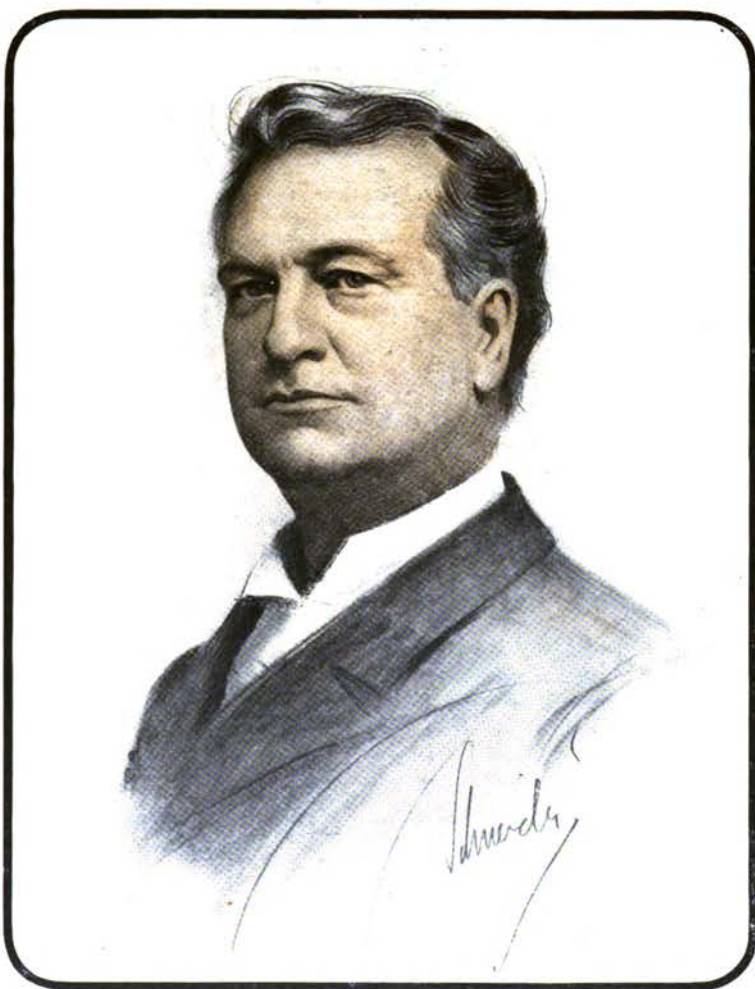
■ A·JOURNAL·OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. IV

MARCH, 1910

No. 6



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

Plant Your Garden With Live, Virile, Result-Sure Seeds

SUCCESSFUL Gardens may or may not denote the personal skill and experience of the Gardener. For oftentimes a Beginner will produce "Truck" of Prize-Winning Quality.

Weather, disposition, soil, energy, equipment, brains and Seeds all are in the play. So that the man or woman who uses his Combinations wisely may anticipate the Best and not be disappointed.

But of all things under and over the earth, Successful Garden-Making depends mostly on the **QUALITY OF THE SEEDS**. You must have virile Seeds, or your best efforts will coax but a scrubby growth.

Much Good Time has been wasted by Earnest Workers who planted their Garden with unfit or dead seeds. And remember—your Results are always limited by your Seeds. Healthy, strong, well-nurtured Seeds invite an abundant Return; Questionable Seeds produce only in Kind.

Seeds are like people: under given conditions they will do a certain thing, or they will vacillate, or they will do nothing. It depends entirely on the Kind of People and the Kind of Seeds.

After you have expended your Money and given your Time you want something to show for it. Not merely sun-browned scragglings, but a red-ripe tomato or two; a cool, crisp, heart-white head of lettuce; or some limas, large and juicy.

You Plant a Garden for either of two reasons or both: the Healthy Fun you get in the Planting, or the Fine Fresh Food which comes eventually when the Work is done. Burpee's seeds emphasize the two.

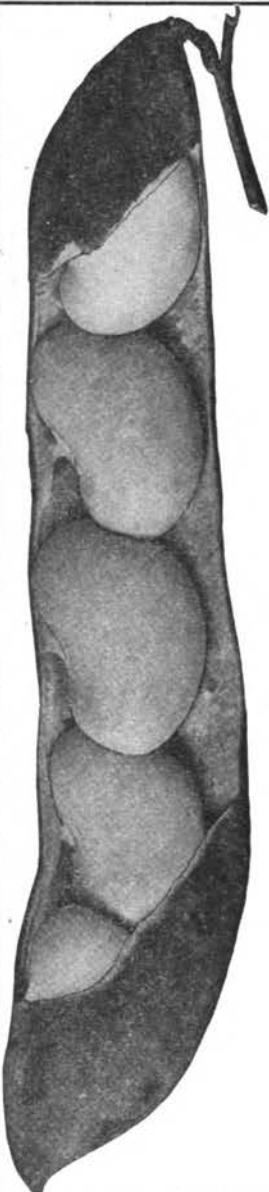
"Seeds That Grow"

Burpee Quality is the Standard in Seeds. For thirty years Burpee Seeds have been grown, cleaned, sorted, tested, and **GUARANTEED**. YOU MUST BE PLEASED with Burpee Seeds.

This explains why Burpee's Business has shown an increase every year for thirty-three years; why Burpee calls his Customers "My Friends."

Burpee's Seeds are as nearly Perfect as thirty-three years of Ideal Conditions plus Intelligence and Enthusiasm can bring about. Burpee Experimenting Farms have **PROVEN** "Burpee Quality."

They call a Spade a Spade at Burpee Farms; also, they brand a Bad Breed "Bad" with equal honesty. **BURPEE EXPERIMENTS FOR YOU; YOU DON'T EXPERIMENT FOR BURPEE.**



BURPEE'S "GIANT PODDED" POLE LIMA. From a Photograph.

Burpee's 1910 Garden Annual

Every Farmer, every Gardener, whether an Amateur or one of the Old Guard, should own as a Handy Book one of Burpee's 1910 Annuals. Burpee's thirty-three years' work has been condensed indiscriminately into the one hundred eighty pages of this Book. Here are pictured and described many original and specially cultivated kinds of vegetables and flowers, together with a most interesting collection of many varieties.

Just tell Burpee that you read **THE FRA** and he'll send it Free. And write him now, while you think of it. Address

Burpee, Philadelphia

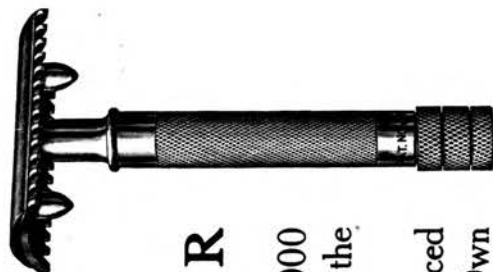


NEW
"SPENCER"
SWEET PEA—
MIRIAM
BEAVER
From a
Photograph



KING C. GILLETTE

3,000,000 MEN USE THE GILLETTE THE SAFETY-RAZOR



THE RAZOR

YOU simply can't be a Doubter when 3,000,000 men lift their Right Hand and say "Aye" to the Gillette Safety-Razor.

This Man or That Man may indulge an Opinion, prejudiced perhaps, or born of Conditions or Temperament unlike your Own—but when 3,000,000 speak, you harken because you must.

Gillette did not educate these 3,000,000 Men to the Superior Value of His Safety-Razor in a Day. Not so. For Countless Centuries, loyalty to a Butcher's-Blade shaving-tool held them in its grip. Inborn Habit said, "But my beard is different." "All new-fangled ideas are fakes." "Well, I guess I know what's Best for me." But Gillette persevered. He spent His Money and he Adverted to tell the Intelligent Men of the World of His Scientific and Safe Shaving-tool. Gillette had Faith. He knew that a "Gillette" purchased meant a Friend Won. Today, 3,000,000 Men use the "Gillette"—3,000,000 Beards of Various Variety are leveled by the "Gillette."

Now, mind you, not a certain Kind of Man make up this 3,000,000, not a Certain Nationality, North and South, East and West, around the Globe and over it. Men with little Means and Millionaires, alike, select the Gillette Razor to Start the Day. For the one it saves Money, for the other Time; for both it saves Temper. The Gillette is a Smooth-Shaving Razor (the Original and Best Safety-Razor) for all Ages of Man and all Kinds of Beards. You shave yourself in five minutes or less, and when finished, you have a whole face, unscraped, unscarred, and good to look upon. The Gillette Razor is the Best Argument for The Gillette Razor. You should Own and Use One. You Can.

GILLETTE SAFETY-RAZOR SETS—COMPLETE—FOR VEST-POCKET OR GRIP
Standard Set (full leather case) - - - \$5.00 New Pocket Edition (complete) - - - \$5.00 to \$6.00
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The Gillette Case, Complete Set, is made in gold, silver or gun-metal. Each razor is made of triple alloy-plate or 14-Karat gold-plate—and the blades are fine.

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Ride on Air--Not Rubber

This heading must be observed if you are going to get maximum service from automobile-tires. Our whole experience has so convinced us of the desirability of pumping tires up hard that we are going to devote some space telling you about this rather than Diamond tire construction. As to the latter, we know and you all know, who know Diamond equipment at all, that it is right. As to inflation, there exists so much of unintentional neglect, lack of knowledge and downright indifference, that we can be of no greater service than to say to every automobile-owner, tires must be pumped up hard if they are to give maximum mileage. This is particularly true of the over-

The
Already
Inflated Kind
Diamond
Demountable
Rims

loaded tire, and four-fifths of all tires are frequently overloaded. As makers of the tire recognized as the standard, we are duty bound to tell you that with Diamond or any other pneumatic tires you will not get the most for your money if you fail to keep tires pumped up till they stand round under a full load. This is the only safe rule.

Pressure gauges don't provide for the overloaded tires. Ample inflation checks the movement within the tire and reduces the elements of friction and heating. You should ride, in fact, on a cushion of air and not a cushion of rubber. And it is just as much your duty to put plenty of air in the tires as plenty of oil where it belongs. For 1910, Diamond casings and Diamond tubes are distinctly better than we have ever heretofore made, but our uttermost efforts will inevitably count for vastly less than they should if the user fails to do his part. He must give his co-operation, and his reward will be in the reduced upkeep cost that must ultimately be of great benefit to the automobile industry as a whole.

Interesting literature about Demountable Rims and Tires for the asking

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO

Diamond Tires
Are
Furnished
For
Every Type
Of Rim

before they did, and saying he was glad it was nearly over, proves it is not true that we moderns have lost the art of dying well. The Greeks and Romans, the Elizabethans, the French in the Revolution, had the art at its highest. McCarran, the wily politician, had a touch of grace and glory in his going that makes one almost doubt he was the sort of man most people thought him. We must remember, however, that the high and beautiful art of dying well was not confined to the most beautiful characters of history. Some of the villains died as exquisitely as some of the saints.—William Marion Reedy.

AN immense majority of

WHEN State Senator Pat McCarran came to the end of his days in New York the picture given by the newspapers of his fortitude and cheerfulness quite haloed the man who was about as well abused as any public character of recent years. It reminded me of Macaulay's tribute to Charles the First: "He died with a placid courage that half redeems his fame." McCarran on his deathbed, cheering the friends who came to bid him farewell, telling the doctors he knew he was doomed long

men must always remain in a middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity, adopting without much difficulty the current opinions of the day, making no inquiry, exciting no scandal, causing no wonder, just holding themselves on a level with their generation, and noiselessly conforming to the standard of morals and of knowledge common to the age and country in which they live.—Henry T. Buckle.

✱ **S** Shakespeare, then, a drunken savage? Savage, yes, in so far as he inhabits a virgin forest ✱ Drunk, yes, he is the quaffer of the ideal. He is a giant walking beneath mighty-branching trees. Behold him lifting on high the great golden cup, his eyes flaming with that light that he drinks ✱ Shakespeare, like Æschylus, like Job, like Isaiah, is one of those omnipotent beings of thought and poetry who, on equal terms, so to speak, with the mysterious All, have the sublimity of the creation itself, and who, like the creation, translate into outward expression that sublimity in profuse forms and images, lavishing shadows, flowers, leaves and living streams.—Hugo.

✱ **T**O believe is not enough; all depends on how we believe. I may believe that there is no God, that I am self-contained, that my brief sojourn here serves no purpose; that in the economy of this world without limit my existence counts for as little as the evanescent hue of a flower—I may believe all this, in a deeply religious spirit, with the infinite throbbing within me. You may believe in one all-

powerful God, who cherishes and protects you, yet your belief may be mean, and petty, and small.—Maeterlinck.

✱ **G**REATNESS is not always joined with gentleness. In Darwin's case, by universal consent of all who knew him, an intellect which had no superior was wedded to a character even nobler than the intellect.—G. Allen.

✱ The joy of reading consists in self-discovery.



Have a Look!

Through a magnifying-glass, at

Grape-Nuts

The glass brings out sharply an interesting sight. Upon every golden granule will be seen small, shining crystals of Grape-Sugar.

This isn't "put there."

In the process of making Grape-Nuts the starch of wheat and barley is changed into this sugar and the result is probably the most perfect and beneficial food known for providing the elements Nature uses for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

Trial proves.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

A Romance of the Road

Being a Love Story, truthfully told by the Best Man, which the same was Fra Elbertus

CHAPTER ONE



MARY MARSHFIELD lay back on her pillows, her fine face framed amid its wealth of dark brown hair, now well sprinkled with silver. The three doctors had just hied them hence. There had been a consultation. This afternoon her family physician would tell her the result of the conference.

Now she lay there with eyes closed and tried to reason; but her thoughts only came in a confused rumble as two big tears rolled from her long lashes, down her cheeks.

Just a year before, this very week, her husband had died, and now probably she was soon to follow him.

Her son was at Harvard, the younger daughter at Wellesley, and the married daughter lived in Chicago. How could she notify them of her sad condition?

Or should she go to the hospital and bravely face death, alone?

Her means were ample, and the fortune was looked after by an attorney and a manager, both duly appointed by her late husband. In material things she had everything which imagination could devise. The money was in the bank, and all she had to do was sign the checks.

The house was manned by a competent butler and four servants.

Her thoughts were cut short by the nurse—soft-slipped, intelligent, sympathetic.

"One of those doctors has come back—not your family physician—the one with the smooth face and white hair. He is in the hall below and wants to see you. Shall I let him come up?"

"Yes, let him enter. I know his errand—they have made him spokesman. He has come—come to tell me to prepare for the worst. I will—I will be—be brave! I am not afraid. Tell him to enter."

The girl disappeared down the darkened hall.

In a moment the doctor entered.

He was tall, athletic and his almost snow-white hair contradicted the sun-burnt youthful face as to his age.

The man was embarrassed—a strange condition for a doctor.

He approached the couch where the invalid lay. His hat was in his hand and he carried his gloves, and rolled them nervously. "Mrs. Marshfield, I am—my name is Agnew Weir, Doctor Agnew Weir. We have just diagnosed your case. I am not your physician. I have no right here—but—"

"Proceed, Doctor Weir—tell me the worst. I am not afraid to hear it—proceed!"

"But, Mrs. Marshfield, can you stand it?"

"I certainly can—I am prepared—tell me the worst. Do you not see how calm I am?"

"Well, but your own family physician thinks—"

"Never mind what he thinks. He will be here this afternoon at three o'clock to speak for himself. Tell me what you think!"

"What I think?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think there is nothing the matter with you."

"Doctor Weir, do not trifle with me!"

"There is nothing the matter with you—nothing but a depressed condition of the nerves and a corresponding sympathetic state of the vital organs."

"But have I no disease?" asked the lady somewhat resentfully.

"None yet, but if you live in this darkened room a while longer, without occupation, everything supplied, you will have all the diseases in materia medica."

Doctor Weir arose and paced the room slapping the palm of his hand with his gloves. "All the diseases in the books, I say," he repeated.

A half-smile came over the face of Mrs. Marshfield. "But what shall I do?" was the plaintive question.

"Ride with me this afternoon at two-thirty in my Babcock Electric!"

"But you forget, my physician is to call at three!"

"Nonsense! Are you obliged to remain at home a beautiful day like this, just to avoid hurting the feelings of a fussy old doctor with long whiskers?"

"Very well, I am then to ride with you at two-thirty! But if I collapse?"

"I'll be responsible for that!"

The doctor bent over the fair patient and solemnly lifted her hand to his lips. It was a purely professional touch—just as a matter of course.

"At two-thirty," he said, as he passed out of the door.

"At two-thirty," came the firm echo from the pillows.

CHAPTER TWO

AT exactly two-twenty-five, the Babcock Electric curved silently in and stopped before the brownstone mansion of the late Erasmus Marshfield.

In a moment a lady, gloved, gowned and veiled all in becoming lavender, walked, unsupported, slowly down the walk. She stepped into the graceful vehicle unaided, and took her seat by the side of Doctor Weir.

And they slowly and silently moved away down the avenue in the warm, luminous October sunshine.

CHAPTER THREE

THE next day, at exactly the same hour, Mrs. Marshfield and Doctor Weir again rode together. Only by this time they exchanged places, and Mrs. Marshfield was at the wheel.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN a week Doctor Weir informed Mrs. Marshfield that if she wished to ride in a Babcock Electric, she had better buy one of her own.

This she did.

And the very same day she bought the machine she drove around to Doctor Weir's bachelor apartments, and took him out to make several professional calls.

On the way he talked to her in an undertone. Among other things he said, "Success for the women of a household is apt to spell tragedy. Success to men means responsibility, trial, difficulties, and heights beyond."

"But for the wife and daughters, a man's success often tends toward giving the women protection and immunity. It turns them over to the tyranny of things, things in the making of which they had no part—the grind of good society, and the pitying care of servants."

"Women need the stimulus of endeavor and the joy of accomplishing just as much as men. For the lack of responsibility, the nerves fall into a decline and depression follows. We want the joy of doing things. Now, to run this Electric requires decision and watchfulness. It is all very simple, and you forget yourself in the pleasant task. To glide through space in safety and surety with this divine power at your finger-tips gives you a great exhilaration. You are a partaker in the very element of all life—Electricity. To control this current of life is health, poise, purpose, power. Love itself is an electric manifestation."

The doctor paused, and was silent.

Mrs. Marshfield looked off across the park meadow, but did not speak.

They reached the doctor's apartments. As Doctor Weir stepped out on the sidewalk the lady exclaimed, "One moment, Doctor Weir! You must not think me ungrateful. I owe my life to you—and this Babcock Electric!"

She held out her hand.

He took it gently and firmly and murmured two words, "Mary Marshfield!"

She looked squarely into his eyes and said, "Agnew Weir!"

And that was all.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE marriage took place at Christmas-time, when the young folks were home from college on their vacation.

It was a quiet wedding. But after the ceremony there was a little banquet and reception at the Country Club.

A procession of seventeen Babcock Electrics, with no other vehicles, formed at the Marshfield residence and conveyed the guests to the Clubhouse.

The officiating clergyman led the procession, riding alone.

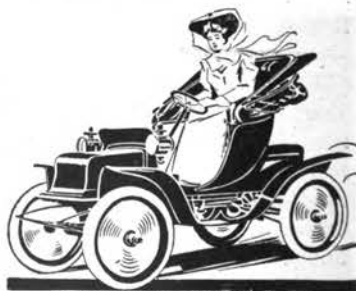
The next Electric carried the Best Man and the attorney for the Marshfield Estate.

Then came the bride and the groom.

In the last Electric, bringing up the rear, in solitary state, rode the family physician, the winds gleefully playing through his whiskers.

This Little Story in Booklet Form, printed on Bangalore Paper in red and black, and bound with Alexandra Japan Vellum—free to Readers of THE FRA.

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West Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.



BABCOCK VICTORIA, \$1,800
Everything complete—no extras

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HATS for MEN

Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, \$6. and \$4.

Write for "THE HATMAN"

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What To Read?

The Libraries of the World are cumbered with the Unimportant, and the Books Worth While are generally Out of Sight. Stacks of Paper and Cloth, gilt and leather, bear down upon us. The "Six Best Sellers" lure the Hesitating and the Well-Intentioned, and so the Great and the Good are side-tracked.

Now, Literature without Selection is a maze, a confusion, a babble of Voices; so the Student possessed only of a Hungry Mind finds himself confounded on the very Doorstep of Knowledge.

For these Ambitious men and women, The Globe-Wernicke Company has compiled a Book of "Lists." That is, they give, in concise form, the titles and authors of Books commended by the Highest Authorities past and present; and above all the Essentially Necessary Books.

No Man or Woman Looking toward the Light can conscientiously afford to be without this Book, for it represents the last word of Scholars—and their Critics.

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The Twenty Best Novels.
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respond to soul.
¶ The men who eat bread that is earned by the sweat of other men's brows are unresponsive & incapable of high sentiment or deep pathos.

Wealth and fashion may be inviting and present a beautiful picture, but the divine fires do not burn there.

¶ All the great speeches ever delivered were protests against injustice and appeals for the public welfare. Generally they were on the losing side. Defeat is often the baptism of immortality.

—J. P. Altgeld.



FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way. You must hear it spoken correctly, over and over, till your ear knows it. You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done best by the

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JUSTICE, not expediency, must be the guiding light of the orator. He must fix his eye on the pole-star of justice, and plow straight thither. The moment he glances toward expediency he falls from his high estate. The world's great pathos is on the side of the masses who are doing the world's work and making civilization possible. ¶ They are the Children of God.

The orator must feel their sufferings, their sorrows, and their joys. Here alone does soul

and reasonable. It must make no false, pretentious claims. It must be touched with idealism, or the artistic soul can not endure it. It must be practical, and must always include Faith and Hope as well as Morals. The religion of Jesus answers all these tests—a religion of trust in God and good will to men.—David Swing.

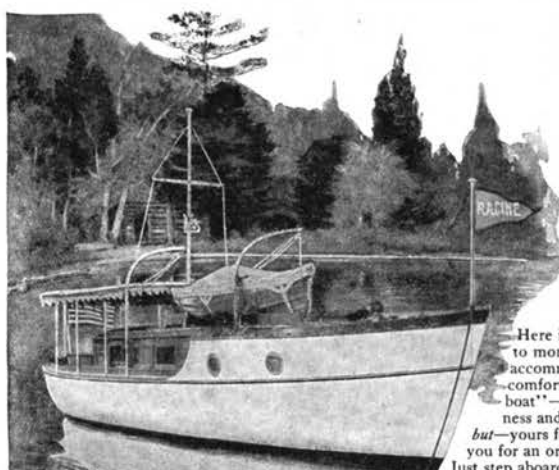
The younger in life a man makes the resolve to turn and live, the better for that man and the better for the world.

DO we want a vivisector by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want, more than anything else, that the consciousness of the physician should be of the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this, not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean perhaps the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness?

It is, moreover, a higher nature which radiates the something that renders the mere presence of some doctors curative. They may only know that they wish well to their patient, but in such men this wish is power. No such feats are

possible to the vivisector. His consciousness has been blunted; the more delicate operations of intuition are impossible; he can but reason. And if his practise of vivisection has gone very far he will experiment upon his patient in the sole interests of knowledge, exactly and for the same reasons that he operates on the dog.—Katherine Tingley.

He who helps us to think adds to our usefulness and length of days.—Carlyle.



her over—36 feet over all she measures, her beam is 8 ft. 6 in. She will go anywhere there is two feet six inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with cruising accommodations for eight; toilet room, owner's state room, and cockpit holding ten. The galley is big, fresh water tanks for salt water cruising, ice box, surplus storage tanks and all—a real home on water, independent of all the hotels on earth.

MUSKEGONE

Up in the bow is the gasoline storage tank, enough for 400 miles at a single filling (and by the way she will go 400 miles on \$10.00 worth of gasoline.)

In her engine room you will find a powerful motor of the latest type—four cylinder, 4-cycle self-starting—developing 25 to 30 H. P.—with double ignition system, including gear driven magneto, all so simple that even a novice will have no trouble.

Everything that goes with a boat is included, dinghy and davits, lights, screens, standing tops, cushions, flags, signal mast and fittings, power whistle, fog bell, life preservers, boat hook, stove, removable table, etc. Wired for electric lights. Sounds like a marine catalogue, doesn't it? You will find few extras to buy on this boat.

And the price—other builders with limited capacity and old fashioned methods would have to ask \$3,500 to \$5,000, but our price is \$2,200 for the whole outfit. **This is the sensation of the boating year.** The secret is perfect organization and the biggest boat factory on earth. Many boats make low prices—we build many boats.

Every detail of hull and fittings is up to the regular Racine standard, nothing scrimped, no pains of labor or material spared just to make the price low. The usual Racine guarantee covers the boat—one is now making a 10,000 mile cruise.

You Can Own A Boat

You can afford to own this boat and run it yourself. You will require no crew. It's a "one man" boat, in the sense that you can handle it all by yourself, if you wish, and go anywhere.

We will gladly tell you about this newest member of the Racine family as well as the other boats we make—everything that goes on water from the largest to the smallest—our 28-foot cruiser at \$1000, a speed boat at \$300, a Power dory at \$150 etc., etc., etc. Send today for the story of "The Cruise of the Bonita," which will help you select the boat you need.

Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

Muskegon, Mich.

CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK
BOSTON PHILADELPHIA SEATTLE

Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Muskegon, Mich.
(Cut on this line)
Without obligation to me, send me full details of 16 foot cruiser and your boat.
"The Cruise of the Bonita."
Name _____ Address _____ Dept. _____

Save \$2,300 on this CRUISER

Only 50 of these boats can be built this season.

HERE, at last, is the boat you have waited for—at a price you can afford to pay—the new 36-foot raised-deck Racine cruiser.

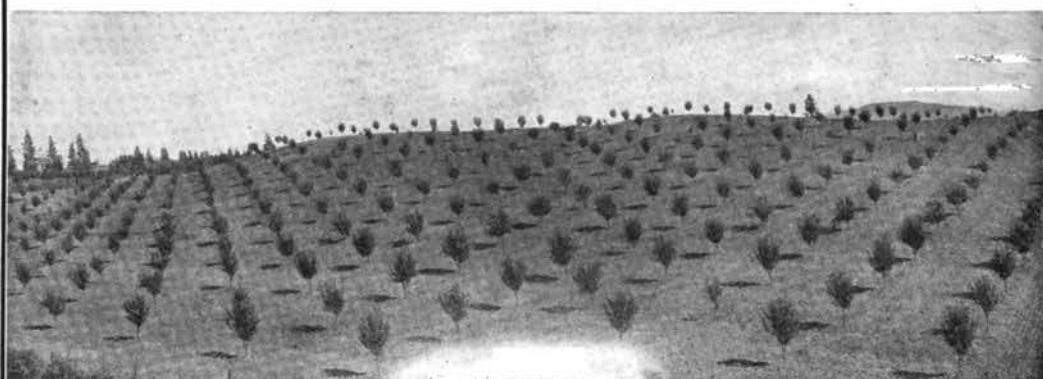
Here is the boat that is "big enough" to more than turn around in—with the accommodations and conveniences and comforts you can only obtain in a "big boat"—with the stiffness and seaworthiness and power that only size can give—but—yours for the price others would charge you for an ordinary "speed launch."

Just step aboard this sea-going beauty and look over—36 feet over all she measures, her beam is 8 ft. 6 in. She will go anywhere there is two feet six inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with cruising accommodations for eight; toilet room, owner's state room, and cockpit holding ten. The galley is big, fresh water tanks for salt water cruising, ice box, surplus storage tanks and all—a real home on water, independent of all the hotels on earth.

THE new church will be founded on moral science. Poets, artists, musicians, philosophers, will be its prophet-teachers. The noblest literature of the world will be its Bible. Love and labor, its holy sacraments. Truth its supreme being—and instead of worshipping one savior, it will gladly build an altar in the heart for every one who has suffered for humanity.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It is n't hard work, if you like it.

Increase Your Income—the Hanauer-Graves Way



Stay Where You Are—Work by Your Task—Let Us Plant an Orchard for You

There is a new kind of life-insurance policy now being written in the Spokane Country, the basis of which is a contract for an Apple Orchard delivered to you a few years hence in bearing.

That may sound strange to those who know insurance from the standpoint of having "to die to win."

Apple-Orchard Land, however, is an insurance policy. It is the best I know of and I have convinced several hundred up to this time to think the same as I do.

There are thousands on the fence who will eventually cause conditions to convince them. When I say conditions, I mean the universal opinion, which will later on be accepted as an absolute fact, that the scarcity of high-class winter apples will cause an enormous demand for Orchard Land.

That demand is now increasing and with it values will advance. Therefore, the man who sees "the handwriting on the wall" and believes what he sees, will set aside right now a little money out of his savings and invest it in Apple-Orchard Land.

Here's what Mr. Forest Crissey stated recently in an interview that appeared in the Chicago "Tribune":

"Put aside from your prosperity a farm; buy some land. When the day comes that you are ripe in experience, judgment and real mental capacity, but are not wanted as an employee because you are 'More Than Sixty,' then you will be in a position to work for yourself—to draw dividends on your own abilities. A man who has a farm and who has the power to think can always hitch the two together and make a life job, and a good one. Thousands of men are right now 'Soaking Away Farms.' It's good business."

We are the largest Commercial Orchard Operators in

this section. Through us you may arrange to own a bearing Apple Orchard a few years hence and meantime pay for it while it reaches its bearing age.

We have already contracted to plant over 700 acres additional next Spring in the Meadow Lake District, which is one of the Districts in which we operate most extensively. It is located just ten miles Southwest of the City of Spokane and connected with it by electric-train service.

I shall be glad to write to you personally concerning the advantages of the Meadow Lake Orchard Company's plan which enables you to become interested in a way entirely within your means by reason of the fact that payments may be made annually, semi-annually or even in instalments of so small an amount as \$5.00 or \$10.00 per month. The Company's plan of operation is endorsed by all the National Banks in the City of Spokane, to whom we are privileged to refer you.

With my reply I will send you copies of the Company's agreement and outline very carefully the benefits you will derive by investing a little of your capital or monthly savings in Apple-Orchard Land situated in the Spokane country, one of the few districts favored by Nature with the proper soil and climatic conditions for successful growing of the high-class Winter apple.

Just clip the coupon appearing below and I will reply to your request the moment I receive it.

Al Hanauer

Spokane References: Old National Bank, Traders National Bank, Spokane & Eastern Trust Co., Union Trust Co., Exchange National Bank

Hanauer-Graves Co.
Largest Orchard Operators in the Spokane Country
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

COUPON

HANAUER-GRAVES CO., Spokane

Send me particulars of your ad in THE FRA.

Name.....

Address.....

Why were "Trust" Prices Boosted with the Tariff? Why Did Ingersoll Prices remain the Same?



WATCH-MAKING is a Business.

There is no Black Art in the construction of a Watch. So much Material, so much Skilled Labor, so much Time, matched up and put in motion produces the Watch.

All this is plain, simple Business Sense. You can't get away from it.

And that's the way the Ingersoll Watch Factories are conducted—on a **BUSINESS BASIS.**

You may follow an Ingersoll-Trenton through the different stages of manufacture, and you'll find in operation the finest cost-saving systems—all helping to make the Ingersoll-Trenton Price Possible.

There is no sentimental Value in an Ingersoll Price—no Tariff-Scare Increase. It's every Penny the Best that we can make; and we make and sell something like Twelve Thousand Watches every day, Three Hundred Sixty-five days each year.

When the Ingersoll-Trenton is turned over to you at \$5.00, \$7.00 or \$9.00, you get a Watch at **COST PRICE** plus only a **BUSINESS MAN'S PROFIT.**

One Price all the year 'round—that's our slogan—and Full Value for the Money invested by you.

That's why the Ingersolls refused to band with "Trust" Watch-Makers to Boost the Tariff and keep the Foreign Makes out: That's why Ingersoll prices remained unchanged even after the Tariff had been boosted.

America is the greatest Business Country on Mother Earth—and we acknowledge it. So then, if American Business Brains, mixed with honest intent, can not turn out a Watch that will outsell the Cross-the-Water Kind, right here in our own Country, too—it is time to shut up shop.

The Ingersolls believe in more Sales and Smaller Profits—mark this on your cuff for reference when you need a Watch.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is the Best Seven-Jeweled Watch made—and a Fair Comparison with any other make will prove the statement.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best Seven-Jewel Watch

\$5 in solid nickel case

\$7 in 10-year gold filled case

\$9 in 20-year gold-filled case

Note
"I-T"
Monogram
on Dial



Sold only by Responsible Jewelers

The "I-T" watch is sold only by Jewelers competent to regulate and repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction, which every man should understand: mailed **FREE** with names of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

☞ The Ingersoll Watches from One Dollar to Two Dollars are sold by Sixty Thousand dealers throughout the country.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

HOME OFFICE, 99 FRANKEL BLDG., NEW YORK

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London

Montreal

New York Times, Sept. 21

WATCH PRICES UP TARIFF AIDS TRUST

Big Manufacturers All Over the Country Advance Rates by About 7 Per Cent.

IMPORT TRADE TO SUFFER

Increase in Amount of Duty Means More Business for Large Concerns but Hurts the Small Dealers.

Special to The New York Times.
WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 20.—The price of watches all over the country has been increased about 7 per cent. The Waltham Watch Company today fell in line with the other manufacturers, and put into effect the higher rates.
Two days ago it was announced at Chicago that two of the largest Western watchmaking concerns had advanced rates. To-day the Eastern companies followed suit, the Waltham company acting in conjunction with other concerns of the East.
The advance affects both watches and watch cases. The high prices...

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 18

PRICE OF WATCHES UP WITH TARIFF

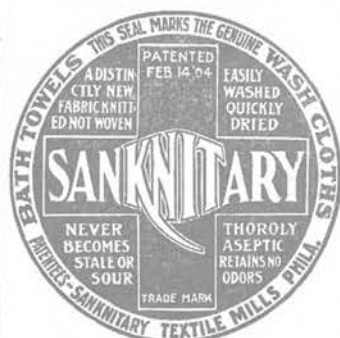
Elgin and Waltham Companies Announce Increases Following "Revision."

COMPLAINT BY JOBBERS.

See "Harmony" in Action of the Wholesalers, Who Deny They Violate Trust Law.

Because of the "revised tariff" according to jobbers and consumers, American-made watches are to cost more. At least the Elgin and Waltham companies, who are commonly understood to carry on their affairs with great harmony of action, have sent out announcements to jobbers, advising them of advances in prices ranging from 8 to 10 per cent, and the jobbers think the advance has been posted simply because the Payne tariff, which watches manufacturers unanimously supported...

PRICE OF WATCHES ADVANCED.
WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 20.—In conjunction with other Western watch manufacturers, the price of watches all over the country has been increased about 7 per cent. This action by the Eastern manufacturers follows an advance by leading Western manufacturers last week. The prevailing high price of materials is given as the reason for the increase.



This Red Seal Means Responsibility

By FRA ELBERTUS

You like to know how and where your Food is cooked—Don't you? ¶ You like to know the Laundry that cleans your Linen, and how they clean it—Don't you? ¶ And you're very particular about abstaining from the use of Drinking-Water Cups in Public Places—and Rightfully. ¶ But heretofore when purchasing towels, *the most intimate thing* that a man or woman can own, you seemingly grew careless and accepted the First Towel that the Shoppirl handed over the counter. ¶ Now, some Towels are made Anywhere and Everywhere—often under conditions that do not invite confidence, or a Hope of Cleanliness. The Average Run of Towel-maker sends out Any Old Thing, in any condition, because *The Public Don't Care*, or so he supposes. ¶ But an awakening is come. ¶ People now ask, "Where was this towel made, and who was the Maker?" ¶ They demand the Right to know the Concern that *Shoulders the Responsibility*. An Unnamed, Unknown Towel is a Menace—and this most People now realize. ¶ *San-KNIT-ary Towels* are Red-Seal Towels, made where absolute Cleanliness is a Law—and Sanitation a scientific surety—and there's an Iron-clad Guarantee behind Every Single San-KNIT-ary Towel.

San-KNIT-ary Towels are Clean Towels

By an entirely New Method, the yarns are knitted together (not matted) in a Wide, Open Weave, permitting the Free Circulation of Air. This insures a Fresh, Clean, Sweet-Smelling towel at all times. ¶ Even here our care does not end, for the towels go direct from the Bleach into Glazed-Paper envelopes, which are sealed with the Red Seal and come to you unopened. When you purchase the *San-KNIT-ary Towel* you receive something not contaminated by the repeated mauling of Human Hands. ¶ For your Health and Safety you should buy the Towel of the Red Seal. The Towel with the Red Seal will carry no disease into your Home. ¶ It is a *Protected Towel*. ¶ You must be pleased with the San-KNIT-ary Towel or the Red Seal guarantees Your Money Back.

SAMPLE BOX \$1.00
Express Charges, Prepaid

One Heavy Bath-Towel—large size, 24 x 50
One Heavy Towel—medium size, 18 x 38
Two Face-Towels, 14 x 28, and a Wash-Cloth

After a thorough try-out, say a week's use, if you are not well pleased with San-KNIT-ary Towels—ask for your Money and You will Get It

Address: San-KNIT-ary TEXTILE MILLS, PHILADELPHIA
Department F, Tenth and Diamond Streets Contractors to the Government

THE President is anxious to have the deficit in the Post-office Department made up in some way. ¶ The President in his message said: "The actual loss from the transmission of second-class mail is \$63,000,000 a year. The newspaper goes on the average 219 miles, the magazine 1,049 miles. A great saving might be made by imposing upon magazines and periodicals a higher rate of postage." And right at this moment a flood of light is thrown on one way at least by which the

ings." Its 1909 net earnings, not counting this interest, were \$3,113,025.

The United States Express has property in its business worth \$2,311,207, and pays 2 per cent to 4 per cent on a watered capitalization of \$10,000,000. It gets earnings from invested rake-off of \$440,000 a year. Not counting this, however, in 1909 it took down net operating earnings of \$570,710, or about 25 per cent on its plant.

The American carries capital stock amounting

Government might make up the deficit, by allegations of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Milwaukee in a suit against the express companies before the Railway Commission of Wisconsin asking lower rates.

According to these allegations, the profits made in carrying parcels, which in other civilized nations is done by the Post-office, are enormous.

The Wells-Fargo, with property in use worth \$2,385,823, pays 10 per cent dividends on water enough to make \$8,000,000 in stock. Its net dividends are over 86 per cent on the property used in the business. It gets \$1,400,000 a year in interest on its past "sa-

to \$18,000,000 on a plant used in the business worth \$2,357,369. It drew down \$2,176,872 net revenue on \$2,357,369 of property used.

The Adams is modest and unselfish. Its plant is worth almost half as much as its capitalization—\$12,000,000 of stock, against \$6,150,889 in plant. It pays dividends at 6 per cent to 10 per cent. But it has a habit all its amiable own of awarding to its deserving stockholders special dividends in the form of 4-per-cent bonds, of which it gave away \$12,000,000 in 1898 and \$24,000,000 in 1907. By this means it is hoped that the surplus will be kept from becoming a scandal. It got \$1,000,000 from

investments in 1909 and \$1,700,000 in net revenues—less than 30 per cent on its plant—but, then, those watered bonds had to be carried, you know!

The Northern, on a plant of \$189,409, earned 380 per cent dividends in 1909, or net operating revenues of \$723,336. Its tank holds \$15,000,000 in stock.

This is pie. It shows that Tom Platt was right in devoting his Senatorship to the express business. It justifies Harriman in going after

WANTED!



Men to Fill Good Positions

Trained men are wanted everywhere. And the demand is not for the man whose training enables him to earn a mere two or three dollars a day under the direction of some one else; it is for the man qualified to do the directing—to plan, figure out, and get results. A single obscure ad for merit of "average" ability will bring a crowd; but the concern wanting a superintendent or manager has all sorts of trouble in landing the right man.

The INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, that great institution that has done so much in the past and is doing so much every minute for working men and women, offer you an easy way to become a trained man—to secure a good position in the trade or profession that best suits your taste and ambition.

The I. C. S. plan enables you to help yourself right where you are without losing even an hour from your regular work or a dollar of your pay; without changing position until you are ready to step into the one you desire; without obligating you to pay more than your present salary will afford, no matter how small it is. Thousands of men have secured life-long betterment through this great plan. Every month an average of 300 voluntarily tell us of such advancement. During December the number was 409. You can do the same as these men have done.

If you really want a good position, a larger salary, and a successful life, find out how you can secure it in the surest and most practical way in the world by marking and mailing this coupon. This puts you under no obligation. It is simply a request for further information. Clip, mark, and mail the coupon NOW.

International Correspondence Schools

Box 807, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Electric Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechanical Engineer
Show-Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Commercial Law	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architectural Drafts.
Chemist	Architect
Textile-Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Electrical Engineer	Mining Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman	Concrete Engineer

Name _____

St. and No. _____

City _____ State _____

the Wells-Fargo. The express business is licensed grand larceny.

Parcels-post would prevail in this country today, to the great advantage of the people, if the grafting express companies did not stand in the way.—The Cincinnati "Post."

✱ It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.

Let Me Tell You About My Pen

The Parker Lucky-Curve Fountain-Pen



HERE is one fountain-pen made today that DOES N'T LEAK. Writing Folks, Admen, and Others of the Guild, who spend much of their time "slinging ink," should know the Parker Pen—that of the Lucky Curve. ¶ You may toss a Parker Pen about in your Pocket, upside down, downside up; you may scribble or scratch, backhand or splash, and all that you get from the Parker is an EVEN FLOW. ¶ The Parker will never dump its load in the Center of your fairest thought or finest aspiration ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Parker's Jack-Knife Safety Pen

CAN'T LEAK

\$2.50
UP



TO
\$5.00

Designed to be carried flat in the vest-pocket, like a lead-pencil, but may be carried loose in trouser-pocket with keys, money and knife. ¶ Ladies find it a wonderful convenience for the Purse or Shopping-Bag. ¶ Requires no Watching—just use it when you're ready. *Can't Leak.*

I KNOW fountain-pens, or I would not be in the Business. I know a Good Fountain-Pen from a Bad One, or I would not be Successful—as I am. I know that no one else makes so good a Pen as The Parker, or I could n't afford to let you try it for ten days, with a chance for comparison, and at *my expense*. ¶ You must believe everything I say to you—or else accept my Pen from a Parker Dealer and try to Prove my statements false. ¶ In either case I win. ¶ For after you have used the Parker Pen for ten days, not a dealer in Christendom could take it from you for an equivalent to the Parker Price. ¶ There are many styles of Parker Pens—all with the Lucky Curve (the Non-Leak Feed), from One Dollar Fifty Cents Up. Also, there are Twelve Thousand or more Parker Dealers, that will turn over a Parker Pen, for your Ten-Day Trial, with never a Kick or Question.

SEVERAL STYLES OF PARKER PENS

- No. 20½ Price \$2.50. Our best seller. For efficiency, nothing better. May be ordered fancy chased barrel and plain cap. No. 24½, two sizes larger, \$4.00.
- No. 42½ Price \$4.50. Neat, simple, elegant. Middle gold band has space for owner's name.
- No. 15 Price \$7.00. Barrel covered with tinted pearl slabs held by gold bands; cap covered with gold filigree. Space for owner's name.
- No. 46 Price \$10.00. Especially beautiful in design. Intended particularly as a lady's pen. 18K. gold-filled filigree design; corrugated tinted pearl slabs; space for name.
- No. 41 Price \$8.50. Gentleman's large-sized barrel, covered with 18K. gold-filled filigree design. Space for owner's name.
- No. 40 Price \$20.00. Barrel and cap covered with solid 18K. gold. Artistic design in deeply carved relief-work. Comes in plush or morocco box. A gift De Luxe for gentleman or lady.

If You Can't Find a Parker Dealer, Write Direct
PARKER PEN CO., 11 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WIS.

GEO. S. PARKER, President

A beautiful and instructive catalog awaits your request if interested



Which Kind of Socks Do You Pay For?

SOCKS IS SOCKS—when they are. ¶ But the great majority Are Not.

That is, you buy socks with all the faith, hope and trustfulness of your Nature, and you pay a Fair Price, and you know you Pay a Fair Price. But this does not cover the Hole nor stem the tide of your Indignation, when you discover some few weeks hence the undisputable sign of unearned wear and quick demise. ¶ Socks of Unknown or Undesirable Make are generally Unworthy of Your Attention, which same you most frequently discover after you have Paid the Bill. ¶ This kind of thing makes it imperative that you know **HOLEPROOF SOCKS**.

You take no Chance with **HOLEPROOFS**. They are **GUARANTEED** to stand you and to withstand you for **SIX MONTHS**. Now here's an Introduction in Brief:

FAMOUS

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Original Guaranteed Hose

FIRST UNDERSTAND, that we have had thirty-two years of hose-making experience. The "Holeproof" process is the result. ¶ Then, we know the best yarns, and buy only the best, regardless of what we must pay.

WE NOW PAY AN AVERAGE OF SEVENTY CENTS

The grade of the yarn is the very best we can buy—made from the choicest Sea Island and imported Egyptian cottons. ¶ We use a selected three-ply yarn of very fine individual strands. ¶ We could buy coarse two-ply yarn for thirty cents a pound less than ours costs and save many thousands of dollars a year. ¶ But three-ply is stronger, finer and softer. We now spend \$33,000 a year simply for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect after completion. Such is our pride in the hose.

SIX MILLION PAIRS

The demand for "Holeproof" today is so great that we make twenty thousand pairs a day. ¶ That means six million pairs this year—the largest business of its kind in the world.

SO LOOK FOR "HOLEPROOF" ON THE TOE

If you want the genuine, you must be sure to do that. ¶ There are, of course, imitations. And most of them are wrongly called "holeproof hose." If you merely ask for "Holeproof" you may get hose made by an amateur maker—made with a two-ply yarn. ¶ Look on the toe for the name "Holeproof."

SOLD IN YOUR TOWN

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "HOW TO MAKE YOUR FEET HAPPY"

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, \$2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustré-Sox—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh-color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustré-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, \$2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan black with white feet, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

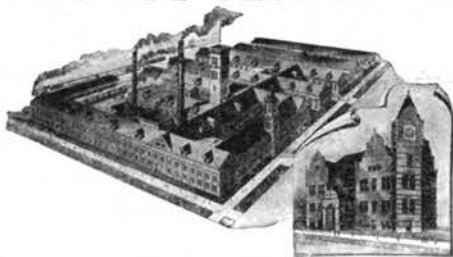
Holeproof Lustré-Stockings—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Dept. F, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Werner Company



Located at Akron, Ohio, operating not only the LARGEST but the best equipped General Printing and BOOK MANUFACTURING Plant in the United States, have just completed a new Standard Edition of the

Complete Works OF VOLTAIRE

This Edition is from the plates of the only complete edition ever published in English and heretofore never offered in less than 42 volumes.

UNABRIDGED In order to meet the demand for a popular priced edition of Voltaire and yet to supply a standard made book, it was decided to reduce the cost of binding by reducing the number of volumes, and this new 22-volume edition is the result. You will understand that the contents of this edition is in no particular abridged. A greater number of pages have been bound into each volume, that is all.



READ CAREFULLY AND DIGEST WELL The first three sets from these same plates sold for \$4,200.00 per set, and an entire edition, known as the Immortals Edition, sold for \$2,520.00 per set. We are now offering you a complete De Luxe edition at a price that is 40% less than the price of ONE VOLUME of the first three sets from these same plates. This inconsistency is not an inconsistency when you consider the fact that we operate the largest and best equipped book manufacturing plant in the United States, and our cost of production is reduced to a minimum. There are no middlemen and their profits involved in the handling of your order. We manufacture the books in every detail, sell them and ship them direct to you.

JUST A WORD CONCERNING VOLTAIRE

Voltaire was the most remarkable and versatile man of his century. His writings cover nearly all the subjects of literature.

The excellence and sustained interest of his short stories is surpassed by no author of any country or age. His plays are produced on the French stage of today and many modern playwrights have been and are using Voltaire's plays as a diamond mine from which to secure their best gems.

His histories are more entertaining than the stories of many writers of popular fiction.

His Philosophical Dictionary is one of the standard reservoirs of entertainment to all christendom, owing to the shortness of the articles, the variety of subjects, the wide range of knowledge, ingenuity, elegance, mingled audacity and reserve, earnestness and passion, and, above all, unsurpassed humor and wit.

The great National libraries and famous private collections throughout the civilized world give to Voltaire a place of honor.

A DESCRIPTION OF THIS EDITION

This Edition is printed from the original plates mentioned above and is on a special antique finish paper illustrated with photogravures, many of them beautifully hand-colored, and is bound in red basket weave cloth, gold tops, silk headbands, silk book mark, lithographed end and fly sheets, stamped in gold on the backbone with a representative design and with a medallion of Voltaire on the front cover in pure gold leaf. Each volume is wrapped and labeled and each set is packed in a strong wooden box, insuring safety in transportation.

The Werner Company,
Akron, Ohio.

FRA-3-10

You may send me, all transportation charges prepaid, the complete works of VOLTAIRE, 22 De Luxe volumes, beautifully bound in red basket weave cloth and illustrated with photogravures. If satisfactory, I will remit you \$3.00 within ten days after receipt of books and \$3.00 a month thereafter until the entire amount of \$40.00 has been paid. If the books are not satisfactory, I will hold same subject to your order and notify you within ten days.

Name
Street Address
City and State

THE Protestant Churches, as churches, may be said, indeed, to have no longer any very definite convictions or any very definite program. They no longer believe their own creeds, and the old fervor of hostility with which they becudgeled one another (a sign of life, at least) has departed. No longer fighting one another, neither do they unite; there is no fire to fuse them.

I have said that the Protestant Churches, having been withdrawing from the common people for a hundred years, are now trying

to get back. To this end they have given much money; it has not availed. Neither has charity re-established them, nor mission-chapels nor even carpenter-shops, clubs, classes, gymnasiums, socialist discussions, nor revivals.

Many of the rich are in the churches; nearly all of the poor are outside. The churches feel that somehow they must "get back to the people." But they have not yet touched the real problem. Here and there a man is crying in the wilderness, crying to a people who are spending their wealth on themselves. The churches, as churches, have not waked up. They are still dallying with symptoms;

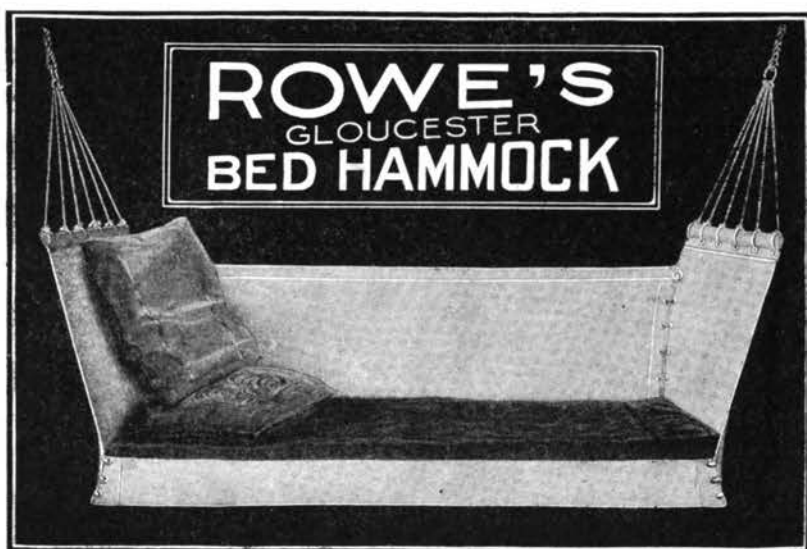
offering classes, and gymnasiums to people who are underfed and underpaid, who live in miserable and unsanitary homes! They wonder why revivals of the sort of religion they preach do not attract the multitudes. They devote tremendous energy in attempting to suppress vaudeville shows, while hundreds of thousands of women and children in New York are being degraded body and soul by senseless exploitation—too much work, too small wages, poor homes, no amusement. They help the poor child, and give no thought to the causes which

have made him poor. They have no vision of social justice; they have no message for the common people. They are afraid to face the world "without purse or scrip"; they have no faith. And without such vision how shall they reach the hearts of men? Of what purpose is their "passion for efficiency?"

Even if the Protestant leaders would admit that their faith is not broad and deep enough to apply to any but a certain class of well-to-do people of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic stock, which of course no Protestant will admit, the fact remains that the Protestant Churches have not been able to maintain even the allegiance of their own people. Statistics go to show that there

are more than one million nominal Protestants in New York City who have no church affiliations. Until the Protestant Churches have that vision which inspires men to a new sense of the brotherhood of humanity—all humanity—which is the expression of the Fatherhood of God, they will never "get back to the people."—Ray Stannard Baker.

A vice is a habit where the brake is on the bum.



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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

The Standard Oil Company



THE Standard Oil Company is an American institution.

It deals in an American product. It supplies this product in its various forms to consumers in every country in the world, except those countries which have passed prohibitory tariff-laws, and thus have barred competition, not being able to meet it.

The Standard Oil Company is the largest employer of labor in the world. In average times it gives work directly to more than eighty thousand men. Its daily payroll is more than one hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Most of its equipment is the invention of Americans, and its best and highest-paid chemists and engineers are Americans, although it has searched the civilized world for talent and skill.

The Standard Oil Company is our largest exporter of American products.

The money pumped into the United States from foreign countries for American products through The Standard Oil Company's financial pipe-lines is two hundred fifty thousand dollars a day. This money at once finds its way through all the channels of American trade. Europe has oil-fields as extensive as those in America. There are oil-fields in Persia, Bulgaria, Burma, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, parts of South America, and the Balkans. Yet The Standard Oil Company could send its products to all of these countries at a

profit, if not shut out by a tariff. The competition of the world fades before it, because it is organized on a scale and in a way that no foreign competitor is.

It is organized on the American plan.

In Oriental countries individual effort still largely prevails. In Italy, Spain and Egypt, wells are drilled by hand, and pumps are operated by digital process. The use of the "grasshopper connection-rod," which pumps a dozen or more wells by the use of one engine, was recently forbidden in Turkey, because, forsooth, "Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet, and a pump like that will throw the Faithful out of work."

The argument that the forty men thrown out of work could be used to a better advantage elsewhere met with a shrug of doubt, and the remark: "Allah be praised, if they work at this, they will not have to work at that."

Capital and Investment

THE Russian oil-fields are about as big as those in America. The largest combination of capital under one management in the oil business in Russia is one million dollars, and it is a wonderoski! There is not a single millionaire in Russia, outside of the Czar and the Grand Dukes, and they do not count, since their business is consumption and waste, and not production.

The capital of The Standard Oil Company is one hundred ten million dollars. And very much adverse criticism has been brought forward because it pays forty million dollars annually in dividends, or, say, an interest on capital of forty per cent.

This, like most half-truths, is misleading. The fact is that, while The Standard Oil Company is capitalized for one hundred ten million dollars, its investment in plant and equipment is about seven hundred million dollars. In figuring percentages, the per cent of dividends should be calculated on the assets, and not on the nominal capitalization.

Think, say, of the Chemical National Bank!

It should also be noted that, while The Standard Oil Company pays forty million dollars a year in dividends, the amount it yearly pays out in wages is fifty millions.

The yearly amount of its business is about eighteen hundred millions, so its profits on the business done are about two and one-half per cent.

The Standard Oil Company owns one hundred

twenty iron-tank steamships that are employed in its foreign trade.

It also owns ten thousand miles of trunk-line pipe-line, and eighty thousand miles of contributory or feeding lines. One small item of its assets is twenty thousand tank-wagons, used in supplying consumers.

Oil property is subject to great deterioration, in the fact that wells are constantly growing dry, and districts may be producing actively today, and tomorrow may be dry holes. In such cases the pipe-lines are of so little value that they are often simply abandoned and no attempt is made to remove them.

A Decentralized Industry

THE Standard Oil Company owns a controlling interest in about fifty refining companies. Most of these were organized by the Standard directly, but some of them were bought up, and their active managers retained on salaries. A few were organized for the purpose of selling out to the Standard.

This decentralization is one of the chief reasons for the success of the Standard. It is on the order of the modern department-store, which is merely fifty, sixty or seventy stores in one, each under a competent general manager. Every department has its own complete system of bookkeeping, and must make a profit, or show a reason why.

In the old way of merchandising, the life of a successful business was twenty years, then it went broke. There were leaks that could not be located, dead stock, dead wood, dead men who thought that they were alive, salesmen in a comatose state, extravagant buyers, and lime in the bones of the boss. The law of diminishing returns wrecks every big venture that is not decentralized, that is, divided up into watertight compartments, so if one springs a leak all the damage that is done is to flood that particular department. The ship still floats.

The General Electric Company has recently begun to decentralize, and so have most of the other big corporations. And all of these are simply following the lead of The Standard Oil Company.

Its Marvelous Organization

AS an organization, The Standard Oil Company is equaled by only one other institution on Earth—and I'll not tell you what that one is. If you do not know, the matter would not interest you, anyway.

The success of The Standard Oil Company has

turned on its selection of men and its service to the public, and not on its strength of capital. The capital came as a result—it was an incident. The men who manage The Standard Oil Company at one time had no capital—they did, however, have brains and energy. "All wealth is a result of labor, applied to land," says Adam Smith. Later he added capital as a factor in the production of wealth. Modern economists add a fourth factor, and this is the most important of all—it is Enterprise. The French call it the service of the Entrepreneur. Ida Tarbell surely tells one great truth. It is this: "Even the elevator-boys in the Standard Oil offices are selected with an idea to their development."

The Result of Competition

THE position of The Standard Oil Company in the commercial world is the result of competition. It is the natural result of a commercial struggle for existence. It is the survival of the fittest. People who hate a monopoly should reverence The Standard Oil Company. For the men who manage The Standard Oil Company went into a free-for-all field, and won their way to fortune with exactly the same tools and weapons that all of their competitors had. In this fight for business there was no favor asked nor given. And the battle was fought according to the established rules of the game.

They have done to their competitors what their competitors were trying to do to them. Often after the fight these competitors found themselves with money enough to live on in ease the rest of their days. Retired oil-merchants living in easy affluence in many sections are thick as fleas on a dog—one result of Standard Oil rapacity.

The New Business Ethics

PRACTICALLY, the world has been made over within twenty years' time, and we have now a new business ethic.

The error of some reformers is to try a man, according to present-day standards, for offenses committed in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five.

¶ In that year I well recall how the firm for which I worked had a shipment of heavy chemicals arrive on the docks in New York from Liverpool. The goods had not been removed from the lighters before we had bids from three different railroads and two canal-lines to transport the shipments to Buffalo. The reduced bids came in the form of rebates for

"cartage," "commissions," "lighterage," or "dockage." There was a strife for traffic and the company that gave the biggest rebate got the business.

We bought in the lowest market, and sold in the highest. The railroads have but one thing to sell and that is transportation. All railroads then sold their transportation for as much as they could, and took what they had to. Everybody bought scalpers' tickets, except those who rode on passes. I rode on passes, first because I was a big shipper, and the rule of the times was that big shippers must be favored. Later, I rode on passes because I pushed what you call "a virile pen"—and admitted it. Reduced to simple terms, it was this: I wrote so well that I molded public opinion, and thus had the power to injure the railroads. Therefore I was retained, as it were, by these base monopolies, and supplied transportation.

We called it "the courtesies of the road."

I rode on passes until January First, Nineteen Hundred Seven.

Did I then turn in my passes?

Oh, no! The passes were taken away from me—and they nearly had to give me ether to do it. Now, I pay my fare and am proud of it, if not a little boastful.

Make-up of the Standard

THE Standard Oil Company is made up of graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. They have played the game according to regulation American rules, and they have won because they had the foresight, patience, quickness, courage, good cheer, economy, skill. The men who went down before them failed for lack of these American qualities—these qualities inculcated in our public schools, extolled in books, preached in sermons—the qualities that have made Americans supreme wherever they have had a fair field. The American invasion has been carried even to that dear Ol' Lunnon, whose underground railways have been rendered light, airy and safe through being electrified by American push, pluck and perseverance.

Now, Americans as a people are fair—or at least we wish to be fair. When we judge Moses and Aaron we judge them according to the times in which they lived. And when the Great Agnostic wrote a lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses" we resented the proposition that Moses was a rogue and a robber because he made war on the Hittites, Ammonites and Midianites. ♣ We

invoked the statute of limitations by saying that these things happened over three thousand years ago, and besides, did not Moses lead the Children of Israel out of captivity?

That is to say, we point to the Ten Commandments and the moral code of Moses and all the good he did as a set-off to deeds doubtful according to present-day standards. Moreover, we refuse to abandon the history of Moses as written by himself and his friends, and accept that of the disciples of Gog and Magog.

Vilification Rampant

UP to this time, or until very recently, The Standard Oil Company has declined to answer its assailants. Its managers have been so busy doing things that they have had no time to shake the red rag of wordy warfare. ¶ Their faith has been that their work would speak for itself. Usually, this is a wise policy, but in this instance I think it has been a mistaken one. Silence has been construed into a plea of guilt.

There is a time to speak and a time to refrain from speaking, says Ecclesiastes. The Standard Oil Company should have nailed a few of the Ida Tarbell fairy-tales, ten years ago.

Ida Tarbell is not a charter member of the Ananias Club—she is worse than that—she is an honest, bitter, talented and prejudiced person who wrote from her own point of view. ¶ And that view is from the ditch, where her father's wheelbarrow was landed by a Standard Oil tank-wagon.

To understand her book, it is not enough to read it—you must have a glimpse at the author. Ida Tarbell has twenty-three pictures of John D. Rockefeller in her book, but none of herself. Her own history is written between the lines, and her picture is on the fly-leaves.

She shot from cover, and she shot to kill. ¶ Such literary bushwhackers should be answered shot for shot. Sniping the commercial caravan may be legitimate, but to my mind the Tarbell-Steffens-Russell-Roosevelt-Sinclair method of inky warfare is quite as unethical as the alleged tentacled-dragon policy which they attack. ¶

There is a life of George Washington written by a Cockney who was born within sound of Bow Bells and who was never farther away from Charing Cross than Hammersmith. We call Washington the "Father of his Country," but this man calls him "arch-fiend" and "a bloody, blooming rebel."

Recently, a man picked out of a file of the New York "Tribune" one hundred editorials on Lincoln. The intent was to reprint the Greeley editorials as a literary curiosity, but no publisher could be found with stomach to stand for the joke—it was sickening. Yet, Greeley was an honest man. His attacks on Lincoln, like those on Wendell Phillips, represent a point of view, and a point of view which we now see was out of focus.

Ida Tarbell is a great woman, but if she were to write my life, I'd take hers—with apologies to Ursa Major. She might tell in truth of how I stole watermelons, turned the cows into the corn, because I had a tiff with the owner's daughter—sold a railroad-pass, rode on the bumpers, gave a false name to a policeman who had curiosity plus, made fun of my grandmother, and put a Smallpox sign on old Massachusetts Hall in Harvard Yard.

Of course, that does n't exhaust the list—there is still more to be told, which my kind neighbors will supply.

A man's friends never quite know all about him—they never fully analyze him. To know all about a person is the pleasing assumption of his enemies.

The Square Deal

NOW, in the interests of the Square Deal, that thing of which we hear so much and see so little, if you tell of my faults and lapses, you should also tell of the good I have done. If my tank-wagon bumps into a wheelbarrow, you ought to give me the benefit of letting me tell where I was going and how the accident happened. Perhaps I was on the right side of the road going carefully, and the wheelbarrow may have been exceeding the speed limit—who knows!

A man in England once said to me: "Oh, what a pity that Rockefeller robbed and ruined the oil country—the destitution there must be terrible!"

The man had been reading Ida Tarbell. Then I had to tell my friend that, while I did n't know much about John D. Rockefeller, I was familiar with the oil country, and I knew that, since The Standard Oil Company had got a-going, there had been a steady growth of prosperity in the oil country, where before there was the fear of uncertainty, and all the doubt that disturbs, distresses and dissolves. ¶ I told him that The Standard Oil Company was not made up of gamblers—

they were miners, producers, distributors and creators. ❀

Titusville, Oil City, Corry, Franklin, Olean are beautiful and growing cities where peace and plenty are the rule—cities of homes, schools, churches, stores, opera-houses, libraries—where good things were to be found in an abundance and to a degree never before known. ❀

Also, I told him that wherever the Standard Oil went it carried system, order, safety, prosperity; and that it paid a wage beyond its competitors, even beyond "Union Scale," and absorbed the best and strongest into its ranks; that The Standard Oil Company met its obligations, never defaulted on its payroll, and supplied the world a high quality of goods at prices which were regarded as reasonable and right.

Its offense lay in the fact that it had succeeded; and through the inappreciation and lack of understanding as to what a tremendously rich and bountiful country this is in which to live.

What Is History?

❀ NE of the greatest books ever written by mortal man is Thomas Henry Buckle's "History of Civilization."

Buckle never got beyond the introduction, which forms a volume in itself, and is immortal on account of its wealth of logic and clearness of insight. The whole volume is a protest against the way in which history has been written—a protest against the assumption that military history, a history of marches and countermarches, of skirmishes and fights, of sieges and slaughters, is history at all.

Certainly it is not the history of the life and evolution of a people. That which makes or unmakes a nation is the quiet, peaceful, productive life of the people. Nations are great through their architects, engineers, artists, teachers, business men and workers, and not through their lawyers, preachers and policemen. ❀

It is commerce—production and distribution—that has given America her proud place among the Nations, not lawsuits. ❀ Our supremacy lies in the one fact that "we have produced the goods." And yet in reading Ida Tarbell you find thirty-six pages given to an account of a lawsuit with an outcome comparatively trivial in any event, and in which, as in most lawsuits, all parties lost out to the lawyers. Juggers was the only man who won.

❀ To read Tarbell is to read history militant, as if nothing really happened in America between the time Jackson beat the British in Eighteen Hundred Twelve at New Orleans and the time Sumter was fired upon in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one.

The Tarbell history is a history of strife, of bickerings, of misunderstandings, of lawsuits—an infinite sez he, sez she, and sez I. It is over-the-back-fence gossip, raised to fortissimo. For instance, the gifted author cites Commodore Vanderbilt as authority concerning the genius of John D. Rockefeller and his partners. She should first have read "Moore on Facts," wherein the credibility of witnesses is treated at great length. There she would have learned that, when she quotes Commodore Vanderbilt, in justice to the jury she should have stated that when Vanderbilt gave his testimony he was eighty-three years old, and moreover was talking of a man he had never met, and of a business concerning which he knew nothing. She should also have told that, even in his best days, Vanderbilt was of a most violent and prejudiced nature.

Moore says that Pontius Pilate and Caiaphas were both good men, but unsafe, unreliable and incompetent as witnesses.

Commercial Sanity

❀ HIS country has just passed through a cyclone of defamation, vituperation and exposure—much of it indecent.

We have been in a state of panic through the policy of burning our barns to kill the mice. The national condition has been pathologic.

We are now recovering our sanity. ❀ The commercial jolt we have experienced has shown us that when the railroads are prosperous—buying rails, extending their lines, building bridges, warehouses, collecting a better equipment—we are all prosperous. ❀ When the railroads cease pushing for better facilities, there is a lull, the bread-line forms, the tramp of the unemployed and the hoarse and ominous roar of the mob are heard in the land. In such times, an extra police force is needed and menace becomes imminent.

Individuals at work are safe—and a nation is only safe when its people are employed.

❀ Now suppose you raise a cry of "Stop thief," and turn the powerful resources of the government to harassing enterprise with the endeavor to confiscate its property, take away its

character, destroy its good-will, does it not stand to reason that we thus kill ambition, destroy initiative, smother aspiration, and get a condition where expansion ceases, orders are cancelled, men laid off, and the whole land suffers? ¶ Happily, however, we are now getting our nerves back to norm, and sanity will soon take the place of hysteria.

We do business now according to Marquis of Queensberry Rules, when formerly London Rules governed the contest. Our fight is with six-ounce gloves. Horseshoes and railroad-spikes are barred. There was a time when we fought with bared knuckles. But business is not yet a ladies' lunch—a suave and innocuous, harmless, tabby Four-o'clock. It is a struggle for supremacy. And it is a fight to a finish. And it is just as full of romance as were the knightly jousts of old.

The Utility of Wealth

MONEY is the measure of power, but money for its own sake is not worth the struggle. Modern millionaires do not hoard—they invest. And they invest that they may use. The successful man now always has the builder's itch—he is always and forever widening, extending, building, improving, and it is all in the line of human service, human betterment. To exploit Society is to fail, and wise, successful men know it.

Nothing is more silly and absurd than the idea that the men who have built up the great modern American fortunes are intent on ease and luxury. As a class they are men of abstemious habits, simple, rapid and direct in their dealings. They work sixteen hours a day. They are in the game and can't get out of it if they would. Their millions are invested in a way that makes use an imperative necessity. To liquidate would be red ruin. "They say I am rich," once said James J. Hill to me, "and the yellows roll off the number of my millions. The fact is, I owe more money than all the men in Minnesota. To make my investments profitable and to keep them from fading away, I am obliged eternally to struggle keeping them active." ¶ One investment calls for another to protect it; so Mr. Hill is ever building, ever extending. This eternal unrest of business means national prosperity.

Confidence and Business Stability

THE habit of certain newspapers of trying to inspire class hatred by picturing the great business-builder as a parasite, living on

the labor of the proletariat, is an insult to the intelligence of the age.

Should our Government begin to confiscate private property in the name of the law, that instant will enterprise grow old, and senility prate of the past.

But this is not to be.

We are beginning to realize that business is built on confidence, that when we destroy faith in our commercial fabric we are actually taking the roofs from homes, snatching food from children, and pushing bodies naked out into the storm. Business means homes, gardens, books, parks, music, good roads, schools—safety, peace and prosperity—and of these things the world has not yet seen a plethora. ¶ Shall we blast, wither and destroy with the breath of our mouths all that civilization holds dear? I think not. We can direct and regulate, but we will do it in justice and not in blindness and wrath, lest we welcome the angels of peace with bloody hands to hospitable graves, and we ourselves go down in the sunken roadway, horse and rider, pursuer and pursued.

Any bee which loses sight of the Spirit of the Hive, and works only for a private good, is considered sick, criminally insane, and the community no longer allows him to take up good space.

The Secret of Genius



NE Professor Max Lautner has recently placed a small petard under the European world of Art, and given it a hoist to starboard, by asserting that Rembrandt did not paint Rembrandt's best pictures.

The Professor makes his point luminous by a cryptogram. A cryptogram is very useful. No well-regulated family should be without one.

By it you can prove any proposition you may make, even to establishing that Governor Hughes is America's only stylist. ¶ My opinion is that this cryptogram is an infringement on that of our lamented countryman, Ignatius Donnelly. But letting that pass, the statement that Rembrandt could not have painted the pictures that are ascribed to him, "because the man was low, vulgar and

untaught," commands respect on account of the extreme crudity of the thought involved. Lautner is so dull that he is entertaining. ¶ "I have the capacity in me for every crime," wrote the gentlest of gentle men, Ralph Waldo Emerson * *

Of course he had n't, and in making this assertion Emerson pulled toward him a little more credit than was his due. ¶ That is, he overstated a great classic truth.

"If Rembrandt painted the Christ at Emmaus and the Sortie of the Civic Guard, then Rembrandt had two souls," exclaims Professor Lautner.

And the simple answer of Emerson would have been, "He had."

A Distinction and a Difference

THAT is just the difference between Rembrandt and Professor Lautner. Lautner has one flat, dead-level, unprofitable soul that neither soars high nor dives deep; and his mind reasons unobjectionable things out syllogistically, in a manner perfectly inconsequential * *

He is icily regular, splendidly null.

Every man measures others by himself—he has only one standard.

When a man ridicules certain traits in other men, he ridicules himself.

How would he know that other men were contemptible did he not look into his heart and there see the hateful things?

Thackeray wrote his book on Snobs, because he himself was a Snob, but not all of the time. When you recognize a thing, good or bad, in the outside world, it is because it was yours already * *

"I carry the world in my heart," said the Prophet of old.

All the universe you have is the universe you have within.

Old Walt Whitman when he saw a wounded soldier, exclaimed, "I am that man!" and two thousand years before this, Terence said, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is alien to me."

I know why Professor Lautner believes that Rembrandt never could have painted a picture with a deep, tender, subtle and spiritual significance. Lautner averages fairly well, he labors hard to be consistent, but his thought-gamut runs just from Bottom the Weaver to Dogberry the Judge.

Yes, I understand him; because for most of

the time, I myself am supremely dull, childishly dogmatic, beautifully self-complacent.

I am Lautner.

Lautner says that Rembrandt was "untaught" and Donnelly said the same of Shakespeare, and each critic gives this as a reason why the man could not have done a sublime performance. Yet since Hamlet was never equaled, who could have taught its author how?

And since Rembrandt at his best was never surpassed, who could have instructed him?

Regeneration

REMBRANDT sold his wife's wedding-garments and spent the money for strong drink.

The woman was dead.

And then there came to him days of anguish, and nights of grim, grinding pain.

He paced the echoing halls, as did Robert Browning after the death of Elizabeth Barrett, when he cried aloud, "I want her! I want her!" The cold, gray light of morning came creeping into the sky.

Rembrandt was fevered, restless, sleepless * *

He sat by the window and watched the day unfold * *

And as he sat there looking out to the East, the light of love gradually drove the darkness from his heart.

He grew strangely calm—he listened; he thought he heard the rustle of a woman's garments; he caught the smell of her hair—he imagined Saskia was at his elbow.

He took up the palette and brushes that for weeks had lain idle, and he outlined the Christ at Emmaus—the gentle, loving, sympathetic Christ—the emaciated, thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ, whom the Pharisees misunderstood, whom the soldiers spat upon and mocked.

Don't you know how Rembrandt painted the Christ at Emmaus?

I do. ¶ I am that man!

* *

And with all your getting—get busy.

* *

THERE is a grave doubt as to how much civilization has been benefited by rulers and warriors. Often they have made this world a place of the skull—not so the teachers. It was not a teacher who smote agony untold to mother-hearts by an order to destroy the first-born * It was not a teacher who ordered American soldiers to "kill all over ten years of age."

The Age of the Automobile



E live," says William Howard Taft, "in the Age of the Automobile."

And what Ubill means is that we live at a time when there is a hot desire to get there quick, regardless of expense, with a contempt for risks and a certain indifference to the rights of other people.

We live in the Age of the Automobile.

The amount of money invested in America in automobiles and automobile-factories and machinery for making automobiles is over five hundred million dollars. Nearly a million men are employed in caring for, running, making and selling "machines." A peculiar thing about an auto is the brevity of its life. Woman's love does not compare. Machines three years old are out of date, and practically junk. Buy a machine, and run it around the block once, and it is a second-hand proposition. If it cost you three thousand dollars, you have knocked a thousand off its value.

Second-hand automobiles carry with them a sort of stigma or disgrace, like unto the wearing of second-hand clothes. To own an "ice-wagon" is to invite social ostracism and place your commercial rating in jeopardy.

If some one has discarded a thing and you have taken it up, why, then you have taken up the thing which some one has discarded.

In Italy there are people who pick up cigar-stumps as a business. In Naples, I have seen a man smoking a cigar followed by women and children, ambulance-chasers in embryo, awaiting the psychological moment when the man would throw away the snipe. Then there was a fight for the spoils.

No one in America has sunk to so low a stratum as that.

And no matter how high prices go, white folks who live under the Stars and Stripes will not eat victuals that have come from some one else's table—if they know it. Minced ham and beef-stew at a restaurant are tabu, unless brought on under a French name, or are vouched for by a man who can prove a halibi.

And in this automobile business we get the end of the limit in the matter of pride. Imagine a young married man buying a second-hand machine for his tootsie's use! Would n't she shed hot, blinding tears at the thought? What the Johnsons would say! So with our gasoline there is always mixed a deal of pride, and this pride is one of the worst features in the whole auto business. Probably half of the folks who own autos have no moral right to do so. In the main it is a luxury, and in the case of an owner with an income less than five thousand a year, it is an extravagance.

An Expensive Plaything

THE auto is, for the most part, a plaything. The people who ride in them are not going anywhere—they have been—and they have n't anything to do when they get there. The speed is fatuous, and the errand artificial, the pomp and seriousness farcical.

The autos of this country are costing us as much as that fat poodle, the navy—a million dollars a day.

This was about the cost of our Civil War, from start to finish.

The value of a thing is in direct ratio to its productive power.

That which pays six per cent clear, we call a good investment. But you must figure on overhead or fixed charges, and depreciation.

There is only one thing in the world that is so costly to maintain, and is subject to so rapid deterioration as an auto, and that is a man-of-war.

To repair an auto that is once "smashed up" is an impossibility. I saw a Limousine hit by a street-car in New York, last week. The owner took the cushions, and then gave a drayman five dollars to carry the twisted, bent and broken thing away and dump it.

You can build a new battleship as cheaply as you can raise and repair the Maine.

But, say our friends, battleships belong to nations, and autos to individuals—your comparison is not fair.

Well, take steam-yachts, then. The auto is the steam-yacht of the middle class.

Its productive power is a hypothesis, and often a barren ideality.

That recreation is valuable and has its use we all admit. The auto prevents introspection, and gives its occupants a fine ration of fresh air.

¶ The management of one is a pleasing puzzle, and to feel all this power at your finger-tips is a great stimulus. It breeds alertness of eye and ear, gives much dexterity, accelerates the heart's action, and also, I believe, promotes the cause of temperance, since we know that only a perfectly sober man can run one, without terrific risk. ¶ The chauffeur who drinks has already lost his job.

And surely the world needs recreation and it needs fresh air.

Also, man is made to migrate, and the act of moving around is natural and right.

So far, so good.

But my plea is that a vast number of people are buying machines who can not afford them. To mortgage a home in order to buy an auto is deliberate lunacy.

To keep out of debt is quite as necessary as to travel far and fast, kick up a hell of a dust, and make a bad smell.

The peace that comes from knowing you can meet your obligations is something you can not afford to trade in on the price of a machine. The burden of debt and expense may kill you. Go slow! Also, keep to the right!

The Law of Compensation

✱ If you have n't a machine, you can walk. The Open Road is yours. Sit on the bank-side and watch them fly past and feel sorry for the occupants who go so swift that they see little or nothing; and who perhaps have stood off the butcher, the baker and the grocer in order to open up their social cut-off and cultivate that stony stare of non-recognition and conscious superiority.

The autoist does not love Nature—his bent is mechanical; his fad is wheels—motion has infatuated him. You can think of daisies, buttercups, butterflies, trees and birds. ¶ He thinks of crank-shafts, carbureters, spark-plugs and non-skidding, anti-skidoo appliances. The Law of Compensation exists. You own the landscape—he has only a right of way. Honk, honk! Keep to the right, you lobster!

And the argument is this: The automobile is a non-productive, fixed—damnably fixed—investment. The money you put in is there to stay. If you can afford it, invest, but if you can't, don't. ¶ Punch's advice to the man about to wed, can safely be given to the man about to buy a machine. Altogether, this country has got to take a pace that is a little

more moderate, else not only the rural constable but God will get us by the scruff.

The tremendous non-productive investment in automobiles has got to be paid for in some way, possibly in explosive sobs and gobs. ¶ What that shape will be no man can say, but the fact is, this country is pretty nearly benzine-buggy bughouse.

Come to East Aurora and tramp the hills with me! We will stroll, pass the medicine-ball, and hoof it down the dusk, or in the sunshine, the shadow or the rain. Who cares—all weather is good! We will live the simple life, not merely talk about it.

Or, should you prefer, I'll take you out in my auto for a whirl and a whizz and give you a ride that will make your hair curl.

The serene point of view is obtainable only by holding the spirit in equipoise; by letting slip the shackles of hurry; by anchoring fast to the one greatest thing, "Peace."

The Cigaretist



IGARETTE-SMOKERS are often active, alert, competent men. ¶ They are quick to see an opportunity, ready to take advantage of it, appreciative, sympathetic, kind. ¶

But when you see such a one, he is in his prime, at his best; his star is at the zenith, not on the horizon or at nadir.

Never again will he be as much of a man as he is now. ¶ His future lies behind. ¶ He is not growing into a better man. ¶ He is not in the line of evolution.

If you want a man who will train on, flee the cigaretteist as you would a pestilence. He will surely disappoint you.

And the better and brighter your young man, the faster his descent to Avernus.

Cigarette-smoking is all right until the habit begins foreclosure proceedings. Then Beelzebub himself (prince of lawyers) can not vacate them—you go to the devil's auction.

As a close observer of men and as an employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette-smoker—never promote him—never depend upon him to carry a roll to Gomez, unless you

do not care for Gomez and are willing to lose the roll.

I say, do not promote the cigarette-smoker, for the time will surely come when you will rue the day you ever placed him in a position where he can plague you by doing those things which he ought not, and by leaving undone those things he should have done.

"Demotion" a Bad Business

XF you have cigarettists on your payroll who are doing good work, do not discharge them. Simply keep them as long as they are of profit to you, and when you find they become a care gently lay them off, and say you will send for them when you need them.

And then never send for them.

To protect your peace of mind you can not afford to put a man in a position where you will have to humiliate yourself by asking him to step down and out.

To reduce a worker's pay is a very embarrassing thing for two parties—the man and yourself. It means that you have been mistaken in your judgment, and the man will always consider himself bitterly wronged. Usually for you his usefulness is gone, his enthusiasm vanished. He can not explain things to his wife and relatives, and so he damns you and they do, and soon they grow to believe their hand-made vilifications.

Therefore, as a general proposition, it is better to eliminate absolutely a person whom you ironically call your "helper," than to reduce his pay and curtail his power.

Fire him and then hire him back in a month, when he has had time to cool, if you desire. But to keep him, out of kindness, is a mistaken kindness that pays a penalty.

A Notable Exception

HOWEVER, there may be exceptions. I once knew of a foreman who had, at times, the habit of making things uncomfortable for his best men. If one forged ahead and did particularly well, he got that foreman's displeasure just as surely as a schoolteacher's official life is cut short if she sets her colleagues too warm a pace—a thing, by the way, that is seldom done.

And so it happened that a workman remained at the shop all night repairing some machinery without being told, and thereby did he get the grand call-down the next morning from the foreman.

The matter accidentally came to the attention

of the superintendent, and he being a man of decision and a bit of a philosopher withal, issued a curt order that the enterprising employee and the foreman should change places.

Did the former foreman now take the menial place and work under the orders of a man who had worked for him?

Aye, that is exactly what he did—he was big enough to take his medicine. He choked down his choler, said not a word, but reported in blouse and overalls, and went to work under the orders of the man he had wronged.

He worked diligently, quietly and cheerfully. On the third day these men, who had up to this time merely glanced at each other, met face to face. The foreman said to the former foreman: "Bill, my pay has been raised fifty dollars a month, yours has been cut down the same amount. I see you are trying to make it easy for me, and surely you know I am not going to make it hard for you—we will divide our pay equally," and he held out his hand.

¶ The other man's eyes filled with tears.

Both had won.

The new man received the hearty support of the old foreman. They worked together as one man, and thus each doubled his value for the company.

The reduced man set before that shop an object-lesson in obedience which surely was a power for good among the two thousand men employed there. No word of complaint ever escaped his lips.

A year after, the superintendent resigned to become president of the corporation, and he had the naming of his successor. Whom did he choose?

You know whom he chose—he chose the former foreman whom he had reduced.

The Spirit of Obedience

THE man who is big enough to take orders and has in his heart the spirit of obedience is a sure winner. No man has the right to give orders who can not obey them.

But in all my experience in business this is the only instance I can recall of a reduced man taking his medicine. Usually they explode with wrath, take to the budge and get the instant blue envelope, or else fly, leaving behind a trail of vituperation. About one time out of five they remain at work—grumpy, glum, grouchy, sour and sullen. But to accept the reduction and put good cheer and instant obedience into the

menial position marks the man of a million. Such a one is in league with the law of levitation, and nothing can keep him down.

The foreman I just mentioned was not a cigarette-smoker. He had at intervals his little times with the boys. And probably the resulting loss of sleep and irregularity of hours led to an irritation which brought about the reduction. But the reduction sobered him for the rest of his life.

Seeming Immunity of European Nations

AM aware that in some parts of Europe cigarette-smoking is almost universal, and that no special deleterious effects are noticeable. This immunity is owing to the temperament of the people and the peculiarities of the climate. My argument herein has America and Americans in mind. Poison affects different people differently, and American nerves can not withstand artificial stimulants. The dull and phlegmatic Russian can do things we can not. The Don, Dago, Greaser and Turk are built on different lines from us. Americans need all the brain-power they possess in their business—the modern *hidalgo* has no business.

In parts of Europe respectable women smoke cigarettes in public places; in some parts of America ladies smoke pipes and use snuff; in South Carolina are good folks who eat clay; but these things form no precedent for us. For the cigarette habit no argument can possibly be made. Ask the "fiend" about it and he will smile a silly, supercilious smile out of his gamboge face, and feel for his cigarette-box.

Cumulative in Its Effect

CIGARETTE-SMOKING is not periodic—it is continuous—a slow, insidious, sure poison.

Its results can be foretold as accurately as the expert alienist can foresee the end of incipient locomotor ataxia.

Fortunately, most young men who begin the habit quit it before it gets a vital hold upon them. Were this not so, how could the student body outstrip their professors at Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth? These young men smoke cigarettes just as they dabble in strange vice when away from the immediate restraint of family and home. Later, most of them square away and become pillars of society.

But for the young man who has become so calloused that he smokes cigarettes in the presence of his mother, sister or sweetheart,

there is little hope. Hope is only for the youth who is ashamed of his lapses.

The poison has already tainted his moral nature, and for him the work of dissolution, disintegration and degeneration has begun. He is a defective—a physical, mental and moral defective.

I admit that the moral strabismus of the cigarettist is not always caused primarily by his smoking. I admit that it is a fact that the idle, slipshod, inert, secretive, untruthful take to the habit very kindly. In short, I admit that because a thing goes with a thing, the thing is not necessarily the cause of the thing. The hoodlum who hangs around the livery-stable or country railway-station, and is prone to the haymow habit, is invariably a cigarette-smoker, and surely it would not be fair to blame his temperamental disabilities to cigarettes; his trouble lies deeper.

The cigarette-smoker is not a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes. Quite often he is a cigarette-smoker because he is a degenerate.

In preparing a culture-bed for vice-germs do not omit cigarettes. Cigarettes stupefy the conscience, deaden the brain, place the affections in abeyance, and bring the beast to the surface.

I am quite aware that cigarette-smokers make fine distinctions between the factory-prepared article and those they roll with their weak, nervous fingers in our presence. But after a long and careful study of the subject, I can find no reason to suppose that there is any real choice in cigarette-paper, cigarettes, or cigarettists. The burning of tobacco and paper together in proximity to the saliva distills a subtle, chemical poison that has its sure effects even upon the strongest constitution.

The Stages in the Cigarettist's Career

CIGARETTE-SMOKING begins with an effort to be smart.

It soon becomes a pleasure—a satisfaction—and serves to bridge over the moment of nervousness or embarrassment.

Next, it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit.

This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrest—wandering of mind, accompanied by a loss of mental and moral control. And finally a flabbiness of tissue results from taking the smoke into the bronchial tubes, where pure

air is required to oxygenize the blood, and a nervous weakness follows that leaves the victim unprotected, and a prey to any sort of malady or disorder to which he may be exposed or liable.

And here seems a good place to say that such silly tales as that cigarettes are soaked in a solution of opium or belladonna, or that the harm of the cigarette comes from the arsenic in the paper, have no place here. The price of opium absolutely forbids its use in any form by cigarette-makers; beside that, it is not necessary—there is a sedative quality and poison enough in pure tobacco to answer all purposes.

Beginning as a habit, the matter ere long becomes a vice. The first indication of degeneration is in your cigarette-smoker's secretiveness. He feels his weakness and so seeks to present a bold front. "Bluff" is his chief characteristic. He tries to make an impression—he talks big, is full of promises, plans and confidential utterances. He confuses dates, times and places, and often will tell you he has done a thing when he only intends to do it. Only the strong man is honest—only the healthy tell the truth. A lie is a disease of the will—hypocrisy is a symptom.

When a cigarette-smoker pays his devotion to Nature, he always passes the time away by rolling a cigarette, this being the only instance when he displays a zeal in improving the moments as they fly. He dreams over his work, dawdles indefinitely, picks things up and lays them down, and proves for us again and again the maxim that the strong man is the one who can complete a task, not merely begin it.

One marked peculiarity of the cigarette-fiend is that invariably he makes a great discovery: It is that cleverness, astuteness, trickery and untruth are good substitutes for simplicity, frankness, and plain, common honesty.

For physical exertion our cigarette-smoker has a profound dislike. He calls a cab and pays for it with your money, and if he has only a block to walk he takes a car. Should you by much effort get him into an outdoor game he soon grows weary and stops to light a cigarette. When he rides he pollutes the morning air with smoke. Ere long he will grow as limp as a printer's-roller in July: his vertebrae are Good-year; all of his decision goes into smoke, and if you ever had any hopes for him they are ashes.

The difference between mine and thine is a

very hazy proposition to the cigarette-smoker—meum and tuum are not in his lexicon. Larceny and lying are sprouts that grow from the same soil.

The cigarette-smoker has an abnormal egotism—he has much faith in himself. If his faith wavers he rolls a cigarette. Often in advanced stages half the day is given to rolling cigarettes. To find men who roll cigarettes for their own smoking for one or two hours a day is not difficult.

To roll his own cigarettes gives the defective something to do. Nervous, clutching, scratching, searching, yellow-stained hands—hands that alternately play the devil's tattoo and roll cigarettes—these are the hands that forge your name and close over other people's money.

The Purpose of This Appeal

DO not make my appeal to the cigarette-smoker himself, because it is of no use. He has a fixed belief that he is immune, and that all men are mortal but himself.

His name is Mr. Knowitall.

He grins at warning; laughs at the advice of his best friends, and turns your brotherly appeal into a joke. He sets his foolish little will against the knowledge and experience of the scientific and business world—all of which action is but a symptom of his paranoiac malady.

The man who quits the cigarette habit must see his own folly, and convince his own mind of the existence of the vice ere it can be eradicated. The trouble is in his brain. There is no salvation for him outside himself. There is no doubt that the cigarette-smoker is often a man of many good impulses, and over and over in his heart there sweep resolves to cease all subterfuge and be true, but these maudlin resolves are not to be trusted any more than you hearken to the promises of a "dope-fiend." The choice between cigarettes and daily doses of cocaine, morphine or bromide is very slight—all and each lead downward to the grave.

Dishonor, perfidy, disappointment, disgrace are the end of all. And so I close by again sounding a warning note to the employer of labor: Place no confidence in the cigarette-smoker, never promote him; he is an irresponsible being—a defective. Love him if you can; pity him if you will—but give him no chance to clutch you with his nicotine fingers and drag you down beneath the wave.

Our admiration is so given to dead martyrs that we have little time for living heroes.

Have a Hobby!



VERY man and woman should have a vocation and an avocation * *

Your vocation is the thing you depend upon for your bread and butter and clothes and house-rent * *

Your avocation is your plaything, your rest, your recreation, your emergency-brake, your psychic governor, your spark-arrester, your electric fuse that takes care of you when there is danger of a short circuit.

Your avocation brings into play another set of mental muscles, and gives you fit preparation for the battle of life * It supplies resiliency or resisting power, lends endurance, courage, faith and self-reliance.

The farmers' wives who go insane do so for lack of a fad, a hobby, a play-spell.

The business men who slip their trolleys, and the specialists who go bug, would n't if they had a hobby and galloped it hard and fast an hour a day.

If your work is indoors get a hobby that takes you out. If your work is head-work get a fad that makes you use your hands and feet. If nothing better, be a fight-fan or a baseball-fiend. These things will inspire you to get a medicine-ball and use it; or an indoor baseball and pull the household—including your wife, the children, Grandpa and the hired girl—into the game.

Enthusiasm a Panacea

WHEN Edmund Burke was in his early twenties he experienced a great flaring up of intellect tapping a big reservoir of power. And when the mood was on he utilized the Cosmic Current, instead of grounding it, and wrote an immortal book.

This book is known to us as "Burke on the Sublime."

The joker here gets his chance and comes in with "the Sublime and Ridiculous."

And there is no doubt that people who reach the sublime often appear ridiculous to those who don't or can't.

The enthusiast supplies mirth for the onlookers. But the enthusiast is the man who eliminates and finds rest for his convolutions.

Only this, be sure to enthuse concerning more

than one thing. A good golf enthusiast always enthuses over his business—the pendulum swings out as far in one direction as in the other, and one enthusiasm helps the other.

Q The business man who loves roses will make a success of both business and roses, and will never have nervous prostration.

Men are to be judged by their avocation rather than by their vocation.

How Do You Spend Your Spare Time?

YOUR vocation may be a thing that fate compels you to do, but your avocation you choose for yourself. You are what you are on account of the way you spend your leisure time: this is the you.

Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith all day, but in the evening he was something else. Robert Collyer the same.

The question is, How do you fill in the chinks of the day? What do you do Saturday afternoons, Sundays and each evening from seven to nine?

Macaulay, doing all his writing on stolen time, is a type not infrequent among extraordinary men * They were great on account of their hobbies * *

So the moral is, get a fad, and if your boy or girl has a hobby encourage them.

A hobby is a healthful play at the worst, and undying fame at the best.

I will not pray that each day be a perfect day, but I will pray to lapse not into indifference. I will not pray that each time I shall build both strong and true; but imperfect, I will pray for impulse that I may build anew.

A New Club!



NOT long ago I had the honor of addressing The Dedham Society for the Apprehension of Horse-Thieves, on their Centennial Anniversary.

The subject was the Poetry of Robert Browning. It was Ladies' Night, and a more refined and intelligent audience I never saw. This worthy society has a membership limited to three hundred fifty. There is a constant waiting list. The slightest fleck on your social record and it is you for the Lady Godiva ride—poetically speaking.

The name of the Society would naturally suggest an opposition Society made up of Horse-Thieves. This could well be, without the slightest impropriety, for since the Society for the Apprehension of Horse-Thieves does not apprehend any, so might a Society of Horse-Thieves be guiltless of stealing horses. The real fact is, no horse has been stolen in Dedham during the life of any of the present members. Very few of the members own horses, and when the President called at my hotel for me, he came in an automobile. This Society shows how everything in the world evolves into something else. Starting with the laudable desire to catch horse-thieves, it grew into a social club, and has continued on social and literary lines ever since. The fact that I was once accused of horse-rustling in Montana had nothing to do with the invitation extended to me. We met on an ethical basis. Ki—yi—yi—yi!

All strong men begin by worshipping at a shrine, and if they continue to grow they shift their allegiance until they know only one altar and that is the Ideal dwelling in their own hearts.

A Military Career



SOLDIER'S life is moral and intellectual degradation. A soldier becomes a soldier, and there is one thing that he always kills, and that is time. And to kill time is to kill yourself. There are exceptions, but these prove the rule. God and Nature designed that man should use his energies in useful effort. If he fails to do this he quickly falls a victim of arrested development. The soldier is a pensioner on the State, and to have a pension is to have a disease. A pension destroys the pensioner—vitiates his will, paralyzes his purpose. A soldier is a Remittance Man, and a Remittance Man, like the Devil, is a dead one.

Some people are so great that outwardly they may conform to the petty customs of a court, but inwardly the soul towers over the trifling annoyances, and all the vain power of the fearing, quibbling, little princes can not touch them.

The Ideal Life



HERE is an idea in the minds of many that the country is an ideal place to bring up children. Far away from the busy haunts of men, out of the mad rush and tumult, clear of the dust and din of factories, and beyond the reach of vice and depravity—there will we let the little souls fresh from God develop and expand. The singing birds and nodding wild flowers shall be their companions and into their hearts shall be absorbed the sunshine and the sounds that make melody through the branches. ¶ Oh! And yet again, Oh!

I do not wish to appear boastful of our town, but I'll hazard the challenge that there are a dozen boys hanging around the Railroad-Station in East Aurora who can give pointers in depravity and general cussedness to any set of city youngsters you can produce. And East Aurora is far more civilized than it was before I came here. This I acknowledge.

Last summer a fond mother from Cleveland sent her two sons to an uncle here, that they might rusticate for a month on the Old Farm and get a healthful glimpse into pastoral life and bucolic ways.

They got it.

One of these boys was ten and the other twelve years of age. They were not especially brilliant boys, but evidently had receptive minds, for when they got home their mother soon discovered that they had mastered the entire Underground Vocabulary of the Rural Deestrick.

The first burst of disillusionment came when the younger boy, in a proud wish to show his accomplishments, talked with a picturesque realism that made his mother gasp for breath, and caused his father to throw a Double Arab. ¶ In the meantime the elder lad had busied himself decorating the bathroom after a hay-mow pattern devised and suggested by his erstwhile friend, the Hired Man.

This proficiency in art and language caused the mother to make investigations, and the result was that she called the laundress and they stripped those two boys to the buff. They scrubbed them outside with Pearline, doped them inside with sulphur, soaped out their

mouths, rubbed Red Precipitate Ointment into their scalps, and burned every vestige of clothing they had worn on their vacation to the innocent environment of Th' Ole Homestead.

Just a Representative "York State" Town

EAST AURORA is not a peculiar place—it is just a plain, representative York State village. New England villages with their libraries and varied industries rank higher, but as you go West, say through Indiana and Illinois, you will find art and letters cultivated around the railroad-stations more assiduously, and vocabularies a trifle more intense.

We have the Hoodlum with us, but not quite so well rounded as the representatives to be seen in the villages of, say, five hundred inhabitants, in Ohio.

At present a stranger here wearing a high silk hat would be comparatively safe from mud balls; but a few years ago when an artist came out here sketching, and set up his White Umbrella from Mexico in a pasture-lot, we pelted his stuck-up circus-tent arrangement with stones and set the dogs on him.

This would probably be the fate of any similar presumptuous person in any of the small towns about here, save where the owner of the White Umbrella was a very large man and ambidextrous. The other way to do would be to secure the friendship of some influential citizen in the place who would act as sponsor and body-guard.

The Rise and Progress of Hoodlumism

HOODLUMISM springs naturally into being, like everything else, when the conditions are ripe. The right conditions are idleness and a lack of incentive toward the higher life.

They say people talk gossip in the country, but gossip is only a lack of a worthy theme. Having nothing else to talk about, folks turn and talk of each other; and if they rend characters and rip reputations up the back, it is only a sign of mental poverty. Get a man interested in poetry, art, sociology, and he talks of these. Set him to work at some useful employment that calls into being his higher faculties—the love of harmony, proportion, color—and his mind will revolve around these things, and of these will he converse.

Hoodlumism betokens the vacant mind and idle hands. The boy may have glimmering desires to do something useful and be somebody, but he lacks direction—there is none

to take the lead. He craves excitement, and as the railroad-station is the busy center he gravitates there "to see the train come in." He gets acquainted with the tramps who hang around the water-tank and pumping-engine room. Soon he times the Way Freight and curries favor with conductor and brakeman by helping unload boxes, bales and barrels. He learns to climb over freight-cars, to set the brake, to board a train in motion.

He is allowed to ride up the road to the next station. He gets off there, and while waiting for a train to take him back, goes over to a farmhouse and strikes the farmer's wife for a hand-me-out, as he has seen the tramps do. He gets it. ¶ And lo! it is an epoch in his life—he has learned that he can travel without paying fare, and get food without work. At heart he is a tramp and a criminal—he takes something without thought of giving an equivalent.

The next move is by hook, crook and stealth to take the thing without going through the formality of asking for it. If the farmer's wife refuses the food, why just locate the chickens that roost in the trees, and at night go get them! "The world owes every man a living."

Manual Training the Remedy

THE cure for hoodlumism is manual training, and an industrial condition that will give the boy or girl work—congenial work—a fair wage, and a share in the honor of making things. Salvation lies in the Froebel methods carried into manhood. You encourage the man in well-doing by taking the things he makes, the product of hand and brain, and paying him for them. ¶ Supply a practical, worthy ideal and your hoodlum spirit is gone and gone forever. You have awakened the Higher Life—the life of art and usefulness—you have bound your pupil to his race and made him brother to his kind. The world is larger for him—he is doing something—doing something useful: making things that people want. ¶

All success consists in this: You are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity—and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this.

Interest a person in useful employment and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos. ¶ Blessed is the man who has found his work.

¶

Every misery and every crime is evidence that Nature's law has been transgressed.

Commonsense

a n d

Life-Insurance



O keep young is something we all want to do. And it's mostly brought about by not thinking about it. You can't keep young if you are always dwelling on those terrible things that may happen when you're young no longer. That's why some people save. Saving is fine, excellent, provided we can find out in advance that you are going to live long enough to make the saving worth the stinting. It's a mean thing after you've done without your tobacco for a week, to hike into the sweet eternal. What's to be done about it anyhow? Easy! A life-insurance policy means saving plus. No risk of falling into the long sleep with \$14.75 at the bank. Not only is your life insured, but you are insured against your own inclination to shake the baby's bank, when you see a "sure thing."

It is a great thing to be protected against your own indiscretion, for even the best men are locoed logically half an hour every day, says Ali Baba, the Sage. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the time-limit, just as good executives are men who decide quickly and are sometimes right. Few men are big enough never to get mad when the other fellow does; also few men ever do business in the woozy, boozy, bughouse period.

Did you ever stake your all on an election, and prophesy to your friends that the other party was really out of the

An Advertisement

written by

Elbert Hubbard

game, you know—and then find the next morning that you were snowed under by forty thousand majority?

Did you ever go into a lawsuit as plaintiff, and when the jury filed out whisper to your counsel, "The enemy haven't a leg to stand on!" and when the jury came back, hear the foreman solemnly say, "We, the jury, find for defendants"?

Did you ever go into a land deal expecting to clean up a hundred thousand in two years, and instead find yourself saddled with a deficiency judgment?

These are the things that try men's souls and pocketbooks.

¶ The moral is, while you are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment, you should decide to put a little money away for a certain wise, loving and beautiful purpose, and put it where you can't get at it in one of those feverish, booby-hutch intervals, when your imagination is astride of a wild, bucking bronco of biz.

Insure yourself and be assured.

Don't let the wife and the kiddies run the risk of having not only lack of syrup, but actually no cakes at all. It simply means that you deposit a part of your savings with an insurance company instead of a bank. The bank pays you back what you put in; but the insurance company may pay much more. No bank in the world is as strong as the Equitable.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in The World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-insurance work for the **EQUITABLE**

Commerce and Commonsense



ART is founded on the surplus which commerce accumulates. Commerce gives the leisure to create, the time to enjoy and the money to buy.

Artists must be fed, clothed and housed in order to sing, paint, model, play or carve.

Commerce makes the artist possible, for it allows him to live, by buying his wares.

Very naturally, your artist often gets even by calling commerce bad names, like a sturdy bull calf that shows his gratitude by bunting his mother with all the ungracious force he can bring to bear.

It is our right to condemn anything and any man that helps us, and when the wind is East, we occasionally avail ourselves of the privilege.

He who influences the thought of his times, influences all the times that follow. He has made his impress on eternity.

The Legal Profession



IFTY thousand people cross London Bridge every day—mostly fools," said Carlyle. Six thousand lawyers live in New York City—mostly rogues.

Old Commodore Trunion was very sure that all attorneys were rogues, and you remember that once when he caught a lawyer in his castle-yard, he gave him a generous taste of the cat, on general principles. And who is the carping quibbler that dare say the castigation was not deserved!

Still, it does seem hard to declare all lawyers are rogues; and so, to estop all argument and put the case where none can gainsay it, I will simply say that one-half of all attorneys are rogues.

Of course it will be easy for the attorneys to cry, "You're another," and to declare that they are just as good as the doctors and preachers or editors, but this does not dispose of the case.

The theme is lawyers, and I propose to discuss it briefly.

One-half of all lawyers are rogues.

All lawyers admit it; and I give no offense to any one by making the statement, as every lawyer who reads this will instantly place himself, in imagination, on the side of the virtuous and run over in his mind the lawyers who he knows are sure-enough rascals.

A Prima-Facie Case

THE glib plea of every lawyer in behalf of his kind is, "If you had secured the advice of a good lawyer, he would have kept you out of the difficulty." But since it is a lawyer on the other side who has gotten you into the trouble, my proposition that one-half of all attorneys are rogues is proven and acknowledged by the lawyers themselves. When I say that just as many cases are lost in court as are won, I trust no bumbaliff or jaybird lawyer will arise and contradict me. Just as many cases are lost as are won. And in every case, the lawyers get a goodly grab into the pockets of all the litigants. The litigants not only lose their money, but wreck their peace of mind.

Every man should have a certain knowledge of law, that he might conduct his affairs so as to keep away from lawyers, and to this end I would have the principles of law taught in all High Schools and Colleges.

A Case in Point

JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE once said in public that no man could enforce a just claim in New York State, where it was litigated, without inviting financial and mental bankruptcy. For instance, here is the simple case of a man loaning two thousand dollars on a first mortgage on real estate. The money comes due, and has not been paid, but a technical flaw is alleged in the papers and the foreclosure is contested. Because why? A lawyer advises it.

The case is tried. Judgment for plaintiff. Case is taken to Appellate Division and after a year, is ordered reprinted—because the rogue lawyer confused it.

Finally, after a year, judgment is affirmed. Case taken to Court of Appeals, and after three years is sent back for a new trial.

Four years have gone by, and the case is exactly where it began. Again it is tried, and after three years, Court of Appeals confirms judgment. In the meantime, no interest, taxes or insurance have been paid, and property has been allowed by defendant to deteriorate sadly.

Plaintiff secures judgment and finds title of property passed to city on tax sale, and deficiency judgment worthless because the defendant has a year before turned over all his assets to his uncle, and bondsmen have skipped the country. Result: Plaintiff loses original amount of loan, twenty-five hundred dollars paid out for costs, and much sleep. Note, the rogue attorney for defense received rent of property, twenty dollars a month, as fee, during the time.

This is not an extraordinary case, neither does it prove that all attorneys are rogues, but it merely shows that the law, to a great extent, is framed for lawyers and roguery.

Collection-Agency Attorneys

DEAD-BEATS among lawyers and judges are too common to mention. If you do not know them, it is only because you do not know the world of men.

Collection Agencies supply lists of "reputable lawyers" throughout the country to whom you are invited to send claims. Send along your claims for collection, and I'll lay you fifty to five that of the claims collected, one-fourth of the attorneys will pocket the whole amount and refuse to reply; and another fourth will reply, denying the claim has been paid, and ask you to advance ten dollars for costs. If you are very foolish you will then send one attorney after another; and if you ever knew one lawyer to enforce a claim against another and remit proceeds to his client, your experience has been different from mine.

Damage-Claim Lawyers

IN every large city of the land, there are rooting lawyers who chase Emergency Ambulances so as to secure the poor wretch, or his family, as a client. These rogues bring actions against the employer or whoever can be pounced upon, for damages, and take one-half of the swag, or all, if possible. And it was recently shown that in Chicago, a regular conspiracy of lawyers and witnesses prevailed so as to prove any point desired.

If a man is injured, another man is brought forward who happened to be right on the spot, and testifies as to how it all happened. The testimony shows some rich employer or corporation sadly at fault. These witnesses were trained in moot-courts and the same gang that served as witnesses on one occasion, on the next come up smiling as jurymen—declaring glibly that they neither read the papers nor

have any thoughts on any subject. Railroad companies are constantly preyed upon by these conspiracies concocted by the rogue attorney. The big lawyers who work for railroads were usually retained on account of their skill in prosecuting railroads.

Having espoused a cause, a lawyer allows his feelings to lead him in the direction of his interests; but the fact is that the practise of law is largely an evasion of law, and a lawyer speedily becomes morally myopic.

The average lawyer is in no sense a producer—he preys upon the business community, and seizes everything that is n't fastened to the floor. An inventor, a creator, a producer is to him legitimate game.

A Kindergarten for Crooks

AND so have lawyers multiplied, out of all keeping with population, that they have become ravenous, and no man coming within their reach is safe. The booming of real estate has developed a whole round of exercise for their roguery, and has even brought to the surface the religio-lacrimose lawyer who robs schoolteachers, preachers and small tradesmen by getting them to buy gilt-edge mortgages on swamp-land, or "bonds" that represent nothing but driftwood contracts.

Schopenhauer says that clergymen and doctors are necessary evils—there being a kink in the minds of most people to which the professions named, minister. No such excuse, however, can be made for an attorney. The only reason ever put forward for his existence by anybody is that he prevents men from wronging other men. But since men do now steal from other men, and attorneys tell them how—every lawyer's office being a kindergarten for crooks—it seems that their excuse for existence is poorly taken. No gigantic theft ever occurred, such as stealing a railroad or a town-site or a monopolizing franchise, but that lawyers had both hands in the rake-off up to their elbows. Were lawyers abolished to limbo, stealing would then be limited to lifting portable things, but now men wrest from other men the rights of generations unborn. ✱ ✱

A Band of Mercenaries

NEVER yet knew a lawyer who had any real respect for the law, or the judicial ermine, although, of course, there is a whole round of cant phrases and hypocritical mumble about "the learned judge," "the majesty of the law," and the "impartial jury."

A lawyer sells his services to whoever will buy; and Daniel Webster once said that if an attorney lacked faith in the righteousness of a cause, a retainer would always animate his zeal. And the extent of his zeal is usually regulated by the size of the check.

The biggest fools in the way of clients are, I suppose, those who go into litigation for revenge. The revenge gotten out of law is very costly. Even to maintain a perfectly just claim, your action is unwise if your time is worth anything, and you have any useful work to do. Any good business man, nowadays, will compromise—accept ten per cent—anything, rather than scramble his brains in court, at the elbow of an attorney. Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance is the highest wisdom—you'd better be robbed direct than litigate and be deprived of your property by what is ironically called "due process of law."

The Best Lawyer

WE are told that a man who is his own attorney has a fool for a client. ¶ I would like to ask just here, if a man hires an average up-to-date lawyer, who is it that this lawyer has for a client?

The best lawyers now are business men. The big successes of the future will not be in either of the three learned professions. Neither the doctor, the lawyer nor the clergyman is now the intellectual leader in his community. The professions are just tolerated—that's all. The old-time lawyer, with his wide culture and fine sense of honor, is gone, and gone forever—granting the hypothesis that he ever existed outside of the brain of a novelist. The lawyer now is a sharp, venomous, vacuous whipper-snapper—often plausible—but wholly unreliable, whose measure has been taken by both the tailor and the grocer, one to his loss and the other to his advantage.

Mutuality the Only Procedure

THE transaction that is not mutual is immoral. Both sides must be benefited. Reciprocity must be the rule.

If a property once gets into the lawyer's hands, let no client expect to get off easy.

Judges, courts and lawyers dissolve, destroy, dissipate—divide.

According to this test of mutuality, does the lawyer give an equivalent? Let us evade the question, and say with Chief Justice Taney that lawyers are men who punish their clients for being so foolish as to go to them.

Also this, the rogue lawyer is punished by his roguery, and in time evolves into something less than a man. A man's acts and thoughts etch themselves into his soul, and print his history on his face.

Sensible parents no longer encourage their growing sons to enter the professions. Success lies in human service, in teaching, creating and building for the future, not in bamboozlement, or the godless game of graft and grab. ¶ Blackstone was a lawyer, and he knew the rogue barrister who absolved himself when he kept beyond the nip of law.

Blackstone says, "The man who takes everything which the law allows him to take, is a scoundrel at heart. To limit morality to that which is legal is base; for the extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice. The administration of law requires mercy, and above all it demands the admixture of good common-sense."

There is something beyond the legal requirements. It was stated two thousand years ago in these words: A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU—THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

The judge is a worse sinner than the woman he condemns, for he sins in his strength and against the light, while she stumbles in the dark and in her weakness.

A Business Romance



BUSINESS has its romance. Here is a true story about an American Merchant that puts our old friend Munchausen to the bad.

¶ This merchant's income is a million dollars and more a year.

¶ He was the son of a village blacksmith—one of a big family—born in decent poverty, and brought up to wait on himself, do without things, make things, economize time and money and help his mother wash the dishes.

He used to warm his bare feet on October mornings where the cows had lain down. He got his education on the run, or while others slept.

This merchant today stands at the head of the largest mercantile house in the world; a house that buys more stamps from your Uncle

Sam than the three other largest customers of the Post-Office Department; a house that has more customers than all the wholesale merchants in America, combined. Yet this man is still young. He has neither bald spot nor gray hairs. His form is erect, his eye is bright, his face is kindly, his voice suave and gentle. He is sociable, friendly and without frills. Withal he is a handsome man. He is six feet high, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Now, handsome men are seldom either wise or good—they are merely handsome. But here is a man who evidently does not know he is handsome, and will not know it until he reads this. Yet he is a student—he is always and forever at school. He has the hungry, alert and receptive mind. He loves art, music, good books. He is a generous and magnetic man—one who inspires confidence—aye, affection. Children believe in him instinctively. He has the respect and sincere reverence of his employees, and therein is one of the secrets of his power. This man is Richard W. Sears, the founder, general manager, and chief owner of Sears, Roebuck and Company, a concern that does a business of sixty million dollars a year.

Worked by the owner a farm yields well. Renters can not be expected to do as good. Nor can man's mind be cultivated best by proxy.

Social Evolution



At the beginning, the business of a great man was to kill game, protect the women, by whom all work was done, and maintain a Conspicuous Waste.

The waste advertised to all beholders the extent of the chief's ownership. The gauds, banners and trappings were made by slaves. And the number of these slaves revealed the owner's prowess.

With the savage, that man is mightiest who makes the most display and the most noise.

The soldier transfers the priestly office to another. The expedient is a wise one. It keeps in subjection the people who toil. They are awed by those who have power both in this world and in another. This assumption on the part of the priestly class, that they can

control the destiny of man in another world, is a most useful expedient—it furthers the personal plans of the warrior. If a man believes in the absolute ability of the soldier here and the power of the priest there, he is tethered body and soul. The only thing then is so to treat him that he will not doubt nor become reckless and rebel. He must be cajoled to a certain degree, otherwise he will cease to work; for should a large number cease to produce, from whence then would come the gauds and trappings for Conspicuous Waste among the Respectable Class?

But alas! this is a far-off contingency, for thus far rebellion and disbelief have only been transient and topical.

The Priest's Prerogatives

THE offices of a priest at first combined in themselves those of counselor, physician, teacher and clerk. Especially was he the accountant, and so we have the "cleric," "clerk" or "clerk." He was educated, and his sole qualification was that he should be able to read and write, which the soldier very seldom could. For a time in England, men who could read were exempt from official punishment. This is what was meant by "benefit of the clergy." The criminal who interposed the claim that he could read, was examined by a priest. "Can he read?" asked the judge. "Like a clergyman," was the reply, and the man was set free. Often the judge could not read, and a sort of superstition attached to the ability—it was like killing a priest, and priests were, until yesterday, exempt, the belief being that a priest, like a king, could do no wrong. This now is not generally believed to be true.

The Teaching Profession

THE reason that the office of teacher has not commanded the same honors as that of the lawyer and doctor is because the teacher deals with the young and with those without property.

The teacher is usually an honest person, of necessity, because his opportunities for predatory exploitations are very limited. His influence on the community is really greater than that of lawyer or physician, but he does not make as much money, and consequently can not indulge in Conspicuous Waste.

So he is doomed forever to the standing of a semi-menial.

There are plans to pension teachers, as though

they were incompetents, but there are no plans to pension doctors and lawyers—it would be an insult. ❊

Lawyers and doctors prey upon the moral and physical maladies of society; and to a large extent they excite, stir up, foment and bring about the ills they pretend to alleviate. ❊ The medical advertisements are not to let you know the disease is curable, but to make you think you have it.

Lawyers often become wealthy through wreckage. A receivership is usually regarded as a letter of marque and reprisal.

A receiver's family indulges in Conspicuous Waste and is respected accordingly.

But who ever heard of a schoolteacher cutting a social swath!

Attached to the profession of pedagogy is this blighting disgrace of poverty—in other words, its inability to indulge in Conspicuous Waste. Schoolteaching, not being very respectable, is usually followed by young women only until they can get married, or by men until they become lawyers or authors.

The Child's Other Mother

❊ **I**N passing, it is well to note the fact that it is only within the past generation that woman has really entered into the business of teaching. The result is that she has largely driven man out of the profession, because she is generally more efficient, and also because, I am sorry to say, she will work for less wages. ❊ The teacher is the child's other mother. In a pure state of nature, the child would need no other teacher than its mother, but the economic demands upon the poor and the social demands upon the rich make a third party indispensable.

In the average home, there is a woful lack of love—everybody is so busy! So the child is sent to school, and the other mother gives her mother-love, her patience and her tact to bring about a pleasurable animation—a condition the average parent can not evolve, and without which mental and spiritual growth is impossible. The schoolteacher is considered a sort of poor relation—a parasite—an anomaly—a kind of hornless cow among horned cattle. She has enough to live on, but neither time nor money for Conspicuous Waste, so she is doomed to yammer forever without the pale.

❊ Her only hope lies in a society which does not make Conspicuous Waste the badge and sesame of Respectability.

The Priestly Setback

❊ **T**O a great degree, the office of priest has gone back to its original position of servant. Protestantism has proven to us the uselessness of a priesthood; but the instinct to conserve the archaic finds refuge in a fiction, and we still have the parson as head of a Social Club, which we call a "Church." The man's honors, however, are gone and he is scarcely more respectable than a schoolteacher. His curses and blessings are alike futile, and men everywhere now regard his office as rudimentary—a sort of theological appendage vermiformis. ❊ The Social Club he represents is a form of Conspicuous Waste, and this is why we keep him—in order that we may be regarded as respectable.

At first, the only men educated were those intended for the priesthood—education for any other purpose was preposterous. So we still cling to the priestly idea of education—the dead languages, for instance—and attempt to attach to education a sort of mystery and halo. All educated men are supposed to be exempt from manual labor. That the common people should be educated is a trifle strange to us even yet. A few years ago, in America, the only educated men in each community were the ministers, and in many Russian villages, today, the only man who can read and write is the priest. We can thus easily see how, as a class, the priests have opposed education—they fear competition—it curtails their power.

The Genesis of the Professions

❊ **B**UT a gradually growing complexity of society compelled the priests to specialize. The professions of lawyer, physician, accountant and teacher are all variants of the priestly office, and all, to a great degree, still conserve the archaic traditions. ❊ The distinguishing feature of each is that it exempts its members from manual labor.

All indulge to the extent of their ability in Conspicuous Waste, in order to advertise the fact that they do no work, that is to say, that they are not slaves. Doctors, lawyers, priests and preachers (a Protestant preacher is an attenuated priest) dress in a way that advertises the fact, wherever they go, that they do not work with their hands. Their attire is of a kind that really forbids manual labor, and makes it impossible for them to do a useful thing. So we have the high collar, the spotless shirt bosom, the smoothly ironed chimney-pot

hat, the patent-leather shoes, and cuffs that tell to all that the wearer does not dig in the ditch.

The Insignia of the Superior Class

BUT a few years ago, men of the superior class proved their exemption from manual labor by wearing long ruffles that came over the hands, rendering them practically useless. They wore dainty slippers with polished silver buckles or bows, white silk stockings, much dainty and delicate finery, lingerie, which only ladies of high degree are supposed to secrete upon their persons.

Corsets were first worn by men, and they forbade any useful bodily effort. To a great degree, through a more curious substitution, these refinements have been delegated to women. Just as the priest derives his power from the warrior—in fact, is a vicarious soldier—and as doctor and lawyer and teacher are vicarious priests, so have men delegated to women the task of Conspicuous Waste.

Man supplies the materials—she does the rest.

The New Standard of Values

WE now know a man's financial standing by the way his wife dresses. His wife is his walking rating in R. G. Dun & Co.'s register. The diamond is the highest form of concentrated wealth, and many men take great pride in supplying their wives with these ornaments for conspicuous display. These things lend him an honor and eclat among other men. "Just look! There goes Jones' wife!"

This is a great gratification to Jones. He works and toils and slaves with his head and wit—not hands—that he may buy sealskin sacques, jewels, silks, laces, autos, and a palace with many servants—all for his wife and daughters. It is a Vicarious Waste, but it serves the purpose—it advertises the prowess of Jones. His house is a palace—it is conspicuous—it occupies a block, has verandas, porticos, and an observatory. It surpasses all other houses in the vicinity. It is filled with curious furniture, statuary from Italy, paintings from France, bric-a-brac from Japan, books from England. These costly and curious things compete with one another for our attention. They are thrust at us from tables, pedestals, walls, shelves, whatnots, mantels, niches—all asking for applause, approbation—and envy. All tell of the power and potency of Jones. The process of having his slaves make things was too slow—the age is rapid—Jones, by hook or by crook, secures the labor of many

men and women and also children. He has mills in various places—he draws tribute from a thousand sources. His income is greater than ever Polynesian Chief imagined or Mogul guessed; but what boots it if the world knows it not? Jones can not ride in a palanquin or in a carriage with riders, nor sit on a divan, fanned by slaves. His success in holding what he has made, demands eternal vigilance, and so to his wife and daughter he delegates the Conspicuous Waste, while retaining the honors for himself. The woman is still man's servant, is still his slave—he is using her for his own ends and purposes. Society demands that in order that Jones may be respectable, he must uphold the priestly class—the Church—and as he is too busy to attend to the matter of religion personally, he delegates it to his wife.

Second-Hand Education

WHEN we have another curious thing: Jones is so immersed in business that he is neglecting his own mental estate—he realizes this, and his wife feels it. Should he become wholly illiterate he would lose caste and cease to be respectable, so he further delegates to the women of his household the task of reading books and getting an education. They have leisure—Jones supplies it—and so they join Reading-Clubs, or go to College and do, by vicarious means, what Jones would do if he had the mind and the time. But it is all for the family, just as the women toiled in barbaric times. The family name is upheld—they are Respectable. That most women take very kindly to this business of Conspicuous Waste there is no doubt; and woman's aptitude for the part leads one almost to assume that she, herself, first suggested this division of labor.

The Specialized Functions of the Military

AS the priestly office has many specialized functions, so has that of the soldier. Government officials and politicians whose business is to prey are Vicarious Soldiers. The average politician is a civilized savage. A few years ago, he would have swooped down and seized the thing. Now the opposition of forces forbids, and he has to do by legal means what the savage chief did by violence. His business is to convince, wheedle and cajole the people into voting for him. That in many instances he thinks he is sincere, there is no doubt; but the fact remains that the "ward heeler" and the "district boss" are men who

study the penal code closely, so as to keep out of jail. Your politician is a bashi-bazouk posing as the people's friend. His motto is, "To the victors belong the spoils," which he may announce as did Andrew Jackson, or deny as did R. B. Hayes—the fact remains the same.

Woman's Position

AS the first practical and useful work was done by women, outside of killing things, the soldier lived on the labor of women. So the politician and all those who make up the Superior Class are still supported by the industrial community. At the last, everything comes out of the ground and somebody has to dig for it. ¶ This Superior Class lives by acquisition, rather than by production. The propensity to annex is strong in the Soldier Class, the predaceous instinct never relaxes, and exemption from work is still the certificate of character.

But the politician is not really respectable until he is able to have his family indulge in Conspicuous Waste. Read the dispatches from Washington and you will be confused to know whether the men or the women are the most important. Usually there is one column of the doings of Congress, and two columns concerning receptions, fetes, soirees, dinners and teas, with all the data concerning gowns, brooches, bays and cross-matches. By the side of the great man is a picture of his wife—seldom his intellectual mate—but the one who advertises his status by her Conspicuous Waste.

¶ The most trivial actions of the President's wife and daughter are cabled to the ends of the earth; their coming and going, with minutiae as to their attire, and all that relates to cards, curds, and custards are spread before us each morning at breakfast. And when the First Lady of the Land fainted and fell prostrate through an excess of Social Duties, we telephoned our condolences, and nobody smiled excepting a mulatto in Tuskegee.

Politically, we live in the Age of Snobbery. That is to say, we live in a social period of imitation and uncertainty. Socially, the city of Washington is imitating the Old World nobility and out-herding Herod. Washington Society is clutching for Respectability through Strenuous, Conspicuous Waste of time and material. And that it is succeeding daily in its complete devotion to futility, no one can dispute.

✱

The feeble joke is the last resort of the man who does not understand.

Illiteracy and Postage



TEN years ago we were told that Sweden, Norway and Switzerland were the least illiterate of all the countries in the world.

¶ Today, America, including Canada, stands at the head of enlightened countries.

No people in the world have so much literature, and literature at so small an expense, as we have. ✱ And literature means "the light."

In the distribution of this printed matter, the Second-Class Privilege has been a compelling factor. Moreover, it has encouraged the publication of a great number of periodicals, having first educated men to read, and next to write and print.

Just as the Public Schools are Government institutions, maintained by a general tax, regardless of the number of children you have to educate, so is the postage rate on periodicals an educational enterprise.

It will not do to ask at this day, "Is the function of Government educational?"

Thomas Jefferson answered that in the affirmative once and forever. And Franklin prophesied a day when it would be nothing else.

Let no quibbler here arise and say that the Public Schools are local affairs, looked after by towns, townships and villages. The fact is, our Uncle Sam is a teacher and provides a handy birch for the illiterate. ✱ The Civil-Service Commission is a pedagogic test. The Military Schools, the Indian Schools, the Naval Academies, the classes on board cadet-ships, are all endeavors by the Government to educate the children of Miss Columbia and Uncle Sam—adopted, natural or legitimate.

The Dissemination of Knowledge

THE Government Printing-Office is the biggest printery in the world. It provides literature, gratis and postage-paid, on forestry, gardening, fisheries, the raising of Guinea-Hens, and over four hundred different items pertaining to farming and manufacturing. ✱ Our foreign consuls are all ordered to supply us knowledge concerning what the world is doing and trying to do. ¶ This knowledge is distributed by the Government.

The Department of the Interior loans photographs and lantern-slides of thousands of most

interesting subjects to any citizen of repute, all prepaid and without fee.

Geographical, geological and topical maps are to be had for the asking. Seeds and plants are distributed by the ton, with advice concerning how to get the best results for our labor.

Franklin's dictum that Government would yet be educational, and nothing else, was backed up by the argument that it was cheaper to educate men than forcibly to restrain or compel them. To breed criminals and produce the incompetent is surely a costly and foolish plan as compared with educating boys and girls to use their heads and hands to help themselves by helping other people.

The Schoolhouse a National Bulwark

THE first intent of our American Government is not to compel people to do certain things and restrain them from doing other things; but it is to make the right life and the useful life the natural and easy one to live. To this end, as a people, we stand pledged to education. The Schoolhouse is our fortress and our hope. Moreover, we believe that all men and women should go to school as long as they live. There is no end to education. We are all in the Kindergarten of God.

There are today in America over a thousand organized Juntas, that meet weekly to study and discuss the contents of THE FRA magazine. Hundreds of other periodicals are read and studied just as closely. The question now is, Shall our Government encourage or discourage such intellectual endeavor?

The entire Post-Office Department is in the broad sense educational. It aims at the easy, prompt and cheap distribution of knowledge.

¶ The Post-Office Department is not run as a commercial enterprise to make money, any more than the Weather Bureau is run to show a profit. The Navy and Army have no income at all and they supply us a "deficit" of a million dollars a day. Yet when the Post-Office Department fails to show a profit, a whole chorus of little statesmen lift a falsetto howl of pain. If there is a deficit, let us just thank God that Uncle Sam has the money to wipe it out without winking an eyebrow.

Education Not a Luxury

ABOVE all things we must take no backward step and having once given the people a precious privilege, take it back, and lay a tax on education. ¶ Education is not a luxury like booze, tobacco, silk stockings and

ostrich-plumes. Education is bulwark and defense. The magazines and periodicals of America supply a mental want, almost without exception. Even the journals that are saffron and gamboge have a use. Thousands of men who work all day look forward to the rest and consolation gotten from the evening paper. As people grow better and wiser they have better literature. Taste is a matter of education. And set this down as an eternal truth: The things the people want, they get.

There is no doubt that our entire Public-School System is a needlessly complex and very faulty institution, when viewed from the ideal. Also, there is no doubt that most of the printed matter that goes Second Class is for the most part strictly second class in quality. Also, a small fraction of it is not in equity entitled to the rate—but no new laws are required to eliminate this abuse.

Yet, after making all deductions that reason demands, the fact remains that the periodicals of America supply a vast uplifting force for good among all the people.

If we must guard against a foreign foe by Dreadnaughts, let us not forget the enemies that dwell in our own camp, in the form of ignorance, superstition and incompetence.

A Business Basis

THE Express-Companies carry Second-Class Mail Matter at one cent a pound in competition with the Post-Office. If it were a loss to them, they would let the Post-Office have the business. The reason the Express-Companies can carry at a cent a pound and make money, while the Post-Office Department loses, is because the Express-Companies pay the railroads what the service is worth, and your Uncle Sam allows himself to be held up. The moral is, Get all Government affairs on a business basis, as Senator Bourne suggests. ¶ To increase Postage Rates of any kind or sort at this time is to deal education a blow, and slap literature in the face. Surely we want better literature, but we will not refine what we have by raising the rate. The people pay the postage—not the publishers. If the publishers are overstepping the line, like zealous hackmen at a railroad-station, let them be warned. But as for doubling fares—never! It punishes the wrong person.

If you object to a tax on knowledge, send your Congressman a postal card and say, "I am opposed to any increase in Postage Rates."

OUR COVER PAGE

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON

BY ALICE HUBBARD

EXPRESSION NECESSARY TO EVOLUTION

WE GROW ONLY THROUGH
EXPRESSION.



AN alone is and must be our God. No salvation outside of man."

This is a motto that Ludwig Feuerbach has given to the world. "Formerly," he says, "God was my first, Reason my second, and Man my third and last thought." It was not until the Nineteenth Century that modern man began consciously to work out his own salvation. Before that time he had begged salvation—of God, Jesus, the Holy Virgin, or of man in power. It is not many years since man has dared to turn his eyes from the skies and see this beautiful earth and the wonderful beings that populate it.

To drone solemnly in melancholy tone,

"Earth's but a desert drear,
Heaven is my home,"

was said to be an act of devotion for which there was a reward awaiting you in Heaven.

A practical person with a modicum of suspicion might have thought there was a real-estate boom on in this unseen and unseeable country, and these decriers of values of men and earth were trying to stampede immigration in that direction. It was a childish proposition—this scheme of salvation. The work you did for this unseen country was to be paid for—in Heaven—in jeweled crowns and mansions. It was not until the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century that the English-speaking people

began to evolve out of the mist of the emotional, hysterical age of fear, into the practical age of utility, usefulness, which we are now entering.

Not until man began to question "What for?" "Of what use is it?" did he really begin to live.

So long as man postponed entering into life, and put off rewards and punishments, happiness and misery, until after death, he was miserable and often vicious. So long as man worked, spent his best energies for a mythical Master in an Unknown Somewhere, he was cruel and harsh to his brother whom he had seen.

The saviors of mankind are those who have helped and who are now helping man to save himself. For man to develop himself is salvation. If we are ever saved, it is right here and now.

Make each day a completed, perfect round of work and play and rest and happiness.

If I love not my brethren and neighbors whom I have seen, how shall or how can I love an imaginary being who differs materially from humanity?



NE of the great saviors of mankind is Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson. Although he passed away from our sight a little more than a year ago, I can not say that he WAS, for his influence in the world so emphatically IS. He was only seventy when he died—a short life for a man of power—but he had traveled far, very far, in the threescore years and ten. In the one life he had lived many, for he was a man of imagination, of the keenest sympathy, of wide interests.

He was born in the country,

up there in Vermont, where every good family had a mortgage on the farm. Possibly they thought it would hold it safely down. Also, the mortgage served to furnish plenty of obstacles and resistance to too quick success, or mushroom growth.

Dr. Emerson's first lesson in caloric was taken early October mornings when he warmed his bare feet where the cows had lain during the night. His nature-study was begun before he went to school. He used to ask his sister, "What is the name of that bird that is now singing? What kind of flowers are these, and these, and these? What kind of trees and shrubs? What do the squirrels and chipmunks do in winter?" Necessity taught him ten thousand things that wealthy parents pay great sums to have their children taught—and which they never learn.

Fate was wonderfully kind to this little Vermont lad. Circumstances were such that he early learned the value of money. There were the interest on the mortgages, the taxes, and the necessities of life. He helped about it all. He was in the confidence of his mother and his father, and put his shoulder under burdens, up there in Vermont where they have weather, not climate.

He was also one of the favored ones, so delicately organized that he learned early to prize health, and was compelled to live so that he had the secret of life more abundant.

The Emersons did not try to live like millionaires and work any mine of life "to the last vein of its ore," and so this boy always kept the zest of youth for all good things. Every new day was a fresh creation, and

this world was never old to Charles Wesley Emerson.

DR. EMERSON was by nature a scholar and a philosopher. When as a young man his own health, or lack of it, became an object of deep interest, he came to conclusions that have become of vital interest to many, many thousands. ✽ ✽

This was before the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five.

Some of these convictions were as follows:

Man was made for joy.

Man was made to be well.

The health and well-being of the body is dependent upon the man's mental attitude towards life. ✽ ✽

Good health is more contagious than the measles.

The exercise of every function of the body should be an absolute joy.

The powers of the mind of man developed would make a perfect being.

Man is an evolving divinity, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be.

In seeking and finding his own health, Dr. Emerson found that the use and quality of the speaking voice has a direct effect upon the health—that the human voice is an index to the soul.

"Speak that I may know thee."
"When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

When these great truths came rushing into the mind of Dr. Emerson, I can easily imagine how his great heart went out to humanity, and the desire became intense to teach this gospel to every creature.

He started a School of Oratory in Boston in Eighteen Hundred Eighty. It was in a little room in Pemberton Square. There was only a small handful of people, earnest, eager, intent on finding truth.

The Emerson College of Oratory had a phenomenal growth, but it was built on the solid foundation of health and rea-

son, hard work and good thoughts, and much joy in the work.

Dr. Emerson's method of teaching was very like that of the Master, Liszt. He inspired his students. Awake the soul and the eyes will see, was the great Doctor's plan.

Believing that man had a divine desire for truth, this teacher had this faith in the Infinite, that He has equipped every one with a complete outfit for attaining to a high estate. So the Doctor's students were never sent out to buy apparatus of any kind.

"You are all ready! Begin! Keep on!" were the commands of our General. Exercise every muscle and nerve of the body each day, and exercise the parts of the body harmoniously with all other parts. Teach the body to respond to the mind, for the mind is supreme. Also, know that the body has an intelligence all its own, and this we must respect, and not interfere with.

When the soul is awakened, and the body inspired, the way of doing our work will take care of itself and the way will always be intelligent.

Dr. Emerson had the faith of a scientist, that the results would be sure when you had complied with Nature's laws. Have faith in your body! Have faith in your mind! Trust to the infinite laws! ¶ The law is sure—all we need is to comply.

THE leading principle of Dr. Emerson's life seems to have been to seek for the cause, and then when he had found it, to use the knowledge to benefit humanity. ✽ He would not tolerate palliatives. He was satisfied with nothing less than the genuine and the true. All hypocrisy and pretense were obnoxious to him. He was infinitely gentle and kind to everything else.

DR. EMERSON was not a mystic in any sense of the word. But in the Unseen

forces—those spiritual laws which are operative within us—his faith was absolute. He was the first person I had ever met who had actually relied upon them. The mind has the power to idealize, he said. It is the divine gift which above all others evolves man into a higher being. The child has an ideal circle in his mind. His drawing of a circumference satisfies or dissatisfies as it approaches or varies from this mental picture.

We criticize people and things when they do not fulfil the ideals we have of them. ✽ Naturally man's face is toward the light, but to acquire high, beautiful standards approaching the perfect ideal is what we term Salvation for man. This is what the struggle toward the light has been. In soul we grow towards our ideals. Hawthorne gave us a classic illustration of this truth in "The Great Stone Face."

SOME say that the gift stolen from the altar of the gods and given to man was Imagination. ✽ Without it, man is a clod, hopeless and sorrowful. ✽ With a trained imagination, man is godlike, or, to speak more respectfully, he is man.

One of the distinguishing features of Dr. Emerson's work was his training of the imagination to be under the control of the will, and to will that it should work to a purpose. ✽ Flights of idle fancy are not imagination. Imagination has character, form, and brings results in action.

Imagination is creative; it is the creative power of man. The civilization of the world is the work of the imagination, made manifest to the senses. Every structure, each work of art, all formulated thought, are results of the trained imagination. The imagination creates the ideals. It takes a suggestion, a hint, and builds that which gives benefit and happiness to humanity.

Dr. Emerson believed in the

powers of the mind. And he also emphatically believed in the sacredness and power of the body. There was in his life more than a hint of the Greek idea of making the body a perfect dwelling-place for the soul.

"Emulate the ancient Greek," was the watchword of Emerson College.

How our hearts glowed with triumphant joy as the Doctor pictured the glory and beauty of a body that could perfectly manifest the highest functions of the soul! Many times I have seen an audience of more than five hundred people carried into an ecstasy by contemplating the divine ideals which this great man in his eloquence made us see.

It was the beauty of the truth we applauded, not the man. There is one of the secrets of his greatness. He could present truth.

A little man can not do this. You have seen the small kind on the platform, in the pulpit, on the stage, when from the time they first appeared until they disappeared, they were never out of sight. They tried to present themselves continuously. "See me! Watch me! Look at me now! I am a wonder! Admire me more!"

Oh, you have seen them, and have yawned and sorrowed (and worse) that you had to endure it.

Little people are so impressed with the magnitude of their size, there is no room left for truth. So they present nothing but the folly of their delusions.

To present truth, one must have truth in the mind, and when truth is there, we forget ourselves and the divine spirit plays through us.

This fact, too, Dr. Emerson made clear: You must have a healthy body if you would have a healthy mind, and you must have a healthy mind if you would have a healthy body. They act and react upon each other.

In fact, where does mind begin

and body leave off? Surely the body has an intelligence all its own, or how could you walk or perform the involuntary actions of the body, or the voluntary actions which become habit?

Then if you trust to this intelligence, and if the muscles are free and educated, you can be a monocoer and go in safety even over dangerous places. Trust, have faith in the body! But first be sure you have trained it to respond to the mind and to be a fit tabernacle for the divine spirit to dwell in.

It was because Dr. Emerson was a believer in this great truth that he brought upon himself so much criticism twenty-five years ago. People who said that the mind was one thing, the soul another, the body something else, and at war with the good, were not monists. They said you had to teach a person exactly what gestures and physical attitudes and tones to use to express thought.

If you wanted to express emotional sentiments, operate the tremolo stop, put your hand to your heart at such or such an angle or curve, and then say your speech. Dr. Emerson said, Understand your thought, take on the conditions of the sentiment, through the power of the imagination become the sentiment, and your body and tone will tell the story without your taking thought as to what garments of mourning or joy it shall be clothed with.

Walt Whitman expresses the idea exactly,

"I do not feel as the dying soldier, I am that man."

This is the dramatic. Without the dramatic instinct there would be no sympathy—without sympathy, no Golden Rule. For how can you do unto others as you would have them do unto you if you can not put yourself mentally in the place identically of that other? Our entire social relations depend just upon this dramatic instinct. Is it not worth while paying a little

attention in an educational way to this natural instinct? Dr. Emerson thought so. And so did many thousands of students who went to the Emerson College of Oratory to study with this great teacher.

These thousands of earnest souls, awakened by the divine spirit which played through this great man, went out into every part of this country teaching and inspiring.

It is strange that during all these centuries of civilization, as we call it, in all our search for education, that only recently has a thought of the practical entered into our wise schemes. Froebel said, and he demonstrated his theory, "Teach the child how to live by teaching him to live right now." Rousseau, too, pointed to a better way.

The Greeks knew a superior education, but the modern school was turning the thought from life. Academic conning of the pages of books kept on and on.

"The only adequate preparation for life is living," said Dr. Emerson. "That is an artificial system of education which breaks up the life of an individual, devoting one half to a preparation for living, the other half to living."

Religion was not practical, either. It turned from the present and taught eternally of a future of which we actually knew nothing; we only guessed at it—not a wholesome guess, either.

Dr. Emerson arrested the attention of the looking backward and forward, and taught the Now. "What is good for you today? What will benefit you here and now—the Greeks who are at your door?" In his lecture on Socrates, I remember his dramatically-told story of the last day on earth of the philosopher:

"What kind of a man will I be in Elysium?"

"The same kind of a man you are here," answered Socrates his questioner.

"What shall we do with you when you are dead, Socrates?"

¶ "Anything you wish, provided you can catch me."

Live your highest and best today and make the next today better still, and any future for you will be an evolution of good. To live today should engage all your attention today.

¶ Be well today. Get into harmony with Natural Law. Then you will be at peace with yourself. And when you are at peace with yourself the universe is in harmony with you.

"One day health will be the rule. Men will learn to look for health rather than for disease; they will learn the importance of being dominated by healthy mental states—serenity, magnanimity, hope, faith, love."

This was the Great Man's hope for the human race and his faith in mankind.

"Lead me to the fountain of Truth—this is the cry of the heart of humanity. Obedience to this cry is the test of all art. Only that is high art which points men to the truth of Nature."

There are only two things in the world, Art and Nature. Art is man's interpretation of nature, the way nature affects him. Intelligence is understanding nature and allying one's self.



The American Negro

By Louis F. Post



IS repeated emphasis of his American birth and parentage is a hopeful sign for the American Negro. It is hopeful, also, for the rest of our population. Although we may call the American Negro an "Afro-American," in analogy with such verbal short-cuts as "German-American" or "Russian-American," this is allowable only for convenience when ancestral distinction happens to be necessary.

The American Negro is in fact no more an African than the New York Knickerbocker is a Hollander. His remote ancestry has nothing

to do with the ideals he contemplated. He was one of God's Noble Men.

One is tempted to extravagance in adjectives in trying to picture the dignity of his gracious presence, the strength and majesty of his face and form.

¶ His appearance was regal. Strangers knew he was Some One. His teaching was, "Be Yourself!" This precept was exemplified in his life. The sweet, simple life of honesty was to him the best life, and this life was his.

Deeply religious by nature, he was always moved by beauty and majesty in any form. Architecture was his passion, and again and again he built and beautified.

No man could be more devotedly loved than was he. Susie Rogers Emerson is the most loving and lovable soul I have ever known. For twenty-five years these two great people walked side by side. By the still waters, into deep, troubled waters, in green pastures, into the valley of the shadow, the love never faltered or abated.

¶ "Intimate companionship for twenty-five years and only love and devotion!" do you say? Yes, this is what this great man gave and won—an annal in history. Sweetly, divinely human, these friends, companions, lovers, were.

His life was his work, and when his work was no more his spirit gently withdrew. Lovingly and most tenderly his Beloved and his loved ones laid him to rest on the hillside at Millis, Massachusetts, overlooking his home. Down through the pine branches twinkled the starlight, as we left him sleeping. And if he saw and felt and heard, perhaps he said:

"And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening-star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

to do with his nationality. Neither has his complexion. Born in this country, of parents and grandparents, and often of great and great-great and great-great-great grandparents, who also were born here, our Negro fellow citizens are as truly Americans as any white men who have come into the new world under the shadow of the American flag. And the emphasis the American Negro places upon this fact is a good sign, because it is prophetic of benefits for both races which both might lose were the Negro to repudiate his Americanism.

White Aggression

¶ PRESSED by fellow Americans as they have been and in many respects still are, it would not be strange were the Negroes to rise up in a body and abandon their country, even as the Jews abandoned Egypt. There are not lacking among the leaders of the race some who urge such a course. These would have the American Negro acknowledge Africa as his country, and return to that home of his uncivilized ancestors.

But that would not solve the race problem.

If the American Negro can not or will not defend himself against the aggressions of the whites in Mississippi or South Carolina, he could not or would not defend himself against white aggressions in Guinea, when fertile lands or rich ore-mines had drawn large numbers of white immigrants there. The experience of the Boers in South Africa was a warning on that point. Warlike as were the Boers, they had nevertheless been steadily encroached upon by the English. A later warning on the same point is the exclusion of the Negro of South Africa from South African citizenship. For the Negro there is no promised land in Africa, no place the wide world over where he can be secure from white aggression.

A Negro Commonwealth

NEITHER is there "a way out" for him in the plan for a Negro Commonwealth as a State in the American Union. Those who suggest this plan would have Congress set aside some part of the public domain for Negro settlement, and establish there a State in which Negroes should be dominant and all the offices be held by Negroes. Aside from almost insuperable difficulties in the way of establishing such a State in the first place, it would not remain so established if any unforeseen circumstances—the discovery of rich mines, for instance—afterwards tempted white men to go into it. If they went into it, they would not only insist upon participating in the State government, but they would aim to monopolize local political power. They would be no better disposed to submit to "Negro domination" in that new State than they are to submit to it now in South Carolina or Mississippi. Unless the Negroes resisted their encroachments successfully, the Negro State would soon be a white State like all the rest, and the deposed Negroes would be looking for a new "way out" of their new difficulties. If the Negroes can not or will not maintain the political supremacy which their numbers would give them in South Carolina and Mississippi, they could not or would not maintain it in a new State set apart expressly for them—not after white men had come into it.

Negro Characteristics

ALL plans for politically segregating the American Negro are in contravention of the idea that he is an American, entitled to the civil rights enjoyed by other Americans. For that reason alone, they are bad for whites

as well as blacks. They also contravene a higher law. It is a mistake to suppose that Negroes and whites are naturally hostile races. They are no more hostile as races than men and women are hostile as individuals. So far from being naturally hostile, blacks and whites possess complementary characteristics. This truth is indicated by the history of the two races in our country. If the races were naturally hostile, the whites might have exterminated but they could never have enslaved and degraded the blacks as they have done.

What has made Negro oppression possible in this country is a perversion of the conquering disposition of the white race and of the affectional disposition of the blacks. These qualities—the militant disposition to conquer and the affectional disposition to serve—when not perverted, are not hostile but complementary.

On its highest levels, the disposition to conquer finds satisfaction in subduing physical nature. To that tendency we owe our great industrial advances by means of which mountains are bored, continents spanned, oceans bridged, and all the tremendous powers of physical nature made magical slaves to man. This is the characteristic work of the white race.

But no less vital to human welfare are the affections of the black race on their highest levels, where they find their expressions in devoted service. A faint impression of this characteristic of the Negro in its commoner aspects may be derived from a consideration of that love and fidelity of the old slaves to which all humane slaveholders testify. It was this that saved the South from servile insurrections during the Civil War, and was a guarantee to the Confederate soldier that his wife and children were safe in the care of Negroes for whose continued enslavement he was offering his life in battle. In its less common aspects an impression of the same characteristic of the blacks may be derived from their acknowledged aptitude in music, acting and oratory.

Left to their highest expressions, the conquering spirit of the whites would carry the human race to greater and greater triumphs over the stubborn resistance and wild forces of nature; while the affectional spirit of the Negro would give us our tenderest nurses, our best physicians, our sweetest singers, our actors and poets and musicians. The distinguishing charac-

teristic of each race is necessary to the highest development of the other.

But these complementary characteristics, when degraded or perverted as they have been, are injurious to both races. The conquering spirit of the white race seeks satisfaction not alone in harnessing refractory nature, but in enslaving men; and the affectional spirit of the blacks is so degraded by slavery and kindred oppressions that their love of voluntary service turns into servility. One race is hot for oppression, and the other submits to the oppression with long-suffering patience. The resulting condition is deplorable for both.

The Remedy

BUT the remedy is not the segregation of the docile race. Even if that were possible it would certainly not be wise. If the condition is to be remedied at all, it must be by making each race free, face to face or side by side with the other, to give the highest and truest expression to its own distinctive quality.

How that can be done was indicated by the Afro-American Council at its first convention ten years ago. In a resolution referring to the cruelty of trade-unions in excluding Negro workmen, this language was used: "The divine right to work ought not to be taken from a people who have already had so many rights stripped from them." What that resolution evidently refers to as divine is not the right to work, but the right of the worker to the fruit of his toil. Nobody cares for the right to work merely for its own sake. In fact, every one tries to escape all the work he can. Slavery itself, in every form, has been and is a fact, because the cunning and powerful seek exemption from work by securing a share of the fruits of the work of others. Negroes when they were slaves were fully secure in their "divine right to work." But they got nothing for it. It is the right to work for the sake of its products, and not for the sake of the work, that is at issue.

And this right does not depend upon the conditions stated in the above quotation. It makes no difference whether a people have been stripped of other rights or not, so far as their right to work and enjoy the fruits of their labor is concerned. The right to work and enjoy the fruits of one's labor is an absolute, universal, inalienable and imprescriptible right. This is the one great right the denial of which tends to reduce the masses,

white and black alike, to a condition which embodies all the essentials of slavery. It is the denial to the Southern Negro of this right—not by trade-unions, for their exclusiveness is at the worst of slight importance, but by the owners of the land of the South—that makes the race question there a possibility. For the Negro worker at the South, like all workers everywhere, is denied the right to work when he is forced to the alternative of working for a pittance or of starving for lack of work.

The Crux of the Question

THE Negro "raises almost the entire cotton and rice crops of the South and the greater portion of the sugar-cane." So it is said, and hardly disputed. But who gets the crops? Not the Negroes who raise them. They get but a small portion. Why don't they get all? Because they have to pay white men for the land upon which the crops grow—for that part of God's earth which God must have intended for the use as much of the black man as of the white man and for monopoly by neither. In slavery days, the fruits of the Negro's labor were confiscated under the slave-code by a white master. Today they are confiscated as effectually and completely by white land-monopolists. The race question of the South, therefore, is at bottom what it always was, not a race question at all, but a man question. And the principal point there, as with the man question everywhere, resolves itself into a land question. With land monopolized, the landless become dependent for the right to work. For land is the one great natural tool of labor, and to withhold it is to render labor powerless.

Nor is it by encouraging Negroes to become landlords that the Negro race is to be elevated. Those who buy land luckily, will be elevated. But it will be at the expense of their fellows, white and black, whom their monopoly of land enables them to exploit. To get wealth by owning land as distinguished from using it, is to get without compensation the fruits of the labor of others. But by promoting the possibilities of equal opportunities to use the earth, the Negro race will at once elevate itself as a race and contribute also to the elevation of the whites. It will be making a struggle for impartial justice.

This is the solution of the race problem. It

is the only solution. And the duty has fallen upon the blacks to bear the burden of helping to work out that solution.


The Mission of the Negro

THERE are the possibilities of greater achievement than that of mere Negro elevation, yet an achievement of which Negro elevation will be a phase. As no man can live to himself alone and thrive, so no division of the human race can live to itself alone and really rise. All selfishness is in the end self-destruction. But by making common cause with the disinherited whites, whether they wish it or not, and working for righteousness' sake, the Negro may serve the whole human race and thereby best serve himself. His temptation to make his cause a narrow class cause must indeed be great. But his ability to overcome that species of temptation is part of his affectional nature, which has been proved again and again under actual trial. And the tone and temper and often the language of Negro-American addresses go far to show that this oppressed race, this unjustly despised race, this race that typifies more distinctly than any other of the human family the godlike quality of love and long-enduring patience, makes its appeals in no narrow race spirit. Genuine American—democratic Democrats and democratic Republicans—democrats of the white race, may well welcome the co-operation of the American Negro for the establishment, through a reign of justice, of good will among men on earth.

Paths of kindness are paved with happiness.

Leaders of Industry

By Gerald Stanley Lee

 **U**NDER conditions that formerly obtained, a certain type of man was often encountered as a leader of industry. He made being a manufacturer almost an art, and he gave to commerce in many communities the dignity of the professions. When this type of man found gradually, as things were going, that leading in business meant leading with a gun, he dropped his gun and went out of business. So things have grown worse and

worse. A man with a gun always grows worse, and now there is a whole crowd of men with a gun keeping each other in countenance, egging each other on, and hiring philosophers to make the gun look wise and like a law of nature, and artists to make it look beautiful, and lawyers to make it look legal, and churches to make it look right—until it looks for all the world like God's Gun to most of us. And so things have gone with the world. We begin to spell out the new century, a great wonder and pain upon us—some of us. What is it we see as we look forth? Society moved to its foundations, our whole modern life, slowly, mightily, across the world, and with a great sigh of a hundred years, lifts up from this Twentieth Century at last, rousing itself. With our own eyes we are seeing it. It is making itself ready for the longest reckoning, the greatest battle in history. The field is already white with the tents. They are going out to meet each other unless something can be done about it—on the one side Capital, God with a Gun, going out to meet Man—Man with a Fist—a terrible light in his eyes. Formerly, when a rich man fought with a poor one, he let him fight outdoors, let him have a whole sky to fight under, and the breath of heaven. The way he fights with him now is to shut him up with a cog, ten hours a day, until he is a cog himself. The damage the rich man has done with the machine in taking away the poor man's hands, is nothing to the damage that is done in taking away his brains ten hours a day, in making them sick and helpless, and vague, and mean, and full of evil, and weakness, and wrath. When a man's brain has been shut in with a lever or a cog ten hours a day, when his brain has become a mere click on his shoulders—and a particular kind of click at that—to go with the click of the particular machine that is turning out his life beside him, the problem of how to get on with such a man, the problem of whether more money can be made out of him by crushing him more, and throwing him away, or by letting him be slowly put together, so that he will work better, is the question to be faced.

Commonsense is the ability to detect values—to know a big thing from a little one. I'd rather possess commonsense than have six degrees from Trinity College, Oxford.

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LACK of soul fluidity—not quite enough harmony in your cosmic ensemble—you take things too seriously—nerves sort of outside of your clothes—you are forgetting how to enjoy. What you need is more Music!

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higher. It is only in wide public affairs, where money is a moving force toward the general welfare, that the possessor of it can possibly find pleasure, and that only in constantly doing more. The greatest good a man can do is to cultivate himself, develop his powers, in order that he may be of greater service to humanity. —Marshall Field.

What boots it to speak German, French and English if you can't tell the truth in any?

the law actually does not forbid your doing so, but would that the State refused to label you as medical men, for there is deep incompatibility between your profession and ours. — Dr. Ph. Mareschal in "Le Medecin."

EACH and every man ought to interest himself in public affairs. There is no happiness in mere dollars. After they are acquired, one can use but a very moderate amount. It is given a man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he can not use. When money has supplied these, its mission; so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look still further and

✠ AM anathema—true. So let it be. One principal reason is that the followers of this religion of love and unselfishness are more selfish than any others. ✠ Man wants to live forever. In his morbid selfishness he is willing that worlds should vanish, that universes should travail and expire, that all the animal kingdom should descend into the Cimmerian blackness of death—if only He, He Himself, may continue his egotism and his egoism in another world. Ah! that is the secret of it. They who do the anathematizing, they who promulgate the religion of love, are lovable only just so long as they are bribed to be. They can not afford to show love to-

ward any one who attacks the credibility of the very paradisaical bribe-basis upon which whatever-bought love they deign to exhibit is founded; and, venal almost beyond belief, they cling against reason and evidence to that quintessence of selfishness: a personal life beyond the grave. They get up a pretense of love—but only for pay.—George Allen White.

✠
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✠ HE religious fact is not the Church. It is the opening of the rose; it is the breaking of the dawn; it is the nesting of the bird—the religious fact is Nature, holy and eternal.—Hugo.

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Mr. Mangasarian was educated for the Presbyterian ministry at Robert College and at Princeton Theological Seminary. After graduation he became pastor of Spring Garden Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he left to enter the field of Independent thought. He now lectures every Sunday morning in the beautiful Theodore Thomas Orchestra Hall in Chicago to audiences that tax the capacity of the large auditorium.

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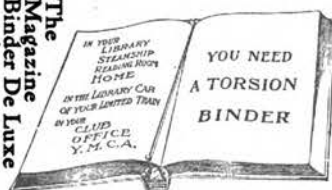
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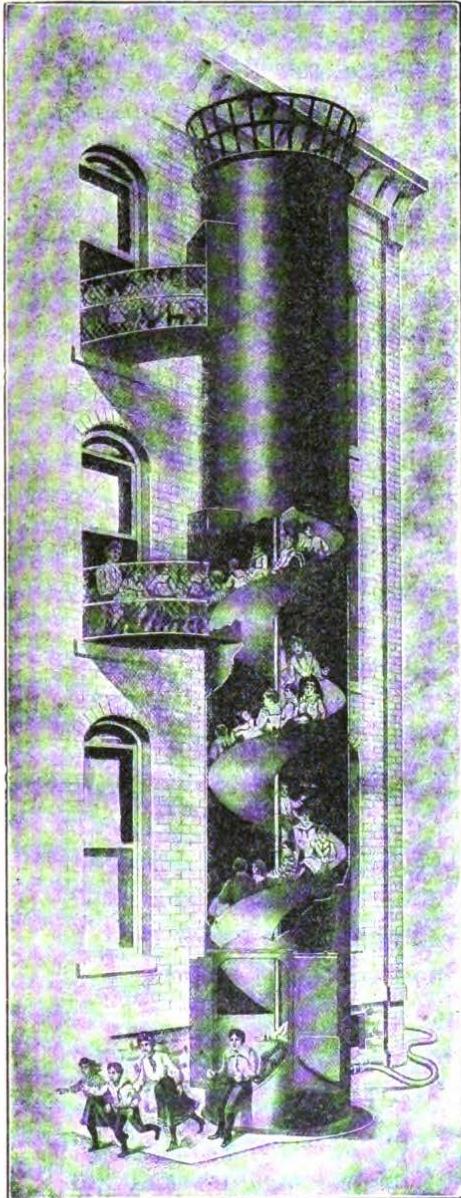
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But as a side-line I sometimes call attention to certain Good Things enlisted in the Service of Humanity.

One of these is the Kirker-Bender Fire-Escape—so you see, in this particular instance, I'm not diverging so much after all.

The Illustration tells its own plain story. In you step, one after the other, and quietly and quickly slide to the ground.

The "tube" is placed clear of the Building, so that the Hottest Fire has no effect upon its Steel-Protected Sides. It works 'till after the walls fall.

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AN ADVERTISEMENT



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Magnetism
Poise
Ambition

Health
Industry
Initiative

Economy
Patience
Humor

Appreciation
Gratitude
Judgment

A man with a surplus of any one of these virtues is apt to be a fanatic, a crank, a grouch, a tight-wad, a plunger, a sciolist or a high-brow.

For the woman who weds an unbalanced man, life is tragedy, compared to which, spinsterhood is an achievement. However, that a good woman can often correct the mental curvature of her mate, and balance the bias—there is no doubt. But experiments are not advised.

One thing Franklin lacked—the lines upon which he was built were not beautiful. He was five feet five, and weighed two hundred in the shade. Yet he had the balanced mind, in spite of a little excess baggage. And he made enough mistakes so no one ever called him a saint.

It's balance makes the man, and the lack of it the has-been.

¶ The Studebaker-Garford "Forty" is the best-balanced automobile thought out by human brains and materialized by human hands. Also, it has the one quality that Benjamin Franklin lacked: it has an exquisite proportion, a satisfying beauty. It reveals the aristocracy of birth—the quiet, graceful, unobtrusive

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BY ELBERT HUBBARD

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Lesson Number One

- 1 What is meant by decentralization?
- 2 Is competition beneficial?
- 3 Name the largest employer of labor in the world.
- 4 What is "The Square Deal"?
- 5 Who was Thomas Henry Buckle?
- 6 Has Ida Tarbell accomplished anything?
- 7 Tell what you know about Rembrandt.
- 8 What is meant by the expression, "The Automobile Age"?
- 9 What do you regard as extravagance?
- 10 Which would you rather do—ride or walk?
- 11 Do you ride a hobby? What good do you get out of it?
- 12 Are books the source of all knowledge?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 What is the Spirit of Obedience?
- 2 Is tobacco-using an evil?
- 3 What difference is there between European and American civilization?
- 4 What are the respective merits of rural and urban life?
- 5 Where is East Aurora? Is it any better than your town?
- 6 What is a hoodlum?
- 7 Is there any remedy for hoodlumism?
- 8 Who was Carlyle? Give one quotation from his works.
- 9 Who was Blackstone? What noteworthy thing did he do?
- 10 Name the three learned professions.
- 11 What is degeneracy?
- 12 What is snobbery?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 What is meant by Conspicuous Waste?
- 2 What do you understand by "the benefit of the clergy"?
- 3 What is your opinion of teaching as a profession?
- 4 Should teachers be pensioned?
- 5 What is the teacher's relation to the home?
- 6 Who are R. G. Dun & Co.?
- 7 What saying is attributed to Andrew Jackson?
- 8 What are the most enlightened countries of the world? Give reasons for their pre-eminence.
- 9 Should Government be educational?
- 10 What is the United States doing for its people, educationally?
- 11 Where is the world's greatest printing establishment?
- 12 Is the Post-Office a business institution?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 What was the special message to humanity of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson?
- 2 Who was Nathaniel Hawthorne?
- 3 What is Imagination? Is it worth cultivating?
- 4 Who was Liszt?
- 5 What great thing did Macaulay do?
- 6 What great lesson do we learn from the life of Elihu Burritt?
- 7 Who was Robert Collyer?
- 8 Name two of the writings of Edmund Burke.
- 9 What is the negro problem?
- 10 What noteworthy element of strength is there in the negro character? Is it susceptible of development?
- 11 What is prejudice?
- 12 In your opinion, is the negro race better off now than in ante-bellum days?

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no other provocation than that they said to him, "Go up, thou bald head," and in answer to his curse "two she-bears came out of the wood and tare forty-two of them." Can anything ever compensate for such utter perversion of moral ideas in the minds of the young? The highest and holiest things of life are at stake, and when we find representations of God in the Bible that are degrading, we must fearlessly say so.—J. R. Gowell.

THE ideal may be an imbecile one. There are creatures made to dream of a paradise of cabbage-soup. Your ideal is nothing else than your sense of proportion. No; no one is outside the pale of the dream.

THINK of the millions of Sunday-school children being systematically taught from Sunday to Sunday for years such things as that it was right for Joshua to perpetrate his massacre of men, women and children; for Jehu to murder all the house of Ahab; for Moses and Aaron to falsify to Pharaoh; and for the Jews to put witches to death, and to hold slaves, and to have hundreds of wives and concubines; and for Elisha to curse little children "in the name of the Lord," for

Hence its immensity. Whoever we are, we have this ceiling above our heads. This ceiling is made of everything—of thatch, of plaster, of marble, of smoke, of garbage, of trees, of stars. It is through this ceiling, the dream, that we see this reality, the infinite. According to its greater or less height, it makes us think of good or evil. But let no one be deceived; there is no fatality here; its pressure upon us depends upon ourselves, for it is we who create it. As we make our life we make our dream.—Victor Hugo.

THE ventilation of auditoriums, churches and public halls is a question that needs the consideration of all church boards, managers and owners of public meeting-places. The air in almost all of these meeting-places is very impure when they are crowded, and in order to give fresh air so many who have the matter in charge raise and lower windows and thereby give a draft that is hurtful to all within the room. There should be upper sources for ventilation purposes. Bad air is always lighter than pure wholesome air, hence it rises to the ceiling and seeks escape. If there be avenues of egress for it in the vicinity of the ceiling, audiences will be free

from poisonous and unhealthy breathings. There should be a thermometer placed in every auditorium or public hall, and the janitor should be under strict orders to keep the temperature of the room normal. When this is done there will be a greater number of people who will attend the various services and entertainments, and they will go without fear of contracting disease. Nature is the only source of life and it is its own physician. Prevention is better than remedies. People should refrain from entering

any crowded auditorium unless it is properly ventilated.—J. Thomas.

All that ministers to human happiness is divine.

FACE your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another.—Helen Keller.

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BY

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to let go. There isn't a ghost of a show for the Hired Man, when once the Master of the House shall have decided to make an issue.

—Charles Ferguson.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, this through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own—we need another to reflect our thoughts.—Coleridge.

hand—its finest messages are unspoken. It is the golden age made manifest. Rites, religions, men and measures pass—good-fellowship remains; for it is eternal love of life, eternal faith, eternal charity and cheer.

—J. H. Kehler.

THERE is a democratic soul of truth in every stubborn aristocratic prejudice. "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not; but the Good Shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." And the cogency of this principle loses nothing by lapse of time; the man that works because he wants to is bound to have a better earth-grip than the fellow who takes hold because he wants

FEAR never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they each be honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly, will justify you now.—Emerson.

Fashionable society is motion that has lost its sense of direction.

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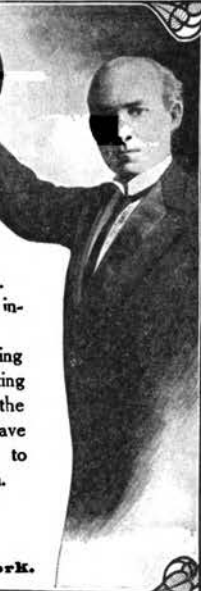
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easy, I do not believe in too much government. The limitations on what government effort can do and ought to do are very clear. The real work must be done by the business men of the United States themselves. The great things in this country have been accomplished by the association of individual private enterprise.

—Elihu Root.

God never made a gymnasium—he did, however, make a garden.

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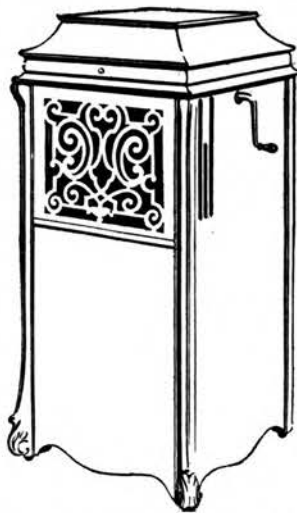


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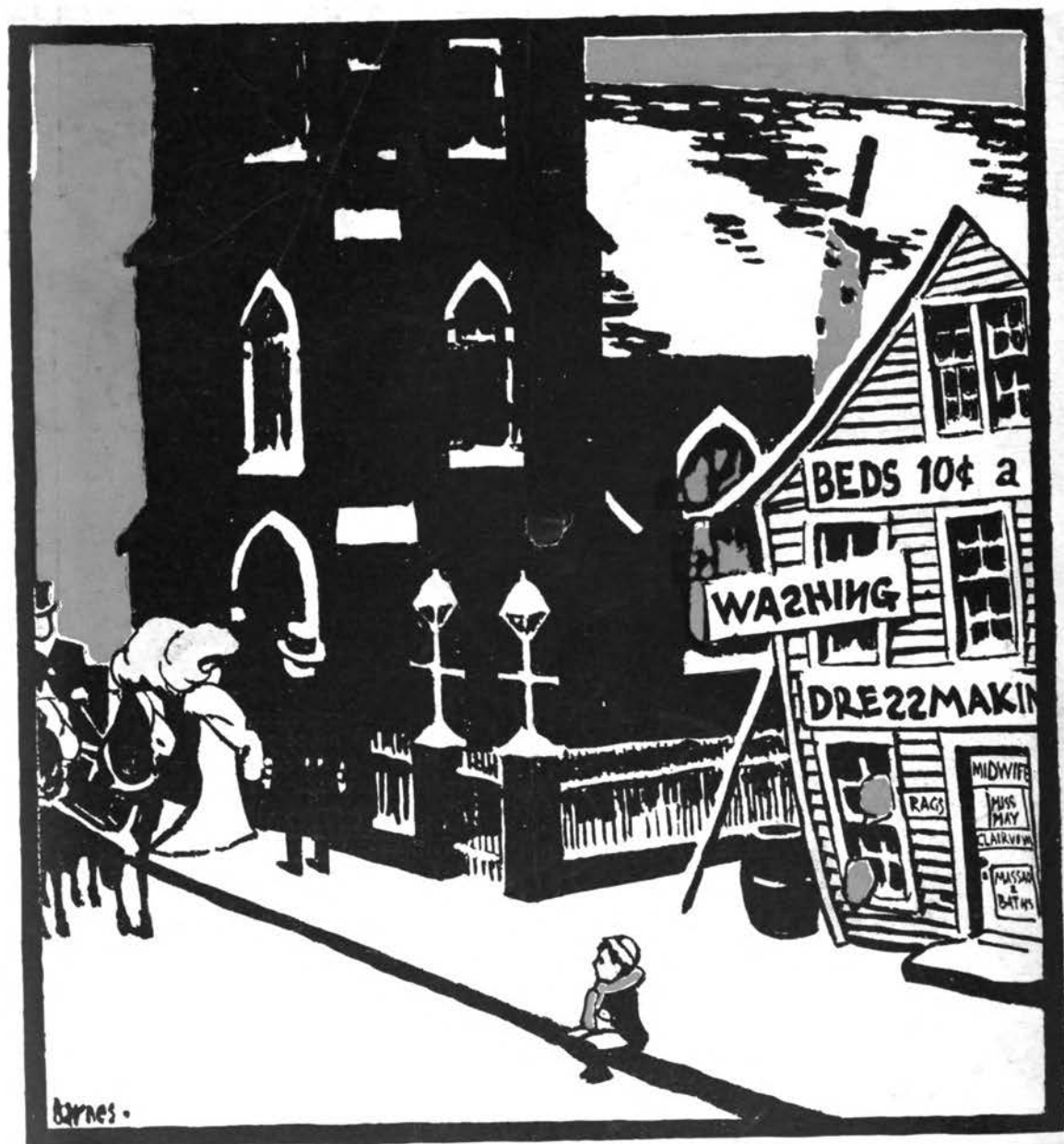
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